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POEMS OF TENNYSON

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PREFACE

THIS book was planned and begun seven years ago, to meet what seemed to me a real want in English Literature: a full and representative selection of the best poems of Tennyson, arranged so as to show the variety of his work, the growth of his art, and the qualities of his poetry, and printed in a single volume not too large to hold in the hand or carry in a fair-sized pocket.

Of course, I had no notion that such a volume could take the place of Tennyson's Complete Works. But it would have a purpose and use of its own. It would be a friendly book for familiar reading, on a journey or a vacation-ramble. It would serve as a good manual for closer study with an intelligent class. It would help the understanding of the complete works. There is a distinct gain in presenting, within a small compass, a body of the best things that a man has done, disengaged and set apart from the mass of his productions. It simplifies the view and makes it easier to appreciate the vital meaning of his work.

I trust that the present volume may be acceptable and useful in this way. No other book of selections from Tennyson, of the same kind and scope, has been made hitherto. His own selection (dedicated to the "Working Men of England" and sold in threepenny numbers) was printed in 1865, before the writing of some of his most important poems. Mr. Palgrave's selection (1885) was confined to lyrical verse.

Mr. Ainger's selection (1891) was intended for young readers. Dr. Rolfe's scholarly little volumes (1884, 1887) contain only forty-eight pieces in all. The present volume contains one hundred and thirty-six selections, chosen from all the fields of Tennyson's poetry, except the dramas, from which it was impossible to detach representative scenes, although three of the interspersed lyrics are given.

It is not to be supposed that all readers will find here every poem of Tennyson which they have learned for personal reasons to like or to love. I have reluctantly omitted a number of those which I might have put in, if the book had been meant solely for my own use. So far as possible I have tried to make the book for general service, and on grounds of broad critical judgment rather than of mere personal partiality. Whatever has been left out, at least I feel confident that nothing has been taken in which does not deserve, for one reason or another, to have a place in such a book.

The text of the poems is that of Tennyson's latest revision. This represents his own preference as to final form, and is, upon the whole, the best version in almost every case. The only exception which I have ventured to make is the lyric out of which the monodrama of *Maud* was unfolded (p. 167). For this the earliest text has been used, taken from *The Tribute*, 1837, where the poem first appeared. No attempt has been made to give a complete list of various readings. But practically every important change from the original text of the poems has been carefully noted, and in many cases the reason for the change has been explained. Thus, unless I am mistaken, the book gives a fuller and clearer view of Tennyson's methods in the revision of his verse, than is to be found anywhere else.

The plan of the volume included several features which seemed to me likely to add to its permanent value. First, a general introduction, giving a survey of Tennyson's relation to his times; then, a clear account of his life; then, a study of the way in which he used his material and worked over its form; and finally an estimate of the leading qualities which characterize his poetry. Then, I wished to add a general note of a descriptive nature on each poem, giving, as far as possible, its date and history, the source, or sources, drawn upon in its construction, and a condensed statement of its theme, and pointing out its metrical structure and peculiarities. I thought that this might be especially useful because Tennyson, from his central position and his mastery of the poetic art, would be a good subject for a class to take up in beginning the study of modern English verse.

In carrying out the last part of this plan, and enlarging it by the addition of many textual notes, I am much indebted to the scholarly and painstaking assistance of my collaborator, Mr. D. Laurance Chambers, who has worked with me during the past year. He has verified the references, worked out almost all of the textual changes and a majority of the notes, traced some of the material to sources never before identified, discovered many errors and inaccuracies of other commentators, corrected the proofs, and thus contributed largely to the completion of the book. For this reason I wish his name to stand with mine upon the title-page. Grateful acknowledgments should be made also to Dr. Hardin Craig for his kind assistance in verifying certain references at the British Museum, and to Dr. W. P. Woodman for his aid with some of the classical notes.

It is my hope that the book may be welcome to those who like to read good poetry and understand its meaning. If the

lovers of Tennyson find here anything that helps them to a new appreciation of his work, either in its limitations or in its excellences; if teachers and students can use the volume as a text-book in the study of Nineteenth Century English poetry; I shall be glad. Impartial criticism, on broad lines, in the introduction; careful commentary on particular points, in the notes; these are the things that have been aimed at. Their value, much or little, lies in the light which they throw upon the poems.

Tennyson's popularity has been great. This has been urged, in some highly æsthetic circles, as an argument against his fame. If the purpose of this book is attained, it will help to show that poetry which is popular may also be noble. It will contribute to a clear and just estimate of a poet whose name is one of the enduring glories of the English-speaking world.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

AVALON
June 11th, 1903.

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INTRODUCTION

I

TENNYSON'S PLACE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

"The voice of him the master and the sire
Of one whole age and legion of the lyre,
Who sang his morning-song when Coleridge still
Uttered dark oracles from Highgate Hill,
And with new launchèd argosies of rhyme
Gilds and makes brave this sombreing tide of time.

. . . . . .

To him nor tender nor heroic muse
Did her divine confederacy refuse:
To all its moods the lyre of life he strung,
And notes of death fell deathless from his tongue,
Himself the Merlin of his magic strain,
He bade old glories break in bloom again;
And so, exempted from oblivious gloom,
Through him these days shall fadeless break in bloom."

WILLIAM WATSON, 1892.

TENNYSON seems to us, at the beginning of the Twentieth Century, the most representative poet of the English race in the Nineteenth Century. Indeed it is doubtful whether any other writer during the last hundred years has reflected so clearly and so broadly, in verse or prose, the features of that composite age. The history of its aspirations and conflicts, its dreams and disappointments, its æsthetic revivals and scientific discoveries, its questioning spirit in religion and its

dogmatic spirit in practical affairs, its curious learning and social enthusiasms and military reactions, its ethical earnestness, and its ever deepening and broadening human sympathy, may be read in the poetry of Tennyson.

Other poets may reflect some particular feature of the century more fully, but it is because they reflect it more exclusively. Thus Byron stands for the spirit of revolt against tyranny, Shelley for the dream of universal brotherhood, Keats for the passionate love of pure beauty, Matthew Arnold for the sadness of parting with ancient faiths, Robert Browning for the spirit of scientific curiosity and the restless impulse of action, and Rudyard Kipling expresses the last phase of the century, the revival of militant imperialism, perhaps as well as it can be uttered in verse.

Wordsworth, indeed, has a more general range, at least of meditative sympathy, and his work has therefore a broader significance. But his range of imaginative sympathy, the sphere within which he feels intensely and speaks vividly, is limited by his own individuality, deep, strong, unyielding, and by his secluded life among the mountains of Westmoreland. When he moves along his own line his work shines with a singular and unclouded lustre; at other times his genius fails to penetrate his material with the light of poesy. Much of his verse, serious and sincere, represents Wordsworth's reflections upon life, rather than the reflection of life in Wordsworth's poetry. In the art of poetry, too, perfect as he is in certain forms, such as the sonnet, the simple lyric, the stately ode, his mastery is far from wide. In narrative poetry he seldom moves with swiftness or certainty; in the use of dramatic motives to intensify a lyric, a ballad, an idyl, he has little skill.

But Tennyson, at least in the maturity of his powers, has not only a singularly receptive and responsive mind, open on

all sides to impressions from nature, from books, and from human life around him, and an imaginative sympathy which makes itself at home and works dramatically in an extraordinary range of characters: he has also a wonderful mastery of the technics of the poetic art, which enables him to give back in a fitting form of beauty the subject which his genius has taken into itself. No other English poet since the Elizabethan age has used so many kinds of verse so well. None other has shown in his work a sensitiveness to the movements of his own time at once so delicate and so broad. To none other has it been given to write with undimmed eye and undiminished strength for so long a period of time, and thus to translate into poetry so many of the thoughts and feelings of the century in which he lived.

Whether a temperament so receptive, and an art so versatile, as Tennyson's, are characteristic of the highest order of genius, is an open question, which it is not necessary to decide nor even to discuss here. Certainly it would be absurd to maintain that his success in dealing with all subjects and in all forms of verse is equal. His dramas, for instance, do not stand in the first rank. His two epics, *The Princess* and *Idylls of the King*, have serious defects, the one in structure, the other in substance.

But, on the other hand, the broad scope of his poetic interest and the variety as well as the general felicity of his art, helped to make him the most popular poet of his time and race. Tennyson has something for everybody. He is easy to read. He has charm. Thus he has found a wide audience, and his poetry has not only reflected, but powerfully influenced, the movements of his age. The poet whose words are quoted is a constant, secret guide of sentiment and conduct. The man who says a thing first may be more original; he who says it best is more potent. The characters which

Tennyson embodied in his verse became memorable. The ideals which he expressed in music grew more clear and beautiful and familiar to the hearts of men, leading them insensibly forward. The main current of thought and feeling in the Nineteenth Century, at least among the English-speaking peoples, — the slow, steady, onward current of admiration, desire, hope, aspiration, and endeavour, — follows the line which is traced in the poetry of Tennyson.

Now it is just this broad scope, this rich variety, this complex character of Tennyson's work which make it representative; and precisely this is what a book of selections cannot be expected to show completely. For this, one must read all the twenty-six volumes which he published, — lyrical poems, ballads, English idyls, elegiac poems, war-songs, love-songs, dramas, poems of art, classical imitations, dramatic monologues, patriotic poems, idylls of chivalry, fairy tales, character studies, odes, religious meditations, and rhapsodies of faith.

After such a reading it is natural to ask: How much of this large body of verse, so representative in its total effect, is permanent in its poetic value? How much of it, apart from the interest which it has for the student of literary history, has a direct and intimate charm, a charm which is likely to be lasting, for the simple lover of poetry, the reader who turns to verse not chiefly for an increase of knowledge, but for a gift of pure pleasure and vital power? How much of it is characterized by those qualities which distinguish Tennyson at his best, signed, as we may say, not merely with his name but with the mark of his individuality as an artist, and so entitled to a place in his personal contribution to the art of poetry?

A volume of selections from Tennyson such as I have attempted here, must be made along the general lines to which

these questions point. I do not suppose that it would be possible to make a book of this kind which should include all that every admirer of Tennyson would like to find in it. There are fine passages in the dramas, for instance, which cannot well be taken out of their contexts. In choosing a few of the connected lyrics which are woven together in the symphony of *In Memoriam*, one feels a sense of regret at the necessity of leaving out other lyrics almost as rich in melody and meaning, almost as essential to the full harmony of the poem. The underlying unity, the epical interest, of *Idylls of the King* cannot be shown by giving two of them, even though those two be the strongest in substance and the noblest in style.

But after all, making due allowance for the necessary limitations, the inevitable omissions, which every educated person understands, I venture to hope that the selections in this volume fairly present the material for a study of Tennyson's method and manner as a poet, and an appreciation of that which is best in the central body of his poetic work. Here, if I am not mistaken, the reader will find those of his poems which best endure the test of comparison with classic and permanent standards. Here, also, is a book of verse which is pervaded, as a whole, by a certain real charm of feeling and expression, and which may be confidently offered to those gentle persons who like to read poetry for its own sake. And here, I am quite sure, is a selection from the mass of Tennyson's writings which includes at least enough of his most characteristic work to illustrate the growth of his mind, to disclose the development of his art, and to make every reader feel the vital and personal qualities which distinguish his poetry.

II

AN OUTLINE OF TENNYSON'S LIFE

"Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true to art;
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart!
Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing if thou depart?"

IN LUCEM TRANSITUS, 1892.

Parentage and Birth.—Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809, at Somersby, a little village in Lincolnshire. He was the fourth child in a family of twelve, eight boys and four girls, all of whom but two lived to pass the limit of three score years and ten. The stock was a strong one, probably of Danish origin, but with a mingled strain of Norman blood through the old family of d'Eyncourt, both branches of which, according to Burke's Peerage, are represented by the Tennysons.

The poet's father, the Rev. Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector of Somersby and Wood Enderby. His wife, Elizabeth Fytche, was the daughter of the vicar of Louth, a neighbouring town. Dr. Tennyson was the eldest son of a lawyer of considerable wealth, but was disinherited, by some caprice of his father, in favour of a younger brother. The rector of Somersby was a man of large frame, vigourous mind, and variable temper. He had considerable learning, of a broad kind, and his scholarship, if not profound, was practical, for he taught his sons the best of what they knew before they entered the university. A great lover of music and architecture, fond of writing verse, genial and brilliant in social intercourse, excitable, warm-hearted, stern in discipline, generous in sympathy, he was a personality of overflowing power; but at times he was subject to fits of profound depression and gloom, in which the memory of his father's unkindness darkened

his mind, and he seemed almost to lose himself in bitter and despondent moods. Mrs. Tennyson was a gentle, loving, happy character, by no means lacking in strength, but excelling in tenderness, ardent in feeling, vivid in imagination, fervent in faith. It is said that "the wicked inhabitants of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them, in order to be bribed to leave off by the gentle lady, or to make advantageous bargains by selling her the worthless curs." Her son Alfred drew her portrait lovingly in the poem called "Isabel" (p. 48) and in the closing lines of *The Princess* (p. 184): —

> Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
> Interpreter between the gods and men,
> Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
> On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
> Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
> Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
> And girdled her with music.

The poet's reverent and loyal love for his father is expressed in the lines "To J. S." Both parents saw in their child the promise of genius, and hoped great things from him.

The Imitative Impulse. — The boy grew up, if not precisely in Milton's "quiet and still air of delightful studies," yet in an atmosphere that was full of stimulus for the imagination and favourable to the unfolding of lively powers of thought and feeling. It was an obscure hamlet of less than a hundred inhabitants where the Tennysons resided, but it was a full home in which they lived, — full of children, full of books, full of music, full of fanciful games and pastimes, full of human interests, full of life. The scenery about Somersby is friendly and consoling; gray hills softly sloping against the sky;

wide-branching elms, trembling poplars, and drooping ash-trees; rich gardens, close-embowered, full of trailing roses, crowned lilies, and purple-spiked lavender; long ridges of pasture land where the thick-fleeced sheep are herded; clear brooks purling over ribbed sand and golden gravel, with many a curve and turn; broad horizons, low-hung clouds, mellow sunlight; birds a plenty, flowers profuse. All these sweet forms Nature printed on the boy's mind. Every summer brought a strong contrast, when the family went to spend their holiday in a cottage close beside the sea, on the coast of Lincolnshire, among the tussocked ridges of the sand-dunes, looking out upon

> The hollow ocean-ridges, roaring into cataracts.

The boy had an intense passion for the sea, and learned to know all its moods and aspects. "Somehow," he said, later in life, "water is the element I love best of all the four."

When he was seven years old he was sent to the house of his grandmother at Louth, to attend the grammar-school. But it was a hard school with a rough master, and the boy hated it. After three years he came home to continue his studies under his father.

His closest comrade in the home was his brother Charles, a year older than himself. (See *In Memoriam*, lxxix, and "Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets," p. 310.) The two lads had many tastes in common, especially their love of poetry. They read widely, and offered the sincerest tribute of admiration to their favourite bards. Alfred's first attempt at writing verse was made when he was eight years old. He covered two sides of a slate with lines in praise of flowers, in imitation of Thomson, the only poet whom he then knew. A little later Pope's *Iliad* fascinated him, and he produced many hundreds of lines in the same style and metre. At twelve he took Scott for his model, and turned out an epic of six

thousand lines. Then Byron became his idol. He wrote lyrics full of gloom and grief, a romantic drama in blank verse, and imitations of the *Hebrew Melodies*.

Some of the fruitage of these young labours may be seen in the volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, which was published anonymously by Charles and Alfred Tennyson, at Louth, in 1827, and republished in 1893, with an effort to assign the pieces to their respective authors, by the poet's son, the present Lord Tennyson. The motto on the title-page of the plump, modest little volume is from Martial: *Hæc nos novimus esse nihil.* It is because of this knowledge that the book has value as a document in the history of Tennyson's development. It shows a receptive mind, a quick, immature fancy, and considerable fluency and variety in the use of metre. It marks a distinct stage of his growth, — the period when his strongest poetic impulse was imitative.

The Æsthetic Impulse. — In 1828 Tennyson, with his brother Charles, entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Almost from the beginning he was a marked man in the undergraduate world. His personal appearance was striking. Tall, large-limbed, deep-chested; with a noble head and abundance of dark, wavy hair; large, brown eyes, dreamy, yet bright; swarthy complexion ("almost like a gypsy," said Mrs. Carlyle); and a profile like a face on a Roman coin; he gave the immediate impression of rare gifts and power in reserve. "I remember him well," wrote Edward Fitzgerald, "a sort of Hyperion." His natural shyness and habits of solitude kept him from making many acquaintances, but his friends were among the best and most brilliant men in the University: Richard Monckton Milnes, Richard Chenevix Trench, W. H. Brookfield, John Mitchell Kemble, James Spedding, Henry Alford, Charles Buller, Charles Merivale, W. H. Thompson, and most intimate of all, Arthur Henry Hallam. This was an extraordinary circle of youths;

distinguished for scholarship, wit, eloquence, freedom of thought; promising great things, which most of them achieved. Among these men Tennyson's strength of mind and character was recognized, but most of all they were proud of him as a coming poet. In their college rooms, with an applauding audience around him, he would chant, in his deep, sonorous voice, such early poems as "The Hesperides," "Oriana," "The Lover's Tale."

He did not neglect his studies, the classics, history, and the natural sciences; but his general reading meant more to him. He was a member of an inner circle called the "Apostles," a society devoted to 'religion and radicalism.' (See *In Memoriam*, lxxxvii.) The new spirit, represented in literature by Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, took possession of him. He went back to the Elizabethan age, to Milton's early poems, as the fountain-heads of English lyrical poetry. Not now as an imitator, but as a kindred artist, he gave himself to the search for beauty, freedom, delicate truth to nature, romantic charm.

His poem of "Timbuctoo," which won the Chancellor's gold medal in 1829, was only a working-over of an earlier poem on "The Battle of Armageddon," and he thought little of it. But in 1830 he published a slender volume entitled *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, which shows the quality of his work in this period when the æsthetic impulse was dominant in him. Ten of these poems are among the selections in this book. They are marked by freshness of fancy, melody of metre, vivid descriptive touches, and above all by what Arthur Hallam, in his thoughtful review of the volume, called "a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty."

In the summer of 1830, Hallam and Tennyson made a journey together to the Pyrenees, to carry some funds which had been raised in England to the Spanish insurgents who

were fighting for liberty. Tennyson was not in sympathy with the conservatism which then, as in Wordsworth's day, made Cambridge seem narrow and dry and heartless to men of free and ardent spirit. In 1831 the illness and death of his father made it necessary for him to leave college and go home to live with the family at Somersby, where he remained for six years. In 1832 he published his second volume of *Poems*, dated 1833.

The tone and quality of this volume are the same that we find in its predecessor, but the manner is firmer, stronger, more assured. There is also a warmer human interest in such poems as "The Miller's Daughter" and "The May Queen"; and in "The Palace of Art" there is a distinct intimation that the purely æsthetic period of his poetic development is nearly at an end. Six of these poems are among the selections in this book.

The criticism which these two volumes received, outside of the small circle of Tennyson's friends and admirers, was severe and scornful. *Blackwood's Magazine* called the poet the pet of a Cockney coterie, and said that some of his lyrics were "dismal drivel." *The Quarterly Review* sneered at him as "another and a brighter star of that galaxy or *milky way* of poetry, of which the lamented Keats was the harbinger." Tennyson felt this contemptuous treatment deeply. It seemed to him that the English people would never like his work. His æsthetic period closed in gloom and discouragement.

The Religious and Personal Impulse. — But far heavier than any literary disappointment was the blow that fell in 1833 when his dearest friend, Arthur Hallam, to whom his sister Emilia was promised in marriage, died suddenly in Vienna. This great loss, coming to Tennyson at a time when the first joy of youth was already overcast by clouds of loneliness and despondency, was the wind of destiny that drove him from the pleasant harbour of dreams out upon the wide, strange, uncharted

sea of spiritual strife and sorrow, — the sea which seems so bitter and so wild, but on whose farther shore those who bravely make the voyage find freedom and security and peace and the generous joy of a larger, nobler life. The problems of doubt and faith which had been worked out with abstract arguments and fine theories in the Apostles' Society at Cambridge, now became personal problems for Tennyson. He must face them and find some answer, if his life was to have a deep and enduring harmony in it, — a harmony in which the discords of fear and self-will and despair would dissolve. The true answer, he felt sure, could never be found in selfish isolation. The very intensity of his grief purified it as by fire, made it more humane, more sympathetic. His conflict with "the spectres of the mind" was not for himself alone, but for others who must wrestle as he did, with sorrow and doubt and death. The deep significance, the poignant verity, the visionary mystery of human existence in all its varied forms, pressed upon him. Like the Lady of Shalott in his own ballad, he turned from the lucid mirror of fantasy, the magic web of art, to the real world of living joy and grief. But it was not a curse, like that which followed her departure from her cloistered tower, that came upon the poet, drawn and driven from the tranquil, shadowy region of exquisite melodies and beautiful pictures. It was a blessing, — the blessing of clearer, stronger thought, deeper, broader feeling, more power to understand the world and more energy to move it.

Tennyson's personal sorrow for the loss of Hallam is expressed in the two lyrics "Break, break, break" and "In the Valley of Cauteretz" (p. 274), poems which should always be read together as the cry of grief and the answer of consolation. His long spiritual struggle with the questions of despair and hope, of duty and destiny, which were brought home to him by the loss of his friend, is recorded in *In Memoriam*.

The poem was begun at Somersby in 1833 and continued at different places and times, as the interwoven lyrics show, for nearly sixteen years. Though the greater part of it was written by 1842, it was not published until 1850. Mr. Gladstone thought it "the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed." It is that and something more: it is the great English classic on the love of immortality and the immortality of love. Tennyson said, "It was meant to be a kind of *Divina Commedia*, ending with happiness." The central thought of the poem is

> 'T is better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.

Wherein it is better now, and why the poet trusts it will be better still in the long future, — this is the vital question which the poem answers in music.

But apart from these lyrics of personal grief, and this rich, monumental elegy, there are other poems of Tennyson, written between 1833 and 1842, which show the extraordinary deepening and strengthening of his mind during this period of inward crisis. For ten years he published no book. Living with his mother and sisters at Somersby, at High Beech in Epping Forest, at Tunbridge Wells, at Boxley near Maidstone; caring for the family, as the eldest son at home, and skilfully managing the narrow means on which they had to live; wandering through the country on long walking tours; visiting his friends in London now and then; falling in love finally and forever with Miss Emily Sellwood, to whom he became engaged in 1836, but whom he could not marry yet for want of money; he held fast to his vocation, and though he sometimes doubted whether the world would give him a hearing, he never wavered in his conviction that his mission in life was to be a poet. The years of silence were not years of idleness. Here is

a memorandum of a week's work: "*Monday*, History, German. *Tuesday*, Chemistry, German. *Wednesday*, Botany, German. *Thursday*, Electricity, German. *Friday*, Animal Physiology, German. *Saturday*, Mechanics. *Sunday*, Theology. *Next week*, Italian in the afternoon. *Third week*, Greek. *Evenings*, Poetry." Hundreds of lines were composed and never written; hundreds more were written and burned. So far from being "an artist long before he was a poet," as Mr. R. H. Hutton somewhat vacuously says in his essay on Tennyson, he toiled terribly to make himself an artist, because he knew he was a poet. The results of this toil, in the revision of those of his early poems which he thought worthy to survive, and in the new poems which he was ready to publish, were given to the world in the two volumes of 1842.

The changes in the early poems were all in the direction of clearness, simplicity, a stronger human interest. The new poems included "The Vision of Sin," "The Two Voices," "Ulysses," "Morte d'Arthur," the conclusion of "The May Queen," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," "Dora," "The Gardener's Daughter," "Locksley Hall," "St. Agnes' Eve," "Sir Galahad." With the appearance of these two volumes, Tennyson began to be a popular poet. But he did not lose his hold upon the elect, the 'fit audience, though few.' *The Quarterly Review*, *The Westminster Review*, Dickens, Landor, Rogers, Carlyle, Edward Fitzgerald, Aubrey de Vere, and such men in England, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, and Poe in America, recognized the charm and the power of his verse. In 1845 Wordsworth wrote to Henry Reed of Philadelphia, "Tennyson is decidedly the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things."

Such was the liberating and ennobling effect of the deeper personal and spiritual impulse which came into his poetry with the experience of sorrow and inward conflict.

The Social Impulse. — From 1842 onward we find the poet, now better known to the world, coming into wider and closer contact with the general life of men. Not that he ever lost the unconventional freedom of his dress and manner, the independence of his thought and taste, the singular frankness, almost *brusquerie* of his talk, which was like thinking aloud. He never became what is called, oddly enough, a "society man." He was incapable of roaring gently at afternoon teas or literary menageries. He was unwilling to join himself to any party in politics, as Dryden and Swift and Addison, or even as Southey and Wordsworth, had done. But he had a sincere love for genuine human intercourse, in which real thoughts and feelings are uttered by real people who have something to say to one another; a vivid sense of the humourous aspects of life (shown in such poems as the two versions of the "Northern Farmer," "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts," "The Church-Warden"); and a broad interest in the vital questions and the popular movements of his time. If I am not mistaken, this period when his poetry began to make a wider appeal to the people is marked by the presence of a new impulse in his work. We may call it, for the sake of a name, the social impulse, meaning thereby that the poet now looks more often at his work in its relation to the general current of human affairs and turns to themes which have a place in public attention.

There was also at this time an attempt on Tennyson's part to engage in business, which turned out to be a disastrous mistake. He was induced to go into an enterprise for the carving of wood by machinery. Into this he put all of his capital; and some of the small patrimony of his brothers and sisters was embarked in the same doubtful craft. In 1843 the ship went down with all its lading, and the Tennysons found themselves on the coast of actual poverty. To add to

this misfortune, the poet's health gave way completely, and he was forced to spend a long time in a water-cure establishment, under treatment for hypochondria.

In 1846 the grant of a pension of £200 from the Civil List, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, cordially approved by the Queen, relieved the pressure of pecuniary need under which Tennyson had been left by the failure of his venture in wood. In 1847 he published, perhaps in answer to the demand for a longer and more sustained poem, *The Princess; A Medley*. It is an epic, complete enough in structure, but in substance half serious and half burlesque. It tells the story of a king's daughter who was fired with the ambition to emancipate (and even to separate) her sex from man, by founding a woman's college extraordinary. This design is crossed by the efforts of an amourous, chivalrous, faintly ridiculous prince, who courts her under difficulties and wins her through the pity that overcomes her when she sees him wounded almost to death by her brother. The central theme of the poem is the question of the higher education of women, but the style moves so obliquely in its mock heroics that it is hard to tell whether the argument is for or against. The diction is marked by Tennyson's two most frequent faults, over-decoration, and indirectness of utterance. It is much admired by girls at boarding-school, but the woman's college of the present day does not regard its academic programme with favour. The poem rises at the close to a very sincere and splendid eloquence in praise of true womanhood (see p. 182). The intercalary songs, which were added in 1850, include two or three of Tennyson's best lyrics. They shine like jewels in a setting which is not all of pure gold.

In 1850 there were three important events in the poet's life: his marriage with Miss Emily Sellwood; the publication of the long-laboured *In Memoriam;* and his appointment as Poet-Laureate, to succeed Wordsworth, who had just died. The

three events were closely connected. It was the £300 received in advance for *In Memoriam* that provided a financial basis for the marriage; and it was the profound admiration of the Prince Consort for this poem that determined the choice of Tennyson for the Laureateship.

The marriage was in every sense happy. The poet's wife was not only of a nature most tender and beautiful; she was also a wise counsellor, a steadfast comrade, as he wrote of her, —

> With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
> And a fancy as summer-new
> As the green of the bracken amid the glow of the heather.

Their first home was made at Twickenham, and here their oldest and only surviving son, Hallam, was born. In 1852 the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was published. It was received with some disappointment and unfavourable criticism as the first production of the Laureate upon an important public event. But later and wiser critics generally incline to the opinion of Robert Louis Stevenson, who thought that the ode had "never been surpassed in any tongue or time."[1]

In 1853, increasing returns from his books (about £500 a year) made it possible for Tennyson to lease, and ultimately to buy, the house and small estate of Farringford, near the village of Freshwater on the Isle of Wight. It is a low, rambling, unpretentious, gray house, tree-embowered, ivy-mantled, in a

> careless-ordered garden,
> Close to the ridge of a noble down.

His other home, Aldworth, near the summit of Black Down in Sussex, was not built until 1868. A statelier mansion, though less picturesque, its attraction as a summer home lies in the

[1] Letters of R. L. Stevenson, Vol. I, p. 220.

beauty of its terraced rose-garden, the far-reaching view which it commands to the south, and the refreshing purity of the upland air that breathes around it.

In 1854 the famous poem on "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was published in *The London Examiner*. It was included, with the Wellington Ode, in the volume entitled *Maud, and Other Poems*, which appeared in the following year. *Maud* grew out of the dramatic lyric beginning "O that 't were possible," in *The Tribute*, 1837 (p. 167). Sir John Simeon said to Tennyson that something more was needed to explain the story of the lyric. He then unfolded the central idea in a succession of lyrics in which the imaginary hero reveals himself and the tragedy of his life. The sub-title *A Monodrama* was added in 1875. When Tennyson read the poem to me in 1892, he said, "It is dramatic, — the story of a man who has a touch of inherited insanity, morbid and selfish. The poem shows what love has done for him. The war is only an episode." This is undoubtedly true and just. Yet the vigour of the long invective against the corruptions of a selfish peace, with which the poem opens, and the enthusiasm of the patriotic welcome to the Crimean war, with which it closes, show something of the way in which the poet's mind was working. This volume together with *The Princess* may be taken as an illustration of the force of the social impulse which has now entered into Tennyson's poetry to coöperate with the æsthetic impulse and the religious impulse in the full labours of his maturity.

Maturity. — Tennyson was now forty-five years old. But there still lay before him nearly forty years in which he was to bring forth poetry in abundance, a rich, varied, unfailing harvest. It is true that before this wonderful period of maturity ended there were signs of age visible in some of his work, — a slackening of vigour, an uncertainty of touch, a tendency to overload his verse with teaching, a failure to remove the

traces of labour from his art, a lack of courage and sureness in self-criticism. But it was long before these marks of decline were visible, and even then, more than any other English poet at an equal age, he kept, and in the hours of happy inspiration he revealed, the quick emotion, the vivid sensibility, the splendid courage of a heart that does not grow gray with years.

In 1859 the first instalment of his most important epic, *Idylls of the King*, appeared. It was followed in 1869, in 1872, in 1885, by the other parts of the complete poem. In 1864 *Enoch Arden* was published. In 1875 *Queen Mary*, the first of the dramas, came out, followed by *Harold* in 1876, and *The Cup and The Falcon* and *Becket* in 1884. In 1880 *Ballads, and Other Poems* contained some of his best work, such as "Rizpah," "The Revenge," "In the Children's Hospital." In 1885 *Tiresias, and Other Poems* appeared; in 1886 *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After;* in 1889 *Demeter, and Other Poems*, including "Romney's Remorse," "Vastness," "The Progress of Spring," "Merlin and The Gleam," "The Oak," "The Throstle," and that supreme lyric which Tennyson wished to have printed last in every edition of his collected works, — "Crossing the Bar." In 1892 the long list closes with *The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems.*

The life of the man who was producing, after middle age, this great body of poetry, was full, rich, and happy. The one sorrow that crossed it was the death of his younger son, Lionel, at sea, in 1886. Secluded, as ever, from the busyness of the world, but in no sense separated from its deeper interests, Tennyson studied and wrought, delighting in intercourse with his friends and in

> converse with all forms
> Of the many-sided mind,
> And those whom passion hath not blinded,
> Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

In 1883 he accepted from the Queen the honour of a peerage (a baronetcy had been offered before and refused), and was gazetted in the following year as Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. For himself, he frankly said, the dignity was one that he did not desire; but he felt that he could not let his reluctance stand in the way of a tribute from the Throne to Literature. When he entered the House of Lords he took his seat on the cross-benches, showing that he did not wish to bind himself to any party. His first vote was cast for the Extension of the Franchise.[1]

At the close of August 1892, when I saw him at Aldworth, he was already beginning to feel the warning touches of pain which preceded his last illness. But he was still strong and mighty in spirit, a noble shape of manhood, massive, large-browed, his bronzed face like the countenance of an antique seer, his scattered locks scarcely touched with gray. He was working on the final proofs of his last volume and planning new poems. At table his talk was free, friendly, full of humour and common-sense. In the library he read from his poems the things which illustrated the subjects of which he had been speaking, — passages from *Idylls of the King*, some of the songs, the "Northern Farmer (New Style)" and, more fully, *Maud* and the Wellington Ode. His voice was deep, rolling, resonant. It sank to a note of tenderness, touched with prophetic solemnity, as he read the last lines of the ode: —

> Speak no more of his renown,
> Lay your earthly fancies down,
> And in the vast cathedral leave him,
> God accept him, Christ receive him.

On the 6th of October, 1892, between one and two o'clock in the morning, with the splendour of the full moon pouring in

[1] See note, p. 439.

through the windows of the room where his family were watching by his bed, he passed into the world of light. His body was laid to rest on the 12th of October, in Westminster Abbey, next to the grave of Robert Browning, and close beside the monument of Chaucer. The mighty multitude of mourners who assembled at the funeral — scholars, statesmen, nobles, private soldiers, veterans of the Balaclava Light Brigade, poor boys of the "Gordon Home" — told how widely and deeply Tennyson had moved the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men by his poetry, — which was, in effect, his life.

III

TENNYSON'S USE OF HIS SOURCES

Ein Quidam sagt, "Ich bin von keiner Schule!
Kein Meister lebt mit dem ich buhle;
Auch bin ich weit davon entfernt,
Das ich von Todten was gelernt."
Das heisst, wenn ich ihn recht verstand;
"Ich bin ein Narr auf eigne Hand." GOETHE.

Emerson was of the same opinion as Goethe in regard to originality. Writing of Shakespeare he says, "The greatest genius is the most indebted man," and defends the poet's right to take his material wherever he can find it. Shakespeare certainly exercised large liberty in that respect and did not even trouble himself to look for a defence. Wordsworth wrote, "*Multa tulit fecitque* must be the motto of all those who are to last." Most of the men whom the world calls great in poetry have drawn freely from the sources which are open to all, not only in nature, but also in the literature of the past, and in the thoughts and feelings of men around them, — the inchoate literature of the present.

From all these sources Tennyson took what he could make his own, and used it to enrich his verse. The gold thus gathered was not all new-mined; some of it had passed through other hands; but it was all new-minted, — fused in his imagination and fashioned into forms bearing the mark of his own genius. My object in the present writing is to give some idea of the way in which he collected his material and the method by which he wrought it into poetry.

(1.) With nature Tennyson dealt at first hand. A sensitive, patient, joyful observer, he watched the clouds, the waters, the trees, the flowers, the birds, for new disclosures of their beauty, new suggestions of their symbolic relation to the life of man. In a letter written to Mr. Dawson of Montreal, commenting upon the statement that certain lines of natural description in his work were suggested by something in Wordsworth or Shelley, he demurs, with perceptible warmth, and goes on to say: "There was a period in my life when, as an artist, Turner for instance, takes rough sketches of landskip, etc., in order to work them eventually into some great picture, so I was in the habit of chronicling, in four or five words or more, whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature. I never put these down, and many and many a line has gone away on the north wind, but some remain." Then he gives some illustrations, among them,

A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight,

which was suggested by a night at Torquay, when the sky was covered with thin vapour. The line was afterwards embodied in *The Princess*, i, 244.

But in saying that he never wrote these observations down, the poet misremembers his own custom; for his note-books contain many luminous fragments of recorded vision, like the following: —

(*Babbicombe.*) Like serpent-coils upon the deep.
(*Bonchurch.*) A little salt pool fluttering round a stone upon the shore. ("Guinevere," l. 50.)
(*The river Shannon, on the rapids.*) Ledges of battling water.
(*Cornwall.*) Sea purple and green like a peacock's neck. (See "The Daisy," p. 32.)
(*Voyage to Norway.*) One great wave, green-shining past with all its crests smoking high up beside the vessel.

This last passage is transformed, in "Lancelot and Elaine," into a splendid simile: —

> They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus,
> Their plumes driv'n backward by the wind they made
> In moving, all together down upon him
> Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea,
> Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
> Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
> Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,
> And him that helms it, so they overbore
> Sir Lancelot and his charger.

Tennyson was always fond of travel, and from all his journeys he brought back jewels which we find embedded here and there in his verse. The echoes in "The Bugle Song" (p. 9), were heard on the Lakes of Killarney in 1842. The Silver Horns of the Alps and the "wreaths of dangling water-smoke," in the "small sweet idyl" from *The Princess* (p. 14), were seen at Lauterbrunnen in 1846. In "Œnone" (p. 107), —

> My tall dark pines that plumed the craggy ledge
> High over the blue gorge, and all between
> The snowy peak and snow-white cataract,

were sketched in the Pyrenees in 1830. In the first edition of the poem he brought in a beautiful species of cicala, with scarlet wings, which he saw on his Spanish journey; though

he was conscientious enough to add a footnote explaining that "probably nothing of the kind exists in Mount Ida."

It is true that in later editions he let the cicala and the note go; but this example will serve to illustrate the defect, or at least the danger, which attends Tennyson's method of working up his pictures. There is a temptation to introduce too many details from the remembered or recorded "rough sketches," to crowd the canvas, to use bits of description which, however beautiful in themselves, do not always add to the strength of the picture, and sometimes even give it an air of distracting splendour. Ornateness is a fault from which Tennyson is not free. In spite of his careful revision there are still some red-winged cicalas left in his verse. There are passages in *The Princess*, in "Enoch Arden," and in some of the *Idylls of the King*, for example, which are bewildering in their opulence.

But on the other hand it must be said that very often this richness of detail is precisely the effect which he wishes to produce, and in certain poems, like "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" (p. 27), "The Lotos-Eaters" (p. 42), and "The Palace of Art" (p. 221), it enhances the mystical, dream-like atmosphere in which the subject is conceived. If he sometimes puts in too many touches, he seldom, if ever, makes use of any that is not in harmony with the fundamental tone, the colour-key of his picture. Notice the accumulation of dark images of loneliness and desertion in "Mariana" (p. 50), the cold, gray sadness and weariness of the landscape in "The Dying Swan" (p. 38), and the serene rapture that clothes the earth with emerald and the sea with sapphire in the song of triumphant love in *Maud*, I, xviii (p. 159).

There are passages in Tennyson's verse where his direct vision of nature is illumined by his memory of the things that other poets have written when looking at the same scene.

Thus "Frater Ave atque Vale" (p. 237) is filled, as it should be, with touches from Catullus. But how delicate is the art with which they are blended and harmonized, how exquisite the shimmer of the argent-leaved orchards which Tennyson adds in the last line,

> Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, *olive-silvery* Sirmio!

In "The Daisy" (a series of pictures from an Italian journey made with his wife in 1851, recalled to the poet's memory by finding, between the leaves of a book which he was reading in Edinburgh, a daisy plucked on the Splügen Pass), we find literary and historical reminiscences interwoven with descriptions. At Cogoletto he remembers the young Columbus who was born there. On Lake Como, which Virgil praised in the *Georgics*, he recalls

> The rich Virgilian rustic measure
> Of Lari Maxume, all the way.

At Varenna the story of Queen Theodolind comes back to him. There are critics who profess to regard such allusions and reminiscences as indicating a lack of originality in a poet. But why? Tennyson saw Italy not with the eyes of a peasant, but with the enlarged and sensitive vision of a scholar. The associations of the past entered into his perception of the spirit of place. New colours glowed on

> tower, or high hill-convent, seen
> A light amid its olives green;
> Or olive-hoary cape in ocean;
> Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

because he remembered the great things that had been done and suffered in the land through which he was passing. Is not the landscape of imagination as real as the landscape of optics? Must a man be ignorant in order to be original?

Is true poetry possible only to him who looks at nature with a mind as bare as if he had never opened a book? Milton did not think so.

Tennyson's use of nature as the great source of poetic images and figures was for the most part immediate and direct; but often his vision was quickened and broadened by memories of what the great poets had seen and sung. Yet when he borrowed, here and there, a phrase, an epithet, from one of them, it was never done blindly or carelessly. He always verified his references to nature. The phrase borrowed is sure to be a true one, chosen with a delicate feeling for the best, translated with unfailing skill, and enhanced in beauty and significance by the setting which he gave to it.

(2.) For subjects, plots, and illustrations Tennyson turned often to the literature of the past. His range of reading, even in boyhood, was wide and various, as the notes to *Poems by Two Brothers* show. At the University he was not only a close student of the Greek and Latin classics, but a diligent reader of the English poets and philosophers, and a fair Italian scholar. In the years after he left college we find him studying Spanish and German. In later life he kept up his studies with undiminished ardour. In 1854 he was learning Persian, translating Homer and Virgil to his wife, and reading Dante with her. In 1867 he was working over *Job*, *The Song of Solomon* and *Genesis*, in Hebrew. He takes the themes of "The Lotos-Eaters" and "The Sea-Fairies" from Homer; "The Death of Œnone" from Quintus Calaber; "Tiresias" from Euripides; "Tithonus" from an Homeric Hymn; "Demeter" and "Œnone" from Ovid; "Lucretius" from St. Jerome; "St. Simeon Stylites" and "St. Telemachus" from Theodoret; "The Cup" from Plutarch; "A Dream of Fair Women" from Chaucer; "Mariana" from Shakespeare; "The Lover's Tale" and "The Falcon" from Boccaccio;

"Ulysses" from Dante; "The Revenge" from Sir Walter Raleigh; "The Brook" from Goethe; "The Voyage of Maeldune" from Joyce's *Old Celtic Romances;* "Akbar's Dream" from the Persian, and "Locksley Hall" from the Arabic; "Romney's Remorse" from Hayden's *Life of Romney;* "Columbus" from Washington Irving. In the *Idylls of the King* he has drawn upon Sir Thomas Malory, the *Mabinogion* of Lady Charlotte Guest, and the old French romances. His allusions and references to the Bible are many and beautiful. (See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 245 and Appendix.) But he never wrote a whole poem upon a scriptural subject, except a couple of Byronic imitations in *Poems by Two Brothers.*

To understand his method of using a subject taken from literature it may be well to study a few examples.

The germ of "Ulysses" (p. 116) is found in the following passage from Dante's *Inferno*, xxvi, 90–129, where, in the eighth Bolgia Ulysses addresses the two poets: —

"When I escaped
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Caieta by her charms,
Ere thus Æneas yet had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Marocco, either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions, when we came

To the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd
The boundaries not be overstepp'd by man.
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the other hand already Ceuta passed.
'Oh brothers!' I began, 'who to the west
Through perils without number now have reach'd;
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang.
Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'
With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the other pole night now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean floor
It rose not."

Cary's translation (*1806*).

The central motive of the poem is undoubtedly contained in this passage: the ardent longing for action, for experience, for brave adventure, persisting in Ulysses to the very end of life. This Tennyson renders in his poem with absolute fidelity. But he departs from the original in several points. First, he makes the poem a dramatic monologue, or character-piece, spoken by Ulysses at Ithaca to his old companions. Second, he intensifies the dramatic contrast between the quiet, narrow existence on the island (ll. 1–5; 33–43) and the free, joyous, perilous life for which Ulysses longs (ll. 11–32). Third, he adds glimpses of natural scenery in wonderful harmony with the spirit of the poem (ll. 2, 44, 45, 54–61). Fourth, he brings out with extraordinary vividness the feeling which he tells us was in his own heart when he wrote the poem, "the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life."

Naturally enough many phrases are used which recall classic writers. "The rainy Hyades" belong to Virgil. The rowers "sitting well in order," to Homer. To "rust unburnish'd" (l. 23) is an improved echo from the speech of Shakespeare's Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*. All this adds to the *vraisemblance* of the poem. It is the art by which the poet evokes in our minds the associations with which literature has surrounded the figure of Ulysses, a distinct personality, an enduring type in the world of imagination. The proof of the poet's strength lies in his ability to meet the test of comparison between his own work and that classic background of which his allusions frankly remind us, and in his power to add something new, vivid, and individual to the picture which has been painted from so many different points of view by the greatest artists. This test, it seems to me, Tennyson endures magnificently. His Ulysses is not unworthy to rank with the wanderer of Homer, of Dante, of Shakespeare. No lines of theirs are larger than Tennyson's —

> Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move.

Nor has any poet embodied "the unconquerable mind of man" more nobly than in the final lines of this poem: —

> Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
> We are not now that strength which in old days
> Mov'd earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
> One equal temper of heroic hearts,
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

A poem of very different character is "A Dream of Fair Women" (p. 53), written when the æsthetic impulse was strongest in Tennyson. The suggestion came from Chaucer's

Legend of Good Women. How full and deep and nobly melancholy are the chords with which Tennyson enriches the dream music to which Chaucer's poem gives the key-note : —

> In every land
> I saw, wherever light illumineth,
> Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
> The downward slope to death.
>
> Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
> Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
> And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
> And trumpets blown for wars.

Then follows a passage full of fresh and exquisite descriptions of nature, the scenery of his dream : —

> Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
> Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
> Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
> New from its silken sheath.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
> The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
> On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,
> Leading from lawn to lawn.
>
> The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
> Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
> The times when I remember to have been
> Joyful and free from blame.

This is Tennyson's own manner, recognizable, imitable, but not easily equalled. Now come the fair women who people his visionary forest. Each one speaks to him and reveals herself by the lyric disclosure of her story. Only in one case — that of Rosamond — does the speaker utter her name. In all the others, it is by some touch of description made familiar to us by "ancient song," that the figure is recognized. Iphigenia

tells how she stood before the altar in Aulis, and saw her sorrowing father, and the waiting ships, and the crowd around her, and the knife which was to shed the victim's blood. (Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, i. 85 ff.) Cleopatra recalls the nights of revelry with Mark Antony (Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act i, sc. iv), his wild love (Act iv, sc. viii), her queenly suicide, robed and crowned, with the bite of the aspic on her breast (Act v, sc. ii). Jephtha's Daughter repeats the song with which she celebrated Israel's victory over Ammon (*Judges*, xi). The dream rounds itself into royal splendour, glittering with gems from legend and poetry: then it fades, never to be repeated, —

> How eagerly I sought to strike
> Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
> But no two dreams are like.

Yet another type of subject taken from literature is found in "Dora" (p. 101). Mr. J. Churton Collins says "The whole plot . . . to the minutest details is taken from a prose story of Miss Mitford's. . . . That the poet's indebtedness to the novel has not been intimated, is due no doubt to the fact that Tennyson, like Gray, leaves his commentators to track him to his raw material."[1] To understand the carelessness of Mr. Collins as a critic it is only necessary to point out the fact that the reference to Miss Mitford's story was distinctly given in a note to the first edition of the poem in 1842. But to appreciate fully the bold inaccuracy of his general statement one needs to read the pastoral of "Dora Creswell," in *Our Village*, side by side with Tennyson's "Dora." In Miss Mitford's story Dora is a little girl; in Tennyson's poem she is a young woman. Miss Mitford tells nothing of the conflict between the old farmer and his son about the proposed marriage with Dora; Tennyson makes it prominent in the working out of

[1] J. Churton Collins, *Illustrations of Tennyson*. Chatto and Windus, 1891.

the plot. Miss Mitford makes the son marry the delicate daughter of a school-mistress; but in Tennyson's poem his choice falls on Mary Morrison, a labourer's daughter, and, as the poem implies, a vigourous, healthy, independent girl. In Miss Mitford's story there is no trace of Dora's expulsion from the old farmer's house after she has succeeded, by a stratagem, in making him receive his little grandson, Mary's child; but Tennyson makes this the turning point of the most pathetic part of his poem, — Dora's winning of Mary's love, and their resolve that they will live together and bring up the child free from the influence of the old farmer's hardness. When the old man at last gives way, and takes Mary and Dora and the child home, Tennyson adds the final touch of insight to the little drama: —

> So those four abode
> Within one house together; and as years
> Went forward Mary took another mate;
> *But Dora lived unmarried till her death.*

The entire poem is written in the simplest language. It does not contain a single simile, nor a word used in an unfamiliar sense. Wordsworth said, "Mr. Tennyson, I have been endeavouring all my life to write a pastoral like your 'Dora,' and have not succeeded." The contrast between the prose story with its abundance of pretty details, and the poem in beauty unadorned, illustrates the difference between neat work and fine work.

The vivifying power of Tennyson's imagination is nowhere shown more clearly than in the great use which he makes of comparatively small hints and phrases from other writers. In his hands they seem to expand. They are lifted up, animated, ennobled.

A good illustration of this kind of work may be seen in the way in which he handles the material taken from Sir Thomas

Malory in the *Morte d'Arthur*. In Malory the King's rebuke to the unfaithful knight runs thus: "Ah, traitor untrue, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? And thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword!" In Tennyson a new dramatic splendour enters into the reproach: —

> 'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
> Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
> Authority forgets a dying king,
> Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
> That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
> For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
> In whom should meet the offices of all,
> Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
> Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
> Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
> Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
> And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
> But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
> I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

In Malory the King's parting address, spoken from the barge, is: "Comfort thyself, and do as well as thou may'st, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me pray for my soul." In Tennyson these few words become the germ of the great passage beginning

> 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,' —

and closing with one of the noblest utterances in regard to prayer that can be found in the world's literature.

Malory says, "And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the

forest." Tennyson makes us see the dark vessel moving away: —

> The barge with oar and sail
> Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
> That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
> Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
> With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
> Revolving many memories, till the hull
> Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
> And on the mere the wailing died away.

The difference here is between the seed of poetry and the flower fully unfolded.

Instances of the same enlarging and transforming power of Tennyson's genius may be noted in "The Revenge." Again and again he takes a bare fact given by Sir Walter Raleigh, or Froude, and makes it flash a sudden lightning or roar a majestic thunder through the smoke of the wild sea-fight. (See vi–xi, pp. 88–90.) The whole poem is scrupulously exact in its fidelity to the historical records, but it lifts the story on strong wings into the realm of vivid imagination. We do not merely hear about it: we see it, we feel it.

Another illustration is found in "The Lotos-Eaters," lines 156–167 (pp. 47, 48). This is expanded from Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, iii, 15. "The divinity of the gods is revealed, and their tranquil abodes which neither winds do shake, nor clouds drench with rains nor snow congealed by sharp frosts harms with hoary fall: an ever cloudless ether o'er-canopies them, and they laugh with light shed largely round. Nature too supplies all their wants and nothing ever impairs their peace of mind." But the vivid contrast between this luxurious state of *dolce far niente* and the troubles, toils, and conflicts of human life, is added by Tennyson, and gives a new significance to the passage.

We come now to Tennyson's use of the raw material lying close at hand, as yet untouched by the shaping spirit of literature, — newspaper stories, speeches, tales of the country-side, legends and phrases passing from lip to lip, suggestions from conversations and letters. He was quick to see the value of things that came to him in this way, and at the same time, as a rule, most clear in his discrimination between that which was merely interesting or striking, and that which was available for the purposes of poetry, and more particularly of such poetry as he could write. He did not often make Wordsworth's mistake of choosing themes in themselves trivial like "Alice Fell" or "Goody Blake," or themes involving an incongruous and ridiculous element, like "Peter Bell" or "The Idiot Boy." If the subject was one that had a humourous aspect, he gave play to his sense of humour in treating it. If it was serious, he handled it in a tragic or in a pathetic way, according to the depth of feeling which it naturally involved. Illustrations of these different methods may easily be found among his poems.

The "Northern Farmer (Old Style)" was suggested by a story which his great-uncle told him about a Lincolnshire farm-bailiff who said, when he was dying, "God A'mighty little knows what He's aboot, a-takin' me, an' 'Squire'll be so mad an' all!" From this saying, Tennyson declares, he conjectured the whole man, depicted as he is with healthy vigour and kindly humour. It was the remark of a rich neighbour, "When I canters my 'erse along the ramper I 'ears *proputty, proputty, proputty*," that suggested the contrasting character-piece, the "Northern Farmer (New Style)." The poem called "The Church-Warden and the Curate" was made out of a story told to the poet by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley.[1] "The Grandmother" was suggested in a letter from Benjamin

1 *Memories of the Tennysons*, by H. D. Rawnsley, MacLehose, Glasgow, 1900, pp. 113 ff.

Jowett giving the saying of an old lady, "The spirits of my children always seem to hover about me." "The Northern Cobbler" was founded on a true story which Tennyson heard in his youth. "Owd Roä" was the poet's version of a report that he had read in a newspaper about a black retriever which saved a child from a burning house. To the end of his life he kept his familiarity with the Lincolnshire variety of English, and delighted to read aloud his verses written in that racy and resonant dialect, which is now, unfortunately, rapidly being lost in the dull march of improvement.

Turning from these *genre*-pieces, we find two of his most powerful ballads, one intensely tragic, the other irresistibly pathetic, based upon incidents related in contemporary periodicals. In a penny magazine called *Old Brighton* he read a story of a young man named Rooke who was hanged in chains for robbing the mail, some time near the close of the eighteenth century. "When the elements had caused the clothes and flesh to decay, his aged mother, night after night, in all weathers, and the more tempestuous the weather the more frequent the visits, made a sacred pilgrimage to the lonely spot on the Downs, and it was noticed that on her return she always brought something away with her in her apron. Upon being watched, it was discovered that the bones of the hanging man were the objects of her search, and as the wind and rain scattered them on the ground she conveyed them to her home. There she kept them, and, when the gibbet was stripped of its horrid burden, in the dead silence of the night, she interred them in the hallowed enclosure of Old Shoreham Churchyard." This is the tale. Imagine what Byron would have made of it, or Shelley, if we may judge by the gruesome details of the second part of "The Sensitive Plant." But Tennyson goes straight to the heart of the passion of motherhood, surviving shame and sorrow, conquering fear and weakness in that withered mother's breast,

She tells her story in a dramatic lyric, a naked song of tragedy, a solitary, trembling war-cry of indomitable love. Against this second Rizpah, greater in her heroism than even the Hebrew mother whose deeds are told in the Book of Samuel, all the forces of law and church and society are arrayed. But she will not be balked of her human rights. She will hope that somewhere there is mercy for her boy. She will gather his bones from shame and lay them to rest in consecrated ground.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left —
I stole them all from the lawyers — and you, will you call it a theft? —
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laugh'd
and had cried —
Theirs? O no! They are mine — not theirs — they had moved in
my side.

"In the Children's Hospital" is a poem as tender as "Rizpah" is passionate. The story was told to Tennyson by Miss Mary Gladstone. An outline of it was printed in a parochial magazine under the title "Alice's Christmas Day." The theme is the faith and courage of a child in the presence of pain and death. That the poet at seventy years of age should be able to enter so simply, so sincerely, so profoundly into the sweet secret of a suffering child's heart, is a marvellous thing. After all, there must be something moral and spiritual in true poetic genius. It is not mere intellectual power. It is temperament, it is sympathy, it is that power to put oneself in another's place, which lies so close to the root of the Golden Rule.

IV

TENNYSON'S REVISION OF HIS TEXT

Vos, o
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coërcuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

HORACE: *De Arte Poetica*, 291–294

The changes which a poet makes, from time to time, in the text of his poems may be taken in part as a measure of his power of self-criticism, and in part as a record of the growth of his mind. It is true, of course, that a man may prefer to put his new ideas altogether into new poems and leave the old ones untouched; true also that the creative impulse may be so much stronger than the critical as to make him impatient of the *limæ labor et mora*. This was the case with Robert Browning. There was a time when he made a point of turning out a new poem every day. When reproached for indifference to form he said that "the world must take him as it found him."

But Tennyson was a constant, careful corrector of his own verse. He held that "An artist should get his workmanship as good as he can, and make his work as perfect as possible. A small vessel, built on fine lines, is likely to float further down the stream of time than a big raft." He was keenly sensitive to the subtle effects of rhythm, the associations of words, the beauty of form. The deepening of thought and feeling which came to him with the experience of life did not make him indifferent to the technics of his craft as a poet. Indeed it seemed to intensify his desire for perfection. The more he had to say the more carefully he wished to say it.

The first and most important revision of his work began in the period of his greatest spiritual and intellectual growth,

immediately after the death of his friend Hallam. The results of it were seen in the early poems, republished in the two volumes of 1842. From this time forward there were many changes in the successive editions of his poems. *The Princess*, published in 1847, was slightly altered in 1848, thoroughly revised in 1850 (when the intercalary songs were added), and considerably enlarged in 1851. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," printed as a pamphlet in 1852, was immediately revised in 1853, and again much altered when it appeared in the same volume with *Maud* in 1855. As late as August 1892, I heard Tennyson questioning whether the line describing the cross of St. Paul's —

That shines over city and river —

should be changed to read,

That shines upon city and river.

There were general revisions in 1872 (The Library Edition), in 1874 (The Cabinet Edition), in 1884 (The Globe Edition), in 1886 (A New Library Edition, in ten volumes), in 1889, and in 1891. The complete single-volume edition, "with last alterations," was published in 1894.

In Memoriam received less revision after its first publication than any other of Tennyson's larger poems ; [1] probably because it had been so frequently worked over in manuscript. Sixteen years passed between its inception and its appearance in print.

I propose to examine some of Tennyson's changes in his text in order that we may do what none of the critics have yet done, — get a clear idea of their general character and the particular reasons why he made them. These changes may be classified under five heads, descriptive of the different reasons for revision.

[1] Joseph Jacobs, *Tennyson and In Memoriam*, notes 62 verbal changes. Two sections (xxxix, lix) have been added to the poem.

1. *For simplicity and naturalness.* — There was a tincture of archaism in the early diction of Tennyson, an occasional use of far-fetched words, an unfamiliar way of spelling, a general flavour of conscious exquisiteness, which seemed to his maturer judgment to savour of affectation. These blemishes, due to the predominance of the æsthetic impulse, he was careful to remove.

At first, he tells us, he had "an absurd antipathy" to the use of the hyphen; and in 1830 and 1832 he wrote, in "Mariana," *flowerplots*, *casementcurtain*, *marishmosses*, *silvergreen*; and in "The Palace of Art," *pleasurehouse*, *sunnywarm*, *torrentbow*, *clearwalled*. In 1842 the despised hyphen was restored to its place, and the compound words were spelled according to common usage. He discarded also his early fashion of accenting the *ed* in the past participle, — *wreathèd*, *blenchèd*, *gleanèd*, etc.

Archaic elisions, like "throne o' the massive ore" in "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" (l. 146), and "up an' away" in "Mariana" (l. 50), and "whither away wi' the singing sail" in "The Sea-Fairies," were eliminated.

A purified and chastened taste made him prefer, in the "Ode to Memory,"

> With plaited alleys of the trailing rose — [1842]

to

> With pleachéd alleys of the trailing rose. [1830]

In "The Lady of Shalott" he left out some of the more fanciful bits of dress and decoration with which the poem was at first a little overloaded; for example: —

> A pearlgarland winds her head:
> She leaneth on a velvet bed,
> Full royally apparellèd.

In "Mariana" he substituted

The day
Was sloping toward his western bower,
[1842]

for

The day
Downsloped was westering in his bower.
[1830]

The general result of such alterations as these was to make the poems more simple and straightforward. In the same way we feel that there is great gain in the omission of the stanzas about a balloon which were originally prefixed to "A Dream of Fair Women," and of the elaborate architectural and decorative details which overloaded the first version of "The Palace of Art," and in the compression of the last strophe of "The Lotos-Eaters," with its curious pictures of 'the tuskèd seahorse wallowing in a stripe of grassgreen calm,' and 'the monstrous narwhale swallowing his own foamfountains in the sea.' We can well spare these marine prodigies for the sake of such a line as

Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free.
[1842]

2. *For melody and smoothness.* — It was a constant wish of Tennyson to make his verse easy to read, as musical as possible, except when the sense required a rough or broken rhythm. He had a strong aversion to the hissing sound of the letter *s* when it comes at the end of a word and at the beginning of the next word. He was always trying to get rid of this, — "kicking the geese out of the boat," as he called it, — and he thought that he had succeeded. (*Memoir*, II, p. 14.) But this, of course, was a "flattering unction." It is not difficult to find instances of the double sibilant remaining in his verse: for example in "A Dream of Fair Women" (l. 241): —

She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood,

and "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere" (l. 23) : —

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring.

But for the most part he was careful to remove it, as in the following cases.

"The Lady of Shalott" (l. 156) : —

A pale, pale corpse she floated by. [1833]

A gleaming shape she floated by. [1842]

"Mariana in the South" (ll. 9–10) : —

Down in the dry salt-marshes stood
That house darklatticed. [Omitted, 1842]

"Locksley Hall" (l. 182) : —

Let the peoples spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. [1842]

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. [1845]

Alterations were made in order to get rid of unpleasant assonance in blank verse, as in "Œnone" (l. 19) : —

She, leaning on a vine-entwinèd stone. [1833]

She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine. [1842]

Disagreeable alliterations were removed, as in "Mariana" (l. 43) : —

For leagues no other tree did dark. [1830]

For leagues no other tree did mark. [1842]

"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" (l. 5) : —

When laurel-garlanded leaders fall. [1852]

Mourning when their leaders fall. [1855]

Imperfect rhymes were corrected, as in "Mariana in the South" (l. 85): —

One dry cicala's summer song
At night filled all the gallery,
Backward the latticeblind she flung
And leaned upon the balcony.
[1833]

At eve a dry cicala sung,
There came a sound as of the sea;
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
And lean'd upon the balcony.
[1842]

Incongruous and harsh expressions were removed, as in "The Poet" (l. 45): —

And in the bordure of her robe was writ
WISDOM, a name to shake
Hoar anarchies, as with a thunderfit.
[1830]

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power — a sacred name.
[1842]

Two very delicate and perfect examples of the same kind of improvement are found in the revision of "Claribel," line 11: —

At noon the bee low-hummeth,
[1830]

At noon the wild bee hummeth,
[1842]

and line 17: —

The fledgling throstle lispeth.
[1830]

The callow throstle lispeth.
[1842]

Some of the alterations in the Wellington Ode are very happy. Line 79 originally read,

And ever-ringing avenues of song.

How much more musical is the present version: —

> And ever-echoing avenues of song!

In line 133, "world's earthquake" was changed to "world-earthquake." Line 267, —

> Hush, the Dead March *sounds* in the people's ears, — [1853]

was wonderfully deepened in 1855, when it was altered to

> Hush, the Dead March *wails* in the people's ears.

3. *For clearness of thought.* — The most familiar instance of this kind of revision is in "A Dream of Fair Women." In 1833 the stanza describing the sacrifice of Iphigenia ended with the lines

> One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat;
> Slowly, — and nothing more.

A critic very properly inquired 'what more she would have.' The lines were changed to

> The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
> Touch'd; and I knew no more.

There is another curious illustration in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." In 1842 lines 49–52 read,

> Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
> From yon blue heavens above us bent
> The gardener Adam and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent.

Line 51 was changed, in 1845, to

> The grand old gardener and his wife,

which was both weak and ambiguous. One might fancy (as a young lady of my acquaintance did) that the poet was

speaking of some fine old gardener on the De Vere estate, who had died and gone to heaven. In 1875 Tennyson restored the original and better reading, "The gardener Adam."

A few more illustrations will suffice to show how careful he was to make his meaning clear.

"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" (l. 157) : —

Of most unbounded reverence and regret. [1852]

But it is hard to see how anything can be more or less unbounded; so the line was changed:

Of boundless reverence and regret. [1853]

Of boundless love and reverence and regret. [1855]

"The Marriage of Geraint" (l. 70) : —

They sleeping each by *other*. [1859]

They sleeping each by *either*. [1874]

"Lancelot and Elaine" (l. 45) : —

And one of these, *the king*, had on a crown. [1859]

And *he, that once was king*, had on a crown. [1874]

(L. 168) : —

Thither he made, and *wound* the gateway horn. [1859]

Thither he made, and *blew* the gateway horn. [1874]

(L. 1147) : —

Steer'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood. [1859]

Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood. [1874]

"Guinevere" (l. 470) : —

To honour his own word as if his God's.

This line was not in the 1859 version. It enhances the solemnity of the oath of initiation into the Round Table.

"The Passing of Arthur" (ll. 462–469) : —

> Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
> Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
> Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
> Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
> Down that long water opening on the deep
> Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
> From less to less and vanish into light.
> And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

These lines, with others, were added to "Morte d'Arthur," the original form of this idyll, in order to bring out the distant gleam of hope which is thrown upon the close of the epic by the vision of Arthur's immortality and the prophecy of his return.

4. *For truth in the description of nature.* — The alterations made for this reason are very many. I give a few examples.

"The Lotos-Eaters" (l. 7) : —

> Above the valley burned the *golden* moon.
> [1833]

But in the afternoon (l. 3) the moon is of palest silver; so the line was revised thus : —

> Full-faced above the valley stood the moon.
> [1842]

Line 16 originally read,

> Three thunder-cloven thrones of oldest snow.
> [1833]

But, in the first place, it is the lightning, not the thunder, that cleaves the mountains; and, in the second place, a snow-peak, if struck by lightning, would not remain "cloven" very long, but would soon be covered with snow again. It was doubtless for these reasons, quite as much as for the sake of keeping the

quiet and dreamy tone of his picture of Lotos-land, that Tennyson changed the line to

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow. [1842]

Another change of the same kind is found in "The Daisy" (ll. 35, 36): —

And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far *off* on a mountain head. [1855]

But one would not be so likely to see the glistening of ice at a long distance, as high above one; so the line was altered to read,

Of ice, far *up* on a mountain head.

In "Locksley Hall" (l. 3) the first reading was

'T is the place, and *round the gables*, as of old, the curlews call. [1842]

But the curlews do not fly close to the roofs of houses, as the swallows do; so the line was changed to

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call. [1845]

"Mariana" (ll. 3, 4): —

The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the *peach* to the *gardenwall*. [1830]

This was not quite characteristic of a Lincolnshire garden; so it was altered in 1863 and 1872 to the present form: —

That held the *pear* to the *gable-wall*.

"The Poet's Song" (l. 9): —

The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee. [1842]

But swallows do not hunt bees; so the line was changed to

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly. [1884]

"Lancelot and Elaine" (ll. 652, 653): —

> No surer than our falcon yesterday,
> Who lost the hern we slipt *him* at.
> [1859]

But the female falcon, being larger and fiercer, is the one usually employed in the chase; so *him* was changed to *her*.

There is a very interesting addition to *In Memoriam*, which bears witness to Tennyson's scrupulous desire to be truthful in natural description. Section ii is addressed to an old yew-tree in the graveyard, and contains this stanza: —

> O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
> Who changest not in any gale,
> Nor branding summer suns avail
> To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

But, as a matter of fact, the yew has its season of bloom; and so in Section xxxix, added in 1871, we find these lines: —

> To thee too comes the golden hour
> *When flower is feeling after flower;*
> But Sorrow, — fixt upon the dead,
>
> And darkening the dark graves of men, —
> What whisper'd from her *lying* lips?
> Thy gloom *is* kindled at the tips,
> And passes into gloom again.

5. *For deeper meaning and human interest.* — In this respect the revision of "The Palace of Art" is most important. The stanzas added in the later editions of this poem have the effect of intensifying its significance, making the sin of self-centred isolation stand out sharply (ll. 197–204), displaying the scornful contempt of the proud soul for common humanity (ll. 145–160), and throwing over the picture the Pharisee's robe of

moral self-complacency (ll. 205–208). The introduction in 1833 began as follows:

> I send you, friend, a sort of allegory,
> (You are an artist and will understand
> Its many lesser meanings).

But in 1842 the lines read

> I send you here a sort of allegory,
> (For you will understand it).

The poet no longer addresses his work to an artist: he speaks more broadly to man as man. For the same reason he omits a great many of the purely decorative stanzas, and concentrates the attention on the spiritual drama.

The addition of the *Conclusion* to "The May Queen" (1842) is another instance of Tennyson's enrichment of his work with warmer human interest. In the first two parts there is nothing quite so intimate in knowledge of the heart as the lines

> O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
> He shines upon a hundred fields, *and all of them I know.*

There is nothing quite so true to the simplicity of childlike faith as the closing verses:—

> To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
> And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The sixth strophe of the Choric Song in "The Lotos-Eaters," beginning

> Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
> And dear the last embraces of our wives
> And their warm tears,—

was added in 1842.

In the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," lines 266–270 were added after the first edition: —

> On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
> Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
> The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
> The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
> Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

This passage brings a deep note of natural emotion into the poem. The physical effect of the actual interment, the sight of the yawning grave, the rattle of the handful of earth thrown upon the coffin, are vividly expressed.

A noteworthy change for the sake of expressing a deeper human feeling occurs in "The Lady of Shalott." The original form of the last stanza was merely picturesque: it described the wonder and perplexity of "the wellfed wits at Camelot" when they looked upon the dead maiden in her funeral barge and read the parchment on her breast: —

> "*The web was woven curiously,*
> *The charm is broken utterly,*
> *Draw near and fear not — this is I,*
> *The Lady of Shalott.*"
>
> [1833]

But the revised version makes them "cross themselves for fear," and brings the knight for secret love of whom the maiden died to look upon her face: —

> But Lancelot mused a little space;
> He said, 'She has a lovely face;
> God in his mercy lend her grace,
> The Lady of Shalott.'

The addition of the songs to *The Princess* (1850) must be regarded as evidence of a desire to deepen the meaning of

the story. Tennyson said distinctly that he wished to make people see that the child was the heroine of the poem. The songs are a great help in this direction. In the *Idylls of the King* Tennyson took pains, as he went on with the series, to eliminate all traces of the old tradition which made Modred the son of King Arthur and his half-sister Bellicent, thus sweeping away the taint of incest from the story, and revealing the catastrophe as the result of the unlawful love of Lancelot and Guinevere. (See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, pp. 171 ff.) He introduced many allegorical details into the later Idylls. And he endeavoured to enhance the epic dignity and significance of the series by inserting the closing passages of "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur," which present clearly the idea of a great kingdom rising under Arthur's leadership and falling into ruin with his defeat.

A general study of the changes which Tennyson made in the text of his poems will show, beyond a doubt, not only that he was sensitive to the imperfections in his work and ready to profit, at least to a certain extent, by the suggestions of critics; but also that his skill as an artist was refined by use, and that his thoughts of life and his sympathies with mankind deepened and broadened with advancing years. Thus there was a compensation for the loss of something of the delicate, inimitable freshness, the novel and enchanting charm which breathed from the lyrics of his youth.

V

THE CLASSIFICATION OF TENNYSON'S POEMS

Tennyson never attempted to arrange his works on any such formal scheme as Wordsworth used in classifying his poems for the edition of 1815 and followed in all subsequent editions. "Poems," said he, "apparently miscellaneous, may be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them; or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate." He determined to use all three of these methods in dividing his poems into classes, and also, as far as possible, to follow "an order of time, commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality."

The disadvantage, one might almost say the absurdity, of such a mixed method is obvious. The real value of classification lies in the unfolding of a single organic principle. Confusion is introduced when a compromise is made. It becomes difficult, if not impossible, to understand just which one of several reasons has been allowed to determine any particular feature of the arrangement. One might as well try to classify flowers, at one and the same time, by their structure, their colour, and the order of their appearance.

Tennyson's mind was not possessed by that sharp philosophical distinction between Fancy and Imagination which played so large a part with Coleridge and Wordsworth. He had little of the analytical temper which delights in making programmes. His view of poetry was less theoretical, more practical and concrete, — the view of an artist, who regards his work as the direct and vital expression of his life, — rather than the view of a philosopher, who looks back upon his work as the illustration of a formula, and endeavours to make it fit.

We find, therefore, that in the various editions of his collected works the poems are given, in general, according to the chronological order, beginning with *Juvenilia*, and closing with those which were contained in the last-published volume. From the first, this chronological arrangement involved a certain outline of symmetrical development, following the successive impulses which came into his poetic art, and bringing together, quite naturally, poems in which a certain relation of spirit and manner may be felt. Later it was necessary, for the sake of order, to give a systematic arrangement to pieces which were written at different times, like the *Idylls of the King* and the Dramas. The general result of this method has been to present the longer poems, *The Princess*, *Maud*, *In Memoriam*, and the *Idylls of the King*, in the centre of Tennyson's work, preceded by the miscellaneous poems of youth and followed by the miscellaneous poems of age. The collection begins with "Claribel," a lyric of delicate artistry, and ends with "Crossing the Bar," a lyric of profound meaning.

But for the purpose of the present volume I think something a little different is desirable and possible. For here we have not the full record of his life and work as poet, but a selection of poems chosen to show his chief characteristics, to represent the best that he has done in the different fields of his art, and to stand, at least approximately, as a measure of his contributions to that which is permanent in the various departments of English poetry. It is natural, therefore, and indeed almost necessary for the end which we have in view, to try to arrange these contributions in general groups.

The principle which I have followed is practical rather than theoretical. The old Greek division — lyric, dramatic, epic — could not well be strictly followed because so much of Tennyson's work lies in the border-lands between these three great domains. The purely chronological arrangement was

impracticable because it would separate, by long distances, poems which are as closely related as "Break, break, break," and "In the Valley of Cauteretz"; "Morte d'Arthur" and "Guinevere"; and the different sections of *In Memoriam*.

It seems to me better to bring together the poems which are really most alike in their general purpose and effect.

I. Thus, for example, there is a kind of poetry of which the first charm resides in its appeal to the sense of beauty. This is not its only quality, of course, for all verse must have a meaning in order to have a value. But the prevailing effect of the kind of poetry of which I am speaking is the feeling of pleasure in graceful form, rich colour, the clear and memorable vision of outward things, or the utterance of emotion in haunting music. Poems which have this musical and picturesque quality in predominance (whether or not they carry with them a deeper significance) are first of all *Melodies and Pictures*. With this kind of verse Tennyson began; in it, as his art was developed, he attained a rare mastery; and to it a great deal of his most finely finished work belongs.

For this reason the present volume begins with a selection of lyrics of this general class: first, those in which the melodic element, the verbal music, is the main charm; second, those in which the chief delight comes from the pictorial element, the vivid description of things seen. I do not imagine that this distinction can be closely applied, or that all readers would draw it in the same way. But at least I hope that in both groups of this main division a certain order of advance can be seen: a deeper meaning coming into the melodies, a broader human interest coming into the pictures.

II. In the next general division, — *Ballads*, *Idyls*, *and Character-Pieces*, — the significance has become more important than the form. The interest of the poems lies in the story which they tell, in the character which they reveal, in

the mood of human experience which they depict. The chief value of the melody lies in its vital relation to the mood. The great charm of the bits of natural description lies in their almost invariable harmony with the central thought of the poem. The idyl is a picture coloured by an emotion and containing a human figure, or figures, in the foreground. It lies in the border-land between the lyric and the epic. The character-piece is a monologue in which a person is disclosed in utterance, mainly, if not altogether, from the side of thought, of remembrance, of reflection. It lies in the border-land between the epic and the drama. The dramatic lyric is an emotional self-disclosure, not of the poet himself, but of some chosen character, historical or imaginary. It lies in the border-land between the lyric and the drama. The ballad is a story told in song, briefly and with strong feeling. It may receive a dramatic touch by being told in character. But usually it belongs in the border-land between the epic and the lyric.

Turning now to the poems which are brought together in this second division, we find that their controlling purpose is to tell us something about human character and life. They are larger in every way (though not necessarily more perfect) than the *Melodies and Pictures*, but their theme is still confined to a single event, a single character, or a single mood. They are related to the epic as the short story is to the novel. Their dramatic element is fully expressed only in the person who is speaking; the other characters and the plot of the play are implied. *Maud* is, I believe, the unique example of a drama presented in successive lyrics, — a lyrical *Monodrama*.

III. The reason why selections from Tennyson's regular dramas have not been given in this volume is stated in another place. The limitations of space have prevented the use of anything more than fragments of his epics. They will be found in the third general division, *Selections from Epic Poems*, and

are to be taken chiefly as illustrations of his manner of dealing with a broader theme. To judge how far he was able to tell a long rich story, how far he understood the architectural principles of epic poetry, one must turn directly to *The Princess* and *Idylls of the King*, and study them not in fragments but as complete poems.

IV. In the fourth general division, *Personal and Philosophic Poems*, we hear Tennyson speaking to us more directly, delivering his personal message in regard to problems of life and destiny, giving his own answers to questions of faith and duty. I do not mean that these are the only poems in which his personal convictions are expressed; nor that these poems are always and altogether subjective and confessional. Doubtless in some of them, (as, for example, "The Ancient Sage,") there is a dramatic element. But this is what I mean: the chief element of interest in these poems lies in what Matthew Arnold calls "the criticism of life,"—not abstract, impersonal, indirect criticism, but the immediate utterance of Tennyson's deepest thoughts and feelings. Here we have what he wishes to say to us, (not as preacher or philosopher or politician, but as poet,) about the right love of country, the true service of art, and the real life of the spirit.

There is room for difference of opinion in regard to the place of particular poems in these general divisions. But I feel sure that the order of the divisions is that which should be followed in trying to estimate the quality and permanent value of Tennyson's work.

The first object of poetry is to impart pleasure through the imagination by the expression of ideas and feelings in metrical language. But there is rank and degree in pleasures. The highest are those in which man's best powers find play: the powers of love and hope and faith which strengthen and ennoble human nature. Thus from the verbal melodies and

pictures which have so delicate an enchantment for the æsthetic sense, we pass onward and upward to the human portraits which have a story to tell, and the larger scenes in which the social life of man is illustrated; and from these we rise again to the region where divine philosophy becomes "musical as is Apollo's lute." The singer whose melodies charm us is a true poet. The bard whose message thrills, uplifts, and inspires us is a great poet.

VI

THE QUALITIES OF TENNYSON'S POETRY

"His music was the south-wind's sigh,
His lamp, the maiden's downcast eye,
And ever the spell of beauty came
And turned the drowsy world to flame.
By lake and stream and gleaming hall
And modest copse and the forest tall,
Where'er he went, the magic guide
Kept its place by the poet's side.
Saïd melted the days like cups of pearl,
Served high and low, the lord and the churl,
Loved harebells nodding on a rock,
A cabin hung with curling smoke,
Ring of axe or hum of wheel
Or gleam which use can paint on steel,
And huts and tents; nor loved he less
Stately lords in palaces,
Princely women hard to please,
Fenced by form and ceremony,
Decked by rites and courtly dress
And etiquette of gentilesse.

. . . . . .

He came to the green ocean's brim
And saw the wheeling sea-birds skim,
Summer and winter, o'er the wave

Like creatures of a skiey mould
Impassible to heat or cold.
He stood before the tumbling main
With joy too tense for sober brain;
. . . . . .
And he, the bard, a crystal soul
Sphered and concentric with the whole."

EMERSON: *The Poetic Gift.*

If an unpublished poem by Tennyson — say an idyll of chivalry, a classical character-piece, a modern dramatic lyric, or even a little song — were discovered, and given out without his name, it would be easy, provided it belonged to his best work, to recognize it as his. But it is by no means easy to define just what it is that makes his poetry recognizable. It is not the predominance of a single trait or characteristic. If that were the case, it would be a simple matter to put one's finger upon the hall-mark. It is not a fixed and exaggerated mannerism. That is the sign of the Tennysonians, rather than of their master. His style varies from the luxuriance of "A Dream of Fair Women" to the simplicity of "The Oak," from the lightness of "The Brook" to the stateliness of "Guinevere." There is as much difference of manner between "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Ulysses," as there is between Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" and his "Dion."

The most remarkable thing about Tennyson's poetry as a whole is that it expresses so fully and so variously the qualities of a many-sided and well-balanced nature. But when we look at the poems separately we see that, in almost every case, the quality which is most closely related to the subject of the poem plays the leading part in giving it colour and form. There is a singular fitness, a harmonious charm in his work, not unlike that which distinguishes the painting of Titian. It is not, indeed, altogether spontaneous and unstudied. It has the effect of choice, of fine selection. But it is inevitable enough

in its way. The choice being made, it would be hard to better it. The words are the right words, and each stands in its right place.

The one thing that cannot justly be said of it, it seems to me, is precisely what Tennyson says in a certain place : —

> I do but sing because I must,
> And pipe but as the linnets sing.

That often seems true of Burns and Shelley, sometimes of Keats. But it is not true of Milton, of Gray, of Tennyson. They do not pour forth their song

> "In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

I shall endeavour in the remaining pages of this introduction to describe and illustrate some of the qualities which are found in Tennyson's poetry.

1. His diction is lucid, suggestive, melodious. He avoids, for the most part, harsh and strident words, intricate constructions, strange rhymes, startling contrasts. He chooses expressions which have a natural rhythm, an easy flow, a clear meaning. He has a rare mastery of metrical resources. Many of his lyrics seem to be composed to a musical cadence which his inward ear has caught in some happy phrase.

He prefers to use those metrical forms which are free and fluent, and in which there is room for subtle modulations and changes. In the stricter modes of verse he is less happy. The sonnet, the Spenserian stanza, the heroic couplet, the swift couplet (octosyllabic), — these he seldom uses, and little of his best work is done in these forms. Even in four-stress iambic triplets, the metre in which "The Two Voices" is written, he seems constrained and awkward. He is at his best in the long swinging lines of "Locksley Hall" (eight-stress trochaic couplets) ; or in a free blank verse (five-stress iambic), which admits all the Miltonic liberty of shifted and hovering accents,

grace-notes, omitted stresses, and the like; or in mixed measures like "The Revenge" and the Wellington Ode, where the rhythm is now iambic and now trochaic; or in metres which he invented, like "The Daisy," or revived, like *In Memoriam;* or in little songs like "Break, break, break," and "The Bugle Song," where the melody is as unmistakable and as indefinable as the feeling.

He said, "Englishmen *will* spoil English verses by scanning them when they are reading, and they confound accent with quantity." "In a blank verse you can have from three up to eight beats; but, if you vary the beats unusually, your ordinary newspaper critic sets up a howl." (*Memoir*, II, 12, 14.) He liked the "run-on" from line to line, the overflow from stanza to stanza. Much of his verse is impossible to analyze if you insist on looking for regular feet according to the classic models; but if you read it according to the principle which Coleridge explained in the preface to "Christabel," by "counting the accents, not the syllables," you will find that it falls into a natural rhythm. It seems as if his own way of reading it aloud, in a sort of chant, were almost inevitable.

This close relation of his verse to music may be felt in *Maud*, and in his perfect little lyrics like the autumnal "Song," "The Throstle," "Tears, idle tears," "Sweet and low," and "Far—far—away." Here also we see the power of suggestiveness, the atmospheric effect, in his diction. Every word is in harmony with the central emotion of the song, vague, delicate, intimate, mingled of sweetness and sadness.

The most beautiful illustration of this is "Crossing the Bar" (p. 314). Notice how the metre, in each stanza, rises to the long third line, and sinks away again in the shorter fourth line. The poem is in two parts; the first stanza corresponding, in every line, to the third; the second stanza, to the fourth. In each division of the song there is first, a clear, solemn, tranquil

note, — a reminder that the day is over and it is time to depart. The accent hovers over the words "sunset" and "twilight," and falls distinctly on "star" and "bell." Then come two thoughts of sadness, the "moaning of the bar," the "sadness of farewell," from which the voyager prays to be delivered. The answer follows in the two pictures of peace and joy, — the full, calm tide bearing him homeward, — the vision of the unseen Pilot who has guided and will guide him to the end of his voyage. Every image in the poem is large and serene. Every word is simple, clear, harmonious.

The movement of a very different kind of music — martial, sonorous, thrilling — may be heard in "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade."

> Up the hill, up the hill,
> Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade, —

reproduces with extraordinary force the breathless, toilsome, thundering assault.

His verse often seems to adapt itself to his meaning with an almost magical effect. Thus, in the Wellington Ode, when the spirit of Nelson welcomes the great warrior to his tomb in St. Paul's, —

> Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
> With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
> With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest? —

we can almost hear the funeral march and see the vast, sorrowful procession. In "Locksley Hall," —

> Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight, —

what value there is in the word "trembling" and in the slight secondary pause that follows it; how the primary pause in the preceding bar, dividing it, emphasizes the word "Self." In

The Princess there is a line describing one of the curious Chinese ornaments in which a series of openwork balls are carved one inside of another : —

> Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere.

One can almost see the balls turning and glistening. In the poem "To Virgil" there is a verse praising the great Mantuan's lordship over language : —

> All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.

This illustrates the very quality that it describes. "Flowering" is the magical word.

But it is not so often the "lonely word" that is wonderful in Tennyson, as it is the company of words which blossom together in colour-harmony, the air of lucid beauty that envelops the many features of a landscape and blends them in a perfect picture. This is his peculiar charm ; and it is illustrated in many passages, but nowhere better than in *In Memoriam*, lxxxvi, —

> Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
> That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
> Of evening over brake and bloom
> And meadow, —

and in the perfect description of autumn's sad tranquillity, Section xi, —

> Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
> And waves that sway themselves in rest,
> And dead calm in that noble breast
> Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

2. Tennyson's closeness of observation, fidelity of description, and felicity of expression in nature-poetry have often been praised. In spite of his near-sightedness he saw things with great clearness and accuracy. All his senses seem to

have been alert and true. In this respect he was better fitted to be an observer than Wordsworth, in whom the colour-sense was not especially vivid, and whose poetry shows little or no evidence of the sense of fragrance, although his ears caught sounds with wonderful fineness and his eyes were quick to note forms and movements. Bayard Taylor once took a walk with Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, and afterward wrote: "During the conversation with which we beguiled the way I was struck with the variety of his knowledge. Not a little flower on the downs, which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, was perfectly familiar to him. I remembered the remark I once heard from the lips of a distinguished English author (Thackeray), that 'Tennyson was the wisest man he knew,' and could well believe that he was sincere in making it."

But Tennyson's relation to nature differed from Wordsworth's in another respect than that which has been mentioned, and one in which the advantage lies with the earlier poet. Wordsworth had a personal intimacy with nature, a confiding and rejoicing faith in her unity, her life, and her deep beneficence, which made him able to say: —

> "This prayer I make,
> Knowing that Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her: 't is her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy: for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings."

There is no utterance like this in Tennyson's poetry. He had not a profound and permanent sense of that "something far more deeply interfused" in nature which gives her a consoling, liberating, nourishing power, — a maternal power. In "Enoch Arden" the solitude of nature, even in her richest beauty, is terrible. In "Locksley Hall" the disappointed lover calls not on Mother-Nature, but on his "Mother-Age," the age of progress, of advancing knowledge, to comfort and help him. In *Maud* the unhappy hero says, not that he will turn to nature, but that he will 'bury himself in his books.' Whether it was because Tennyson saw the harsher, sterner aspects of nature more clearly than Wordsworth did, or because he had more scientific knowledge, or because he was less simple and serene, it remains true that he did not have that steady and glad confidence in her vital relation to the spirit of man, that overpowering joy in surrender to her purifying and moulding influence, which Wordsworth expressed in the "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," in 1798, and in "Devotional Incitements" in 1832, and in many other poems written between these dates. Yet it must be observed that Wordsworth himself, in later life, felt some abatement of his unquestioning and all-sufficing faith in nature, or at least admitted the need of something beside her ministry to satisfy all the wants of the human spirit. For in "An Evening Voluntary" (1834), he writes: —

> "By grace divine,
> Not otherwise, O Nature! are we thine."

Mr. Stopford Brooke has observed that the poetry of both Scott and Byron contains many utterances of delight in the wild and solitary aspects of nature; and that we find little or nothing of this kind in Tennyson. From this Mr. Brooke infers that he had less real love of nature for her own sake

than the two poets named. The inference is not well grounded.

Both Scott and Byron were very dependent upon social pleasure for their enjoyment of life, — much more so than Tennyson. Any one who will read Byron's letters may judge how far his professed passion for the solitudes of the ocean and the Alps was sincere, and how far it was a pose. Indeed, in one place, if I mistake not, he maintains the theory that it is the presence of man's work — the ship on the ocean, the city among the hills — that lends the chief charm to nature.

Tennyson was one of the few great poets who have proved their love of nature by living happily in the country. From boyhood up he was well content to spend long, lonely days by the seashore, in the woods, on the downs. It is true that as a rule his temperament found more joy in rich landscapes and gardens of opulent bloom, than in the wild, the savage, the desolate. But no man who was not a true lover of nature for her own sake could have written the "Ode to Memory," or this stanza from "Early Spring": —

> The woods with living airs
> How softly fann'd,
> Light airs from where the deep,
> All down the sand,
> Is breathing in his sleep,
> Heard by the land.

Nor is there any lack of feeling for the sublime in such a poem as "The Voice and the Peak": —

> The voice and the Peak
> Far over summit and lawn,
> The lone glow and long roar
> Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn!

It would be easy to fill many pages with illustrations of Tennyson's extraordinary vividness of perception and truthfulness

of description in regard to nature. He excels, first of all, in delicate pre-Raphaelite work, — the painting of the flowers in the meadow, the buds on the trees, the movements of waves and streams, the birds at rest and on the wing. Looking at the water, he sees the

> Little breezes dusk and shiver
> Thro' the wave that runs for ever
> By the island in the river
> Flowing down to Camelot.
> [The Lady of Shalott.]

With a single touch he gives the aspect of the mill stream : —

> The sleepy pool above the dam,
> The pool beneath it never still.
> [The Miller's Daughter.]

He shows us

> a shoal
> Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
> Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
> Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
> But if a man who stands upon the brink
> But lift a shining hand against the sun,
> There is not left the twinkle of a fin
> Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower.
> [Geraint and Enid.]

He makes us see

> the waterfall
> Which ever sounds and shines,
> A pillar of white light upon the wall
> Of purple cliffs, aloof descried.
> [Ode to Memory.]

He makes us hear, through the nearer voice of the stream,

> The drumming thunder of the huger fall
> At distance,
> [Geraint and Enid.]

or

> The scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave.
> [Maud.]

Does he speak of trees? He knows the difference between the poplars'

noise of falling showers,
[Lancelot and Elaine.]

and

The dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk,
[Maud.]

and the voice of the cedar,

sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East.
[Maud.]

He sees how

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime,
[Maud.]

and how the chestnut-buds begin

To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.
[Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.]

He has watched the hunting-dog in its restless sleep, —

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, —
[Locksley Hall.]

and noted how the lonely heron, at sundown,

forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool.
[Gareth and Lynette.]

There is a line in *In Memoriam*, —

Flits by the sea-blue bird of March, —

which Tennyson meant to describe the kingfisher. A friend criticised it and said that some other bird must have been intended, because "the kingfisher shoots by, flashes by, but never flits." But, in fact, to *flit*, which means "to move lightly and swiftly," is precisely the word for the motion of this

bird, as it darts along the stream with even wing-strokes, shifting its place from one post to another. Tennyson gives both the colour and the flight of the kingfisher with absolute precision.

But it is not only in this pre-Raphaelite work that his extraordinary skill is shown. He has also the power of rendering vague, wide landscapes, under the menacing shadow of a coming storm, in the calm of an autumnal morning, or in the golden light of sunset. Almost always such landscapes are coloured by the prevailing emotion or sentiment of the poem. Tennyson holds with Coleridge that much of what we see in nature is the reflection of our own life, our inmost feelings : —

> "Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud."

In "The Gardener's Daughter," Tennyson describes the wedding-garment : —

> All the land in flowery squares.
> Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
> Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
> Drew downward : but all else of heaven was pure
> Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,
> And May with me from head to heel.

But in "Guinevere," it is the shroud : —

> For all abroad,
> Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
> The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
> Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

3. The wide range of human sympathy in Tennyson's work is most remarkable. The symbolic poem, "Merlin and The Gleam" (p. 232), describes his poetic life. Following the Gleam, — "the higher poetic imagination," — he passes from fairy-land into the real world and interprets the characters and conflicts, the labours and longings, of all sorts and conditions of men. He speaks for childhood in "The

May Queen" and "In the Children's Hospital"; for motherhood in "Rizpah" and "Demeter"; for seamen in "The Revenge" and "Columbus" and "The Voyage of Maeldune" and "Enoch Arden"; for soldiers in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" and "The Defence of Lucknow"; for philosophers in "Lucretius" and "The Ancient Sage"; for the half-crazed ascetic in "St. Simeon Stylites," and for the fearless reformer in "Sir John Oldcastle"; for the painter in "Romney's Remorse"; for the rustic in the "Northern Farmer"; for religious enthusiasm, active, in "Sir Galahad," and passive, in "St. Agnes' Eve"; for peasant life in "Dora," and for princely life in "The Day-Dream"; for lovers of different types in "Maud" and "Locksley Hall" and "Aylmer's Field" and "Love and Duty" and "Happy" and "Œnone" and "The Lover's Tale" and "Lady Clare."

He is not, it must be admitted, quite as deep, as inward, as searching as Wordsworth is in some of his peasant portraits. There is a revealing touch in "Michael," in "Margaret," in "Resolution and Independence," to which Tennyson rarely, if ever, attains. Nor is there as much individuality and intensity in his pictures as we find in the best of Browning's *dramatis personæ*, like "Saul" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Andrea del Sarto" and "The Flight of the Duchess." Tennyson brings out in his characters that which is most natural and normal. He does not delight, as Browning does, in discovering the strange, the eccentric. Nor has he Browning's extraordinary acquaintance with the technical details of different arts and trades, and with the singular features of certain epochs of history, like the Renaissance.

But, on the other hand, if Tennyson has less intellectual curiosity in his work, he has more emotional sympathy. His characters are conceived on broader lines; they are more

human and typical. Even when he finds his subject in some classic myth, it is the human element that he brings out. This is the thing that moves him. He studies the scene, the period, carefully and closely in order to get the atmosphere of time and place. But these are subordinate. The main interest, for him, lies in the living person into whose place he puts himself and with whose voice he speaks. Thus in "Tithonus" he dwells on the loneliness of one who must "vary from the kindly race of men" since the gift of "cruel immortality" has been conferred upon him. In "Demeter and Persephone" the most beautiful passage is that in which the goddess-mother tells of her yearning for her lost child.

4. Tennyson's work is marked by frequent reference to the scientific discoveries and social movements of his age. Wordsworth's prophetic vision of the time "when the discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed," because these things and the relations under which they are contemplated will be so familiarized that we shall see that they are "parts of our life as enjoying and suffering beings," — this prediction of the advent of science, transfigured by poetry, as "a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man," was fulfilled, at least in part, in the poetry of Tennyson.

In "The Two Voices" Tennyson alludes to modern osteology: —

> Before the little ducts began
> To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
> Their course, till thou wert also man.

In the twenty-first section of *In Memoriam* he notes the discovery of the satellite of Neptune: —

> 'When Science reaches forth her arms
> To feel from world to world, and charms
> Her secret from the latest moon.'

In the twenty-fourth section he speaks of sun-spots : —

> The very source and fount of Day
> Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

In the thirty-fifth section he alludes to the process of denudation : —

> The sound of streams that swift or slow
> Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
> The dust of continents to be.

The nebular hypothesis of Laplace and the theory of evolution are conceived and expressed with wonderful imaginative power in the one hundred and eighteenth section (p. 304). In the fourth section a subtle fact of physical science is translated into an image of poetic beauty : —

> Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
> That grief hath *shaken* into frost!

"Locksley Hall" is full of echoes of the scientific inventions and the social hopes of the mid-century. In "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" the old man speaks, with disenchanted spirit, of the failure of many of these hopes and the small value of many of these inventions, but he still holds to the vision of human progress guided by a divine, unseen Power : —

> When the schemes and all the systems, Kingdoms and Republics fall,
> Something kindlier, higher, holier — all for each and each for all?
>
> All the full-brain, half-brain races, led by Justice, Love, and Truth;
> All the millions one at length with all the visions of my youth?
> . . . . . .
> Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue —
> I have seen her far away — for is not Earth as yet so young?
>
> Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion kill'd,
> Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert till'd,
>
> Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
> Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles.

5. As in its form, so in its spirit, the poetry of Tennyson is marked by a constant and controlling sense of law and order. He conceives the universe under the sway of great laws, physical and moral, which are in themselves harmonious and beautiful, as well as universal. Disorder, discord, disaster, come from the violation of these laws. Beauty lies not in contrast but in concord. The noblest character is not that in which a single faculty or passion is raised to the highest pitch, but that in which the balance of the powers is kept, and the life unfolds itself in a well-rounded fulness: —

> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster.

Such is the character which is drawn from memory in the description of Arthur Hallam in *In Memoriam;* and from imagination in the picture of King Arthur in the *Idylls*.

Tennyson belongs in the opposite camp from the poets of revolt. To him such a vision of the swift emancipation of society as Shelley gives in "Prometheus Unbound," or "The Revolt of Islam," was not merely impossible; it was wildly absurd, a dangerous dream. His faith in the advance of mankind rested on two bases; first, his intuitive belief in the benevolence of the general order of the universe: —

> Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill: —

and second, his practical confidence in the success — or at least in the immediate usefulness — of the efforts of men to make the world around them better little by little. Evolution, not revolution, was his watchword.

> Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,

is his cry in the first "Locksley Hall"; and in the second he says,

Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom —
Till you see the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

In the patriotic poems we find that Tennyson's love of country is sane, sober, steadfast, thoughtful. He dislikes the "blind hysterics of the Celt," and fears the red "fool-fury of the Seine." He praises England as

A land of settled government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.

His favourite national heroes are of the Anglo-Saxon type, sturdy, resolute, self-contained, following the path of duty. He rejoices not only in the service which England has rendered to the cause of law-encircled liberty, but in the way in which she has rendered it: —

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine — The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

[England and America in 1782.]

He praises the peaceful reformer as the chief benefactor of his country: —

Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great;
His name is pure, his fame is free.

[Contributed to the *Shakespearean Show-Book*, 1884.]

He is a republican at heart, holding that the Queen's throne must rest

Broad-based upon her people's will,

[To the Queen.]

and he does not hesitate to express his confidence in

> our slowly-grown
> And *crown'd Republic's* crowning common-sense.
> [Epilogue to *Idylls of the King*.]

But he has no faith in the unguided and ungoverned mob. He calls Freedom

> Thou loather of the lawless crown
> As of the lawless crowd.
> [Freedom, 1884.]

It has been said that his poetry shows no trace of sympathy with the struggles of the people to resist tyranny and defend their liberties with the sword. This is not true. In one of his earliest sonnets he speaks with enthusiasm of Poland's fight for freedom, and in one of his latest he hails the same spirit and the same effort in Montenegro. In "The Third of February, 1852," he expresses his indignation at the *coup d'état* by which Louis Napoleon destroyed the French Republic, and praises the revolutions which overthrew Charles I and James II. He dedicates a sonnet to Victor Hugo, the "stormy voice of France." With the utmost deliberation and distinctness he justifies the cause of the colonies in the American Revolution: once in "England and America in 1782," and again in the ode for the "Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition," 1886.

It has been said that he has no sympathy with the modern idea of the patriotism of humanity, — that his love of his own country hides from him the vision of universal liberty and brotherhood. This is not true. He speaks of it in many places, — in "Locksley Hall," in "Victor Hugo," in "The Making of Man," — and in the "Ode sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition," 1861, he urges free commerce and peaceful coöperation among the nations: —

Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with all her flowers.

It may be, as the Rev. Stopford Brooke says in his book on Tennyson, that this view of things is less "poetic" than that which is presented by the poets of revolt, that it "lowers the note of beauty, of fire, of aspiration, of passion." But after all, it was Tennyson's real view and he could not well deny or conceal it. The important question is whether it is true and just. And that is the first question which a great poet asks. He does not lend himself to the proclamation of follies and falsehoods, however fiery, merely for the sake of being more "poetic."

In Tennyson's love poems, while there is often an intensity of passion, there is also a singular purity of feeling, a sense of reverence for the mystery of love, and a profound loyalty to the laws which it is bound to obey in a harmonious and well-ordered world. True, he takes the romantic, rather than the classical, attitude towards love. It comes secretly, suddenly, by inexplicable ways. It is irresistible, absorbing, the strongest as well as the most precious thing in the world. But he does not therefore hold that it is a thing apart from the rest of life, exempt, uncontrollable, lawless. On the contrary, it should be, in its perfection, at once the inspiration and the consummation of all that is best in life. In love, truth and honour and fidelity and courage and unselfishness should come to flower.

There is none of the tropical iridescence of decadent erotomania in Tennyson's love poetry. The fatal shame of that morbid and consuming fever of the flesh is touched in the description of the madness of Lucretius, in "Balin and

Balan," and in "Merlin and Vivien"; but it is done in a way that reveals the essential hatefulness of lubricity.

There is no lack of warmth and bright colour in the poems which speak of true love; but it is the glow of health instead of the hectic flush of disease; not the sickly hues that mask the surface of decay, but the livelier iris that the spring-time brings to the neck of the burnished dove.

He does not fail to see the tragedies of love. There is the desperate ballad of "Oriana," the sombre story of "Aylmer's Field," the picture of the forsaken Mariana in her moated grange, the pathetic idyll of Elaine who died for love of Lancelot. But the tragic element in these poems comes from the thwarting of love by circumstance, not from anything shameful or lawless in the passion itself.

In "The Gardener's Daughter" the story of a pure and simple love is told with a clean rapture that seems to make earth and sky glow with new beauty, and with a reticence that speaks not of shallow feeling, but of reverent emotion, refusing to fling open

> the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart.

In *The Princess*, at the end, triumphant love rises to the height of prophecy, foretelling the harmony of manhood and womanhood in the world's great bridals: —

> 'Dear, but let us type them now
> In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
> Of equal; seeing either sex alone
> Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
> Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
> Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
> Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
> The single pure and perfect animal,
> The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
> Life.'

There are two of Tennyson's poems in which the subject of love is treated in very different ways, but with an equally close and evident relation to the sense of harmony and law which pervades his poetry. In one of them, it seems to me, the treatment is wonderfully successful; the poet makes good his design. In the other, I think, he comes a little short of it and leaves us unsatisfied and questioning.

Maud is among the most purely impassioned presentations of a love-story since Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. It not only tells in music the growth of a deep, strong, absorbing love, victorious over obstacles, but it shows the redeeming, ennobling power of such a passion, which leads the selfish hero out of his bitterness and narrowness and makes him able at the last to say,

> Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
> While I am over the sea!
> Let me and my passionate love go by,
> But speak to her all things holy and high,
> Whatever happen to me!
> Me and my harmful love go by;
> But come to her waking, find her asleep,
> Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
> And comfort her tho' I die.

The tragedy of the poem is wrought not by love, but by another passion, lawless, discordant, uncontrolled, — the passion of proud hatred which brings about the quarrel with Maud's brother, the fatal duel, her death, the exile and madness of her lover. But the poem does not end in darkness, after all, for he awakes again to "the better mind," and the love whose earthly consummation his own folly has marred abides with him as the inspiration of a nobler life. The hero may be wrong in thinking that the Crimean War is to be a blessing to England and to the world. But he is surely right in saying,

> It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.

In the *Idylls of the King* there are two main threads of love running through the many-figured tapestry: Arthur's love for Guinevere, loyal, royal, but somewhat cold and ineffectual: Guinevere's love for Lancelot, disloyal and untrue, but warm and potent. It is the secret influence of this lawless passion, infecting the court, that breaks up the Round Table, and brings the kingdom to ruin and the King to his defeat. In "Guinevere" Tennyson departs from the story as it is told by Malory and introduces a scene entirely of his own invention: the last interview between Arthur, on his way to "that great battle in the west," and the fallen Queen, hiding in the convent at Almesbury. It is a very noble scene; noble in its setting in the moon-swathed pallor of the dead winter night; noble in its austere splendour of high diction and slow-moving verse, intense with solemn passion, bare to the heart; noble in its conception of the King's godlike forgiveness and of Guinevere's remorse and agony of shame, too late to countervail the harm that she had done on earth, though not too late to win the heavenly pardon. All that Arthur says of the evil wrought by unlawful and reckless love is true: —

> The children born of thee are sword and fire,
> Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws.

All that he says of the crime that it would be to condone the Queen's sin, for the sake of prudence and peace, reseating her in her place of light,

> The mockery of my people and their bane,

is also true, though it seems at the moment a little too much like preaching. But there is one thing lacking, — one thing that is necessary to make the scene altogether convincing: some trace of human sympathy in Arthur's "vast pity," some consciousness of fault or failure on his part in not giving Guinevere all that her nature needed to guard her from the

temptations of a more vivid though a lower passion. Splendid as his words of pardon are, and piercingly pathetic as is that last farewell of love, still loyal though defrauded; yet he does not quite win us. He is more godlike than it becomes a man to be. He is too sure that he has never erred, too conscious that he is above weakness or reproach. We remember the lonely Lancelot in his desolate castle; we think of his courtesy, his devotion, his splendid courage, his winning tenderness, his ardour, the unwavering passion by force of which

> His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Was it wonder that Guinevere, seeing the King absorbed in affairs of state, remote, abstracted, inaccessible, yielded to this nearer and more intimate joy? Sin it was: shame it was: that Tennyson makes us see clearly. But how could it have been otherwise? Was not the breaking of the law the revenge that nature herself took for a need unsatisfied, a harmony uncompleted and overlooked? This is the question that remains unanswered at the close of the *Idylls of the King*. And therefore I think the poem unsatisfactory in its treatment of love.

But though Tennyson avoids this question, and lets Lancelot slip out of the poem at last without a word, disappearing like a shadow, he never falters in his allegiance to his main principle, — the supremacy of law and order. This indeed is the central theme of the epic: the right of soul to rule over sense and the ruin that comes when the relation is reversed. The poem ends tragically. But above the wreck of a great human design the poet sees the vision of a God who "fulfils Himself in many ways"; and after earth's confusions and defeats he sees the true-hearted King enthroned in the spiritual city and the repentant Queen passing

> To where beyond these voices there is peace.

6. A religious spirit pervades and marks the poetry of Tennyson. His view of the world and of human life — his view even of the smallest flower that blooms in the world — is illumined through and through by his faith in the Divine presence and goodness and power. This faith was not always serene and untroubled. It was won after a hard conflict with doubt and despondency, the traces of which may be seen in such poems as "The Two Voices" and "The Vision of Sin." But the issue was never really in danger. He was not a doubter seeking to win a faith. He was a believer defending himself against misgivings, fighting to hold fast that which he felt to be essential to his life. The success of his struggle is recorded in *In Memoriam*, which rises through suffering and perplexity to a lofty and unshaken trust in

> The truths that never can be proved,
> Until we close with all we loved
> And all we flow from, soul in soul.

It is not difficult to trace in his religious poems of this period the influence of the theology of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, who was one of his closest friends. The truths which Maurice presented most frequently, such as the immanence of God in nature, man's filial relation to Him, the reality of human brotherhood, the final victory of Love; the difficulties which he recognized in connection with these truths, such as the disorders and conflicts in nature, the apparent reckless waste of life, the sins and miseries of mankind; and the way in which he met and overcame these difficulties, not by abstract reasoning, nor by a reference to authority, but by an appeal to the moral and spiritual necessities and intuitions of the human heart, — all these are presented in Tennyson's poetry.

In later life there seems to have been a recurrence of questionings, shown in such poems as "Despair," "De

Profundis," "The Ancient Sage," "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "Vastness," "By an Evolutionist." But this was not so much a conflict arising from within, as a protest against the tendencies of what he called "a terrible age of unfaith," an effort to maintain the rights of the spirit against scientific materialism. Later still the serene, triumphant mood of the proem to *In Memoriam* was repeated in "Crossing the Bar," "The Silent Voices," "Faith," "The Death of the Duke of Clarence," and he reposed upon

> that Love which is and was
> My Father and my Brother and my God.

In spite of his declared unwillingness to formulate his creed, arising partly from his conviction that humility was the right intellectual attitude in the presence of the great mysteries, and partly from the feeling that men would not understand him if he tried to put his belief into definite forms, it is by no means impossible to discover in his poetry certain clear and vivid visions of religious truths from which his poetic life drew strength and beauty. Three of these truths stand out distinct and dominant.

The first is the real, personal, conscious life of God. "Take that away," said he, "and you take away the backbone of the Universe." Tennyson is not a theological poet like Milton or Cowper, nor even like Wordsworth or Browning. But hardly anything that he has written could have been written as it is, but for his underlying faith that God lives, and knows, and loves. This faith is clearly expressed in "The Higher Pantheism." It is not really pantheism at all, for while the natural world is regarded as "the Vision of Him who reigns," it is also the sign and symbol that the human soul is distinct from Him. All things reveal Him, but man's sight and hearing are darkened so that he cannot understand the revelation.

God is in all things: He is with all souls, but He is not to be identified with the human spirit, which has "power to feel 'I am I.'" Fellowship with Him is to be sought and found in prayer.

> Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet —
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

This confidence in the reality of prayer is expressed in many of Tennyson's deeper poems. We find it in "Enoch Arden," in "St. Agnes' Eve," in "The Palace of Art," in *In Memoriam*, in "The Two Voices," in the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," in "Doubt and Prayer," in "Elaine," in "Guinevere," in "Morte d'Arthur": —

> Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of.

Tennyson's optimism was dependent upon his faith in a God to whom men can pray. It was not a matter of temperament, like Browning's optimism. Tennyson inherited from his father a strain of gloomy blood, a tendency to despondency. He escaped from it only by learning to trust in the Divine wisdom and love: —

> That God which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

The second truth which stands out in the poetry of Tennyson is the freedom of the human will. This is a mystery: —

> Our wills are ours, we know not how.

It is also an indubitable reality: —

> This main-miracle, that thou art thou,
> With power on thine own act and on the world.
>
> [De Profundis.]

The existence of such liberty of action in created beings implies a self-limitation on the part of God, but it is essential to moral responsibility and vital communion with the Divine. If man is only a "magnetic mockery," a "cunning cast in clay," he has no real life of his own, nothing to give back to God. The joy of effort and the glory of virtue depend upon freedom. This is the meaning of Enid's Song, in "The Marriage of Geraint": —

> For man is man and master of his fate.

This is the central thought of that strong little poem called "Will": —

> O well for him whose will is strong!
> He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
> He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.

This is the theme of the last lyric of *In Memoriam*: —

> O living will that shalt endure
> When all that seems shall suffer shock,
> Rise in the spiritual rock,
> Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure.

The third truth which is vitally embodied in Tennyson's poems is the assurance of Life after Death. This he believed in most deeply and uttered most passionately. He felt that the present life would be poor and pitiful, almost worthless and unendurable, without the hope of Immortality. The rolling lines of "Vastness" are a long protest against the cold doctrine that death ends all. "Wages" is a swift utterance of the hope which inspires Virtue: —

> Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

The second "Locksley Hall," the Wellington Ode, "The May Queen," "Guinevere," "Enoch Arden," "The Deserted

House," "The Poet's Song," "Happy," the lines on "The Death of the Duke of Clarence," "The Silent Voices," — it is not possible to enumerate the poems in which the clear faith in a future life finds expression. *In Memoriam* is altogether filled and glorified with the passion of Immortality: not a vague and impersonal survival in other forms, but a continuance of individual life beyond the grave: —

> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside;
> And I shall know him when we meet.

It is a vain and idle thing for men who are themselves indifferent to the spiritual aspects of life, or perhaps hostile and contemptuous towards a religious view of the universe, to declare that there is no place in poetry for such subjects, and to sneer at every poem in which they appear as "a disguised sermon." No doubt there are many alleged poems dealing with religion which deserve no better name: versified expositions of theological dogma: creeds in metre: moral admonitions tagged with rhyme; a weariness to the flesh. But so there are alleged poems which deal with the facts of the visible world and of human history in the same dull didactic manner: botanical treatises in verse: rhymed chronicles: doctrinaire dramas. The fault, in both cases, lies not in the subjects, but in the spirit in which they are approached.

It is not the presence of religion that spoils religious verse. It is the absence of poetry. Poetry is vision. Poetry is music. Poetry is an overflow of wonder and joy, pity and love. Truths which lie in the spiritual realm have as much power to stir the heart to this overflow as truths which lie in the physical realm. There is an imaginative vision of the meaning of religious truths — a swift flashing of their significance upon the inward eye, a sudden thrilling of their music through the inward ear — which

is as full of beauty and wonder, as potent to "surprise us by a fine excess," as any possible human experience. It is poetic in the very highest sense of the word. There may be poetry, and very admirable poetry, without it. But the poet who never sees it, nor sings of it, in whose verse there is no ray of light, no note of music, from beyond the range of the five senses, has never reached the heights nor sounded the depths of human nature.

The influence of Tennyson's poetry in revealing the reality and beauty of three great religious beliefs — the existence of the Divine Spirit who is our Father, the freedom of the human will, and the personal life after death — was deep, far-reaching, and potent. He stood among the doubts and conflicts of the last century as a witness for the things that are invisible and eternal: the things that men may forget if they will, but if they forget them their hearts wither, and the springs of inspiration run dry. His rich and musical verse brought a message of new cheer and courage to the young men of that questioning age who were fain to defend their spiritual heritage against the invasions of a hard and fierce materialism. In the vital conflict for the enlargement of faith to embrace the real discoveries of science, he stood forth as a leader. In the great silent reaction from the solitude of a consistent skepticism, his voice was a clear-toned bell calling the unwilling exiles of belief to turn again and follow the guidance of the Spirit. No new arguments were his. But the sweetness of a poet's persuasion, the splendour of high truths embodied in a poet's imagination, the convincing beauty of noble beliefs set forth in clear dream and solemn vision, — these were the powers that he employed.

And if the age of doubt in which he lived has passed, not into an age of denial, but, as it seems, into the dawn of a new age of belief, they who look and long for the light of spiritual

life to rise yet higher and spread yet more gloriously, will honour Tennyson not only as a poet, but also as a prophet, — a defender of the inward treasures that make life worth living, an interpreter of the true meaning of the world, a seer who foresaw the victory of faith and helped mightily to win it.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

MEMORANDA

MEMORANDA

I. A METRICAL NOTE

A FEW words are needed to explain the metrical terms which are used in this book. This explanation is not intended to set forth a new theory of English verse, nor to discuss the comparative merits of the different theories which have been proposed and defended in the volumes named at the end of this memorandum.

The study of English metrics is still in its initial stage. The development of English verse has not followed the line of a strict and well-defined system of metrical law. A large body of poetry has grown up without the conscious adoption of a fixed and universal standard of measurement, or a set of rules with recognized authority. Doubtless this body of poetry has developed in harmony with certain fundamental laws, — laws which belong to man's nature and control the sense of pleasure produced in the human mind by the perception of rhythm. They may therefore be called, with propriety, natural laws. But in order to discover what they are, and to arrange them in a system, we must approach the body of English poetry as it already exists, not with a fixed theory, but with an open mind.

We must observe and consider the verse-structure of the best poems, those which have given pleasure to the most intelligent readers of English, those which are regarded by competent judges as representative examples of good metrical form. We must read them naturally and simply, not according to arbitrary

rules and theories derived from the prosody of other languages, but following the native rhythm of the English tongue. From this reading we must seek to discover the actual balance and flow of the verse, the number and relation of the parts of which it is composed, the nature of the recurring cadence upon which its charm depends.

The art of poetry in English is not to be evolved out of the inner consciousness of professors, nor deduced from ancient metrical systems. It is to be studied inductively in the material which has already been produced by the great poets who have written in English. By this inductive study only, we may hope to arrive, in the course of time, at something like an orderly and systematic knowledge of the laws and principles of English verse.

But meantime we need certain terms to describe the forms of verse which we are studying, and these terms must be defined in order that they may carry an intelligible meaning. The object of this memorandum is simply to tell the reader why certain metrical terms are used here in preference to others, and what they mean.

It is generally admitted to-day that the controlling principle in English verse is not quantity but accent. In this it differs radically from Greek and Latin verse. A line of English poetry does not consist of a certain number of feet, each foot composed of a certain number of syllables of definite length arranged in a certain order. The attempt to read it in that way results in an intolerable sing-song and a most unnatural emphasis. The length of syllables in English is not fixed and unvarying. It is not subject to rule. It frequently changes. The rhythmical value of a syllable depends to a considerable extent upon the accent which is given to it by the meaning of the sentence, or by the structure of the verse, or by both.

A line of English poetry is built of a number of accents, recurring at certain intervals, each accent usually carrying with it a group of two or more syllables of varying length. The simplest and most natural way to measure the line, therefore, is not by attributing to it a fixed number of imaginary feet, which in the majority of cases it does not contain, but by counting the points of accent, which are really the structural factors of the verse.

These points of accent do not always coincide with the natural emphasis of the sentence, (though the rhythmical flow of the line largely depends upon a preponderance of such coincidences). But sometimes the accents are mainly, if not altogether, metrical in quality, — that is to say, they arise from the fact that the sentence is meant to be read not as prose but as verse. The best term to denote such a point of metrical emphasis, which may or may not fall upon the same syllable as the rhetorical emphasis, is the word *stress.*

The clearest, easiest, and shortest way to describe a line of English poetry is not to call it a trimeter or a pentameter or a heptameter verse, but a three-stress or a five-stress or a seven-stress verse.

The name to be given to the groups of syllables marked and bound together by a stress is more difficult to determine. I will confess that it seems to me unnatural and misleading to call them feet, when the element of definitely arranged quantities, essential to a foot in classical prosody, is wanting, or at least uncertain. It appears natural to turn to music for a more accurate and distinctive name. There is a close analogy between the cadence of English verse and the rhythmical structure of music. Take away the element of pitch from a musical measure and it corresponds very nearly to a verse measure. The word *bar,* which is used in music to describe a group of

notes bound together by a strong accent, seems to be an appropriate term to use in verse to describe a group of syllables bound together by a stress. At least it is free from some of the serious objections which lie against the use of the word "foot" in English metrics. Therefore, having no better term at hand, I shall speak of the syllables which are grouped with each metrical stress in a line of verse, as a *bar*.

The question still remains, whether it is proper to make any use of the terms "trochaic," "iambic," and the like, derived from classical prosody, in describing English verse. The question is vigorously debated by the advocates of opposite metrical theories. In the main I agree with the view taken by one of the latest and soundest writers upon the subject (Professor Raymond M. Alden, of Stanford University, in his book on *English Verse*, 1903), that a "carefully limited use" of these terms is both admissible and advisable.

There is an unmistakable resemblance between the simpler rhythms of classical poetry and those which are used in English, in one particular, — namely, the order of arrangement of the syllables in a structural division. For example, a trochee consists of a long syllable followed by a short syllable. There is an English rhythm in which the normal verse contains two syllables in each bar, the first accented, the second unaccented. We may not say that such a verse is composed of trochees, for it is not possible to distinguish the syllables, with any regularity, as long and short. But the first syllable of the bar is heavy and the second is light; and so we may describe the general movement and effect of the verse as *trochaic*. For example: —

Love took up the glass of Time and turn'd it in his glowing hands, —

is an eight-stress trochaic verse, the light syllable of the last bar omitted.

In the same way the movement of English blank verse may be justly called *iambic*, not because it is composed of regular iambs, but because the normal stress in each division of the verse falls upon the second and final syllable. This gives it an effect which resembles that of classical iambics.

> So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
> Among the mountains by the winter sea, —

is five-stress iambic verse.

> Ring in the valiant man and free, —

is four-stress iambic verse.

A metre in which the typical bar is composed of three syllables may be called *anapæstic* if the stress falls on the last syllable, *dactylic* if the stress falls on the first syllable. The cadence of such metres is distinctly analogous to that produced by classical anapæsts and dactyls.

> Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, —

is a six-stress dactylic verse, with a variation in the second bar, which is trochaic, and the light syllables of the last bar omitted.

> I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd, —

is a five-stress anapæstic verse, with a variation in the last bar, which is iambic.

It seems to me that it is at once simpler and shorter and more accurately descriptive to use these classical terms than to employ the nomenclature devised by that admirable critic, Mr. Robert Bridges (*Milton's Prosody*): "dissyllabic rising rhythm, dissyllabic falling rhythm, trisyllabic rising rhythm, and trisyllabic falling rhythm." For this reason I shall speak of Tennyson's metres as iambic, trochaic, anapæstic, or dactylic, using the words, it must be remembered, not as

substantives to describe definite feet, but as adjectives to indicate the general cadence of the verse.

In regard to rhyme, the nomenclature commonly in use needs, in my judgment, some amendment and closer definition.

Rhyme, in the broadest sense of the word, is an agreement in tone, or quality of sound, between two or more syllables or groups of syllables. This recurrence of similar tones is used in English verse to add to the pleasure, the quickened sense of symmetry, which arises from the recurrence of equivalent accents.

When this agreement of tone occurs at the beginning of words or syllables it is, strictly speaking, an initial-rhyme ; but in common usage it is called *alliteration*. Thus, for example,

> Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees, —

is a passage which derives much of its charm from the harmony of *m*'s and *r*'s and *l*'s.

When the agreement of tone occurs in the accented vowels only, it is, strictly speaking, a mid-rhyme ; but in common usuage it is called *assonance*. Thus, for example,

> Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
> Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea, —

has a distinct effect which depends upon the contrast of the dominant vowel-sounds in the first and second lines.

When the agreement of tone occurs in the accented vowel of a bar and all the letters which follow it, it is, strictly speaking, an end-rhyme ; but in common usage this is the only form of tone-agreement to which the term *rhyme* is applied. I shall follow this usage.

The normal place for rhymes of this kind is at the ends of the lines, which are thus bound together. But sometimes a rhyme is made within the line itself, which then receives a more marked cadence and a richer effect. Rhymes placed thus are called internal, or Leonine. When rhymes include more than one syllable, they are called feminine. But if three or four syllables are included they are usually called triple, or quadruple, according to the number of syllables. Take a passage for illustration : —

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Here are two Leonine rhymes : *falls — walls*, *lakes — shakes;* and one feminine rhyme : *story — glory*. There is, moreover, a distinct alliteration in *s* and *l*, and a subtle assonance in *o* and *a*.

In regard to the arrangement of rhymes in a quatrain, there are certain variations to which names may be given for the sake of brevity.

Double Couplets. a a b b.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May

Interwoven Rhyme. a b a b.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasped his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled.

Close Rhyme. a b b a.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

Alternate Rhyme. a b c b.

I know the way she went
Home with the maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

Interrupted Rhyme. a a b a.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

In regard to the naming of imperfect rhymes the present terminology is most defective. There are no terms to indicate the differences between the various kinds and degrees of imperfection, some of which are allowable without real injury to the verse, while others are positive blemishes.

For instance, there is a form of tone-agreement which includes not only the accented vowel and the letters which follow it, but also the letters which precede it. Thus the two words which correspond are identical in sound, though they may be different in meaning; for example, *born—borne*, *fair—fare*, *flower—flour*. This complete tone-agreement is admissible in French verse, and is called *rime riche*. English critics (without exception, so far as I know) translate this term as if it were a compliment, and call a rhyme of this kind a "perfect rhyme." At the same time they all agree that such a rhyme is inadmissible in modern English verse. Nothing could be

more absurd than to call a rhyme "perfect" and then rule it out.

We need a new and more accurate name for this kind of rhyme. It is merely a repetition of precisely the same sound in two words. I suggest that it should be called an *echo-rhyme.*

An example may be found in Tennyson's "The Daisy": —

> At Florence too what golden hours,
> In those long galleries, were ours.

In English verse the effect of echo-rhyme is almost invariably bad.

There are four other principal kinds of imperfect rhymes: those in which the vowels are right but the consonants do not quite agree; those in which the consonants are right but the vowels differ slightly; those in which both the vowels and the consonants fall short of full agreement; and those in which the accent in one or both of the rhyming words is forced.

An imperfection of the first kind is found in "The Palace of Art": —

> And one, an English home — gray twilight pour'd
> On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
> Softer than sleep — all things in order stor'd,
> A haunt of ancient Peace.

Trees — peace, I propose to call an *assonant rhyme,* because the vowel-sounds are identical, but the final consonants are not precisely the same.

An imperfection of the second kind is found in the next stanza but one of the same poem: —

> Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
> In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
> Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
> Sat smiling, babe in arm.

I would call *warm — arm*, an *approximate rhyme*, because the vowel sounds differ a little, though the final consonants agree.

These two kinds of imperfection in rhyme are not to be regarded as grave faults in English verse. They may be found in the work of the best poets. In Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" and Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," they stand to the perfect rhymes in the proportion of about one to seven. In Shelley's "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills" the proportion is about one to six. Of course, when the proportion rises the effect of the verse is marred. A slight defect which is tolerable as an exception, becomes intolerable when it is constantly repeated.

An imperfection of the third kind is a much more serious fault. There is one in "The Lady of Shalott": —

> From the bank and from the river
> He flash'd into the crystal mirror.

I would call *river — mirror*, a *false rhyme*, because there is a want of full agreement both in vowels and in consonants. A rhyme of this kind, though it has a certain resemblance of tones, produces a distinctly unpleasant impression on a sensitive ear, and must be regarded not merely as an irregularity, but as a distinct blemish in English verse.

An imperfection of the fourth kind is found in "A Dream of Fair Women" (ll. 22–24), where *sanctuaries — palaces* is offered as a rhyme. In order to produce any resemblance of tones a forced accent must be thrown on the last syllable of each word. The effect is feeble and halting. I would call this a *lame rhyme*.

Three other common terms are used which need a brief definition. In blank verse, an *end-stopped* line is one at the close of which the reader naturally makes a pause, however slight.

This is usually, but not always, indicated by a punctuation mark. A *run-on* line is one in which the sense carries the voice over, without any pause, into the following line. Take the following passage from "Morte d'Arthur": —

> Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
> And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
> Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
> And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
> Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
> And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
> Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
> Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
> By night, with noises of the northern sea.

Lines 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, and 9 are end-stopped; lines 2, 4, 8 are run-on.

Overflow is used to describe the continuance of a sentence from one stanza into another.

These few explanations will be sufficient to make the meaning of the technical terms which are used in this book clear enough for all practical purposes. They are applied in the notes, and in "A Tentative Classification of the Metres of Tennyson" which has been prepared by Mr. Chambers and printed at the end of this volume. It remains only to sum them up in the form of a very short glossary.

Metrical Structure

Stress: the accent marking the rhythm of a verse.
Bar: a group of syllables bound together by a stress.
Iambic: having the stress on the last of two syllables.
Anapæstic: having the stress on the last of three syllables.
Trochaic: having the stress on the first of two syllables.
Dactylic: having the stress on the first of three syllables.
End-stopped: having a natural pause at the close of the line.
Run-on: having no natural pause at the close of the line.
Overflow: the continuance of a sentence from one stanza to the next

Rhyme

Alliteration: agreement of initial letters.

Assonance: agreement of accented vowel-sounds.

Rhyme: agreement of accented vowels (not initials) and the following letters or syllables, at the end of lines.

Leonine rhyme: the same agreement within lines.

Feminine rhyme: a rhyme of two or more syllables.

Assonant rhyme: one in which the vowels agree but not the consonants.

Approximate rhyme: one in which the consonants agree but not the vowels.

False rhyme: one in which neither the consonants nor the vowels quite agree.

Echo-rhyme: one in which the second word repeats precisely the sound of the first.

Lame rhyme: one which is made by putting an unnatural accent on a word.

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Legend of the Holy Grail, by Alfred Nutt (D. Nutt). *The Growth of the Idylls of the King*, by Richard Jones (Lippincott), and the chapter entitled "The Building of the Idylls," in *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, edited by W. R. Nicoll and T. J. Wise, are contributions to the study of the text and the historical development of these poems.

4. Annotated Editions of the Poems

The poems not covered by copyright have been edited, with introductions and notes, by Eugene Parsons in The Farringford Edition (10 vols., Crowell), and by William J. Rolfe in The Cambridge Edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The latter editor has brought out also *The Princess*, *Select Poems of Tennyson*, *The Young People's Tennyson*, *Enoch Arden and Other Poems*, *Idylls of the King* (2 vols.), and *In Memoriam*. *Lyrical Poems of Lord Tennyson*, by F. T. Palgrave (Macmillan), and *Tennyson for the Young*, by the Rev. Alfred Ainger (Macmillan), had the advantage of the poet's own interest and oversight. The Macmillan Co. also publish *Lyric Poems of Tennyson*, by Ernest Rhys; *Selections from Tennyson*, by F. J. Rowe and W. T. Webb; *The Coming of Arthur*, *and The Passing of Arthur* and *Lancelot and Elaine*, by F. J. Rowe; *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field*, by W. T. Webb; *Gareth and Lynette*, *Geraint and Enid*, *The Holy Grail*, and *Guinevere*, by G. C. Macaulay. Effingham, Maynard, & Co., publish *The Two Voices*, *etc.*, by Hiram Corson, and *Enoch Arden*, *etc.*, by Alfred J. Blaisdell. Longmans, Green, & Co. publish *Gareth and Lynette*, *Lancelot and Elaine*, *and The Passing of Arthur*, by S. C. Hart. *In Memoriam* has been well edited by H. C. Beeching (Macmillan). The best editions of *The Princess* are those by P. M. Wallace (Macmillan), G. E. Woodbury (Longmans), and A. S. Cook (Ginn). In the Temple Classics Series *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, and *Maud* have been edited by Israel Gollancz. *The Early Poems of Tennyson* and *In Memoriam*, *The Princess*, *and Maud*, edited by J. C. Collins, contain elaborate studies of the text; the former volume is, however, full of inaccuracies.

5. Biographical Material

The main source of biographical information is *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir, by his Son*, in 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co., 1897). Some additional matter may be found in *Records of Tennyson*, *Ruskin*, *Browning*, by Anne Ritchie (Harper & Bros.), *Memories of the Tennysons*, by

the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley (MacLehose), and *Glimpses of Tennyson*, by Agnes Grace Weld (Scribners); also in the following magazine articles: "Aspects of Tennyson, II, A Personal Reminiscence," by James Knowles, in *The Nineteenth Century*, January 1893; "Recollections of Tennyson," by J. A. Symonds, in *The Century Magazine*, May 1893; "Talks with Tennyson," by Wilfrid Ward, in *The New Review*, July 1896; "Personal Recollections of Tennyson," by W. Gordon McCabe, in *The Century Magazine*, March 1902. No excellent short life has yet been published. The following may be mentioned: *Lord Tennyson: A Biographical Sketch*, by Henry J. Jennings (Chatto & Windus); *Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, by Arthur Waugh (Macmillan); *Alfred Tennyson*, by Andrew Lang (Modern English Writers Series. Dodd, Mead & Co.); *Tennyson*, by Sir Alfred Lyall (English Men of Letters Series. Macmillan). *The Laureate's Country*, by Alfred J. Church (Seeley & Co.), and *Homes and Haunts of Tennyson*, by George G. Napier (MacLehose) describe the English localities mentioned in the poems.

6. Essays

The essays here enumerated have been selected from a vast storehouse of material. Some of them are criticisms of his peculiar work; some attempt to define his relation to the other great poets of the Victorian Era. By James Spedding (in *Reviews and Discussions*); George Brimley (in *Cambridge Essays*); Peter Bayne (in *Lessons from my Masters*); W. E. Gladstone (in *Gleanings of Past Years*, Vol. II); Charles Kingsley (in *Literary and General Essays*); Walter Bagehot ("Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning," in *Literary Studies*, Vol. II); Bayard Taylor (in *Critical Essays*); E. C. Stedman (in *Victorian Poets*); H. A. Taine (in *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*); A. C. Swinburne ("Tennyson and Musset," in *Miscellanies*); George Saintsbury (in *Corrected Impressions*); R. H. Hutton (in *Literary Essays*); Edward Dowden ("Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning," in *Studies in Literature*); R. C. Jebb (in Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. IV). The essays by Stedman, Dowden, and Hutton are perhaps the most adequate.

The following are among the most important and interesting of the magazine articles: A. H. Hallam's enthusiastic review of *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, in *The Englishman's Magazine*, August 1831 (reprinted in full in Le Gallienne's edition of Hallam's poems). Christopher North's (Prof. John Wilson's) facetious review of the same volume in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1832. The scathing review of the *Poems* of

1833, generally attributed to John Gibson Lockhart, in *The Quarterly Review*, July 1833. The favourable review of the same volume by John Stuart Mill, in *The Westminster Review*, July 1835. Reviews of the 1842 volumes by Richard Monckton Milnes, in *The Westminster Review*, October 1842, and by John Sterling in *The Quarterly*, September 1842. Reviews of *The Princess* by Prof. James Hadley, in *The New Englander*, May 1849, and by Aubrey de Vere in *The Edinburgh Review*, October 1849. Reviews of *Idylls of the King* by Coventry Patmore, in *The Edinburgh Review*, July 1859, and by Henry Alford, in *The Contemporary Review*, January 1870. (The latter contains an interpretation of the allegory of the *Idylls*, evidently inspired by suggestions from the poet.) "Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson," by C. C. Everett, in *The North American Review*, January 1860. "A Study of Tennyson," by R. H. Stoddard, in *The North American Review*, July 1881. "The Poetry of Tennyson," by Roden Noel, in *The Contemporary Review*, February 1885. "Tennyson as Prophet," by F. W. H. Myers, in *The Nineteenth Century*, March 1889. The series of articles called "Aspects of Tennyson," by H. D. Traill, Herbert Paul, Theodore Watts, etc., in *The Nineteenth Century*, 1892–1893. "Tennyson and Virgil," by Wilfred P. Mustard, in the *American Journal of Philology*, XX, 2, and "Tennyson and Homer," in the same periodical, XXI, 2.

POEMS OF TENNYSON

I

MELODIES AND PICTURES

CLARIBEL

A MELODY

I

Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

II

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

SONG

I

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

THE THROSTLE

'SUMMER is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,'
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
'New, new, new, new!' Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

'Love again, song again, nest again, young again,'
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy year!'
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

FAR — FAR — AWAY

(FOR MUSIC)

WHAT sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew
As where earth's green stole into heaven's own hue,
Far — far — away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far — far — away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,
Thro' those three words would haunt him when a boy,
Far — far — away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death
Far — far — away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of Birth,
The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,
Far — far — away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could give?
O dying words, can Music make you live
Far — far — away?

"MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH"

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
  Yon orange sunset waning slow:
From fringes of the faded eve,
  O, happy planet, eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
  Thy silver sister-world, and rise
  To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
  Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage-morn,
  And round again to happy night.

THE SNOWDROP

Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid!

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver:
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river:
No where by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

SONGS FROM THE PRINCESS

The Little Grave

As thro' the land at eve we went,
  And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
  And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
  That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
  And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
  We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
  We kiss'd again with tears.

"Sweet and low"

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The Bugle Song

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

The Battle

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

"Sweet my child, I live for thee"

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

"Ask me no more"

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

"Tears, idle tears"

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

The Swallow's Message

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

Serenade

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

A Small Sweet Idyl

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

SONGS FROM OTHER POEMS

THE SONG OF THE BROOK

(From *The Brook*)

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

CRADLE-SONG

(From *Sea Dreams*)

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

MOTHER-SONG

(From *Romney's Remorse*)

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!

Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.

ENID'S SONG

(From *The Marriage of Geraint*)

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

VIVIEN'S SONG

(From *Merlin and Vivien*)

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.

ELAINE'S SONG

(From *Lancelot and Elaine*)

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay,
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.

MILKING-SONG

(From *Queen Mary*, Act III, Scene 5)

SHAME upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now!
Kiss me would you? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Daisies grow again,
Kingcups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well I vow;
Cuff him could I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

THE QUEEN'S SONG

(From *Queen Mary*, Act V, Scene 2)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing:
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken;
Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!

DUET OF HENRY AND ROSAMUND

(From *Becket*, Act II, Scene 1)

1 Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
2 No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
1 Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand,
One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
2 Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.
1 Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled?
2 Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
1 Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be.
2 Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it — he, it is he,
Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.

ODE TO MEMORY

ADDRESSED TO ———

I

Thou who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day; but robed in soften'd light
Of orient state.
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,
When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.

III

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast

(Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year).
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence; and the cope
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Tho' deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress;
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful:
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the wall

Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

V

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed;
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment
With royal frame-work of wrought gold;

Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
Upon the storied walls;
For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labour of thine early days:
No matter what the sketch might be;
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;
Or a garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender:
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy re-inspired,
We may hold converse with all forms

Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

THE BEGGAR MAID

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say:
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side:
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay

Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the water slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I enter'd, from the clearer light,
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs. — A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Thro' little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-colour'd shells
Wander'd engrain'd. On either side

All round about the fragrant marge
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he: but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumber'd: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwoo'd of summer wind:
A sudden splendour from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
Grew darker from that under-flame:
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
  Entranced with that place and time,
  So worthy of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn—
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
  Graven with emblems of the time,
  In honour of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
  After the fashion of the time,
  And humour of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers look'd to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night new-risen, that marvellous time
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him — in his golden prime,
The Good Haroun Alraschid.

THE DAISY

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
  In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbìa show'd
In ruin, by the mountain road;
  How like a gem, beneath, the city
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
  To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue;
  Where, here and there, on sandy beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,
Yet present in his natal grove,
  Now watching high on mountain cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim;
Till, in a narrow street and dim,
  I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,
Not the clipt palm of which they boast;
  But distant colour, happy hamlet,
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
A light amid its olives green;
  Or olive-hoary cape in ocean;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread;
  And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,
Those niched shapes of noble mould,
  A princely people's awful princes,
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours;
  What drives about the fresh Cascinè,
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
  Or palace, how the city glitter'd,
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain
Remember what a plague of rain;
  Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma;
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles;
  Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
  The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climb'd the roofs at break of day;
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.
  I stood among the silent statues,
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there
  A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last
To Como; shower and storm and blast
  Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,
And in my head, for half the day,
  The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,
As on the Lariano crept
  To that fair port below the castle
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake
A cypress in the moonlight shake,
The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
One tall Agavè above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splugen drew,
But ere we reach'd the highest summit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.
O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold:
Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
This nurseling of another sky
Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,
Perchance, to dream you still beside me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

EARLY SPRING

I

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

II

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

III

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods,

IV

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

V

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

VI

Past, Future glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell!

VII

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

VIII

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

THE DYING SWAN

I

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

II

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

III

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;

And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

THE EAGLE

FRAGMENT

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

THE OAK

Live thy Life,
  Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring,
  Living gold;

Summer-rich
  Then; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued
  Gold again.

All his leaves
  Fall'n at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
  Naked strength.

THE SEA-FAIRIES

Slow sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold; and while they mused
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more.
Whither away from the high green field, and the happy
  blossoming shore?

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea:
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea:
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me:
Hither, come hither and frolic and play;
Here it is only the mew that wails;
We will sing to you all the day:
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be:
O hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee:
O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Who can light on as happy a shore
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?
Whither away? listen and stay: mariner, mariner, fly no more.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy

Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—

To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine —
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer — some, 't is whisper'd — down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ISABEL

I

Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

II

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,
The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

III

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon;
A clear stream flowing with a muddy one,
Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement and in purer light
The vexed eddies of its wayward brother:
A leaning and upbearing parasite,
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite
With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other —
Shadow forth thee: — the world hath not another
(Tho' all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

MARIANA

'Mariana in the moated grange.'
Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:

The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!'

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'*The Legend of Good Women*,' long ago
Sung by the morning-star of song, who made
His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs;
And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;
And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall
  Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
  Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
  That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
  And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
  Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
  And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
  Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
  Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
  Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
  And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
  A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
  And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
  Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
  Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in coolest dew
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the stedfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
'Pass freely thro': the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time.'

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse:
This woman was the cause.

'I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years:
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
Touch'd; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow:
'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home.'

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea:
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, 'Come here,
That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
'I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd
All moods. 'T is long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood:
That makes my only woe.

'Nay — yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony?

'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God:
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

'We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die!

'And there he died: and when I heard my name
Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear
Of the other: with a worm I balk'd his fame.
What else was left? look here!'

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite.)

'I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever! — lying robed and crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse.'

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
  Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
  Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
  Because with sudden motion from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
  The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
  As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
  Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
  A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
  That claps his wings at dawn.

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
  From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
  Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
  Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
  With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
  The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
  Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands, — so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She render'd answer high:
'Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

'My God, my land, my father — these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers" — emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

'Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

'The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

'Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

'When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

'It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

'Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood:
'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

'Alas! alas!' a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me: 'Turn and look on me:
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!
O me, that I should ever see the light!
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust:
To whom the Egyptian: 'Oh, you tamely died!
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side.'

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain
  Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
  But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
  Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
  By sighs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
  Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
  Faints, faded by its heat.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

A FRAGMENT

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sun-lit fall of rain.
  In crystal vapour everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
  From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song:
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:
Sometimes the sparhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong:
  By grassy capes with fuller sound

In curves the yellowing river ran,
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.
She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

As fast she fled thro' sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid:
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

II

BALLADS, IDYLS, AND CHARACTER-PIECES

(1) BALLADS

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers 'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,

Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —

The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

THE MAY QUEEN

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

There 's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,
But I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he 's dying all for love, but that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me?
There 's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE

If you 're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year 's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There 's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive me now ;
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Tho' you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I 'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for ever-more,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She 'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Goodnight, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet 's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there 's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's not for them: it's mine.'
And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine —
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun —
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true —
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home —
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come —
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast —
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

I

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands —
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee —
Drench'd with the hellish oorali — that ever such things should be!

II

Here was a boy — I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye —
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place —
Caught in a mill and crush'd — it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,

And he said to me roughly 'The lad will need little more of your care.'
'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own:'
But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?'
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
'All very well — but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

III

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these'?

IV

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid:
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much —
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch;
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years —

Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers;
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are revealed
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an Angel's wing;
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her breast —
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping — so quiet, our doctor said 'Poor little dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she 'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

V

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child did n't see I was there.

VI

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
'He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do?'
Annie consider'd. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It 's all in the picture there: "Little children should come to me."'

(Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)
'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it 's me? such a lot of beds in the ward!'
That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed —
The Lord has so *much* to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It 's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.'

VII

I had sat three nights by the child — I could not watch her for four —
My brain had begun to reel — I felt I could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without;
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life;
Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again —
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane;
Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care what they say?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA

October 25, 1854

I

The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley — and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky;
And he call'd 'Left wheel into line!' and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound

To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
'Follow,' and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
All in a moment follow'd with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,

When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud, —
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,
'Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!'

IV

'Lost one and all' were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay;
But they rode like Victors and Lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay —
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray —
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

V

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away:
'Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!'
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: ''Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?'

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I 've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There 'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

X

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said 'Fight on! fight on!'

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

XII

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,

But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

(2) ENGLISH IDYLS

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER

OR, THE PICTURES

This morning is the morning of the day,
When I and Eustace from the city went
To see the gardener's daughter; I and he,
Brothers in Art; a friendship so complete
Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew
The fable of the city where we dwelt.

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;
So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.
He, by some law that holds in love, and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desired

A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little; — Juliet, she
So light of foot, so light of spirit — oh, she
To me myself, for some three careless moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Know you not
Such touches are but embassies of love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere he found
Empire for life? but Eustace painted her,
And said to me, she sitting with us then,
'When will *you* paint like this?' and I replied,
(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)
''T is not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived,
A more ideal Artist he than all,
Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March.'
And Juliet answer'd laughing, 'Go and see
The gardener's daughter: trust me, after that,
You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece.'
And up we rose, and on the spur we went.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,

Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the minster-towers.
The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

In that still place she, hoarded in herself,
Grew, seldom seen; not less among us lived
Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard
Of Rose, the gardener's daughter? Where was he,
So blunt in memory, so old at heart,
At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise of her
Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,
And Beauty such a mistress of the world.

And if I said that Fancy, led by Love,
Would play with flying forms and images,
Yet this is also true, that, long before
I look'd upon her, when I heard her name
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,
And told me I should love. A crowd of hopes,
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

And sure this orbit of the memory folds
For ever in itself the day we went
To see her. All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Drew downward: but all else of heaven was pure
Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel. And now,
As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound,
(For those old Mays had thrice the life of these,)
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,
And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me,
'Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they have?'
And I made answer, 'Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise.'

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read my thought,
And on we went; but ere an hour had pass'd,
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North;
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a privet hedge;
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
The garden stretches southward. In the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.
The garden-glasses glanced, and momently
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.

'Eustace,' I said, 'this wonder keeps the house.'
He nodded, but a moment afterwards
He cried, 'Look! look!' Before he ceased I turn'd,
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there.

For up the porch there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,
And blown across the walk. One arm aloft —
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape —
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood,
A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wavering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist —
Ah, happy shade — and still went wavering down,
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have danced
The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common ground!
But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe bloom,

And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

So rapt, we near'd the house; but she, a Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turn'd
Into the world without; till close at hand,
And almost ere I knew mine own intent,
This murmur broke the stillness of that air
Which brooded round about her:
'Ah, one rose,
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd on lips
Less exquisite than thine.'
She look'd: but all
Suffused with blushes — neither self-possess'd
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood and that,
Divided in a graceful quiet — paused,
And dropt the branch she held, and turning, wound
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd her lips
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer came,
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,
And moved away, and left me, statue-like,
In act to render thanks.
I, that whole day,
Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd there
Till every daisy slept, and Love's white star
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the dusk.

So home we went, and all the livelong way
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter me.
'Now,' said he, 'will you climb the top of Art.

You cannot fail but work in hues to dim
The Titianic Flora. Will you match
My Juliet? you, not you, — the Master, Love,
A more ideal Artist he than all.'

So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving — such a noise of life
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark.
And all that night I heard the watchman peal
The sliding season: all that night I heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy hours.
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded wings,
Distilling odours on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,
Made this night thus. Henceforward squall nor storm
Could keep me from that Eden where she dwelt.
Light pretexts drew me; sometimes a Dutch love
For tulips: then for roses, moss or musk,
To grace my city rooms; or fruits and cream
Served in the weeping elm; and more and more
A word could bring the colour to my cheek;
A thought would fill my eyes with happy dew;
Love trebled life within me, and with each
The year increased.

The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden pass'd;

Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Danced into light, and died into the shade;
And each in passing touch'd with some new grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by day,
Like one that never can be wholly known,
Her beauty grew; till Autumn brought an hour
For Eustace, when I heard his deep 'I will,'
Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds: but I rose up
Full of his bliss, and following her dark eyes
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd
The wicket-gate, and found her standing there.

There sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both; and over many a range
Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal'd their shining windows: from them clash'd
The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd,
We spoke of other things; we coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there.

Then, in that time and place, I spoke to her,
Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,
Yet for the pleasure that I took to hear,
Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of her I loved;
And in that time and place she answer'd me,
And in the compass of three little words,
More musical than ever came in one,

The silver fragments of a broken voice,
Made me most happy, faltering, 'I am thine.'

Shall I cease here? Is this enough to say
That my desire, like all strongest hopes,
By its own energy fulfill'd itself,
Merged in completion? Would you learn at full
How passion rose thro' circumstantial grades
Beyond all grades develop'd? and indeed
I had not staid so long to tell you all,
But while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,
Holding the folded annals of my youth;
And while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,
And with a flying finger swept my lips,
And spake, 'Be wise: not easily forgiven
Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day.' Here, then, my words have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells —
Of that which came between, more sweet than each,
In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves
That tremble round a nightingale — in sighs
Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,
Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
Of difference, reconcilement, pledges given,
And vows, where there was never need of vows,
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation, as above
The heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars;
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-lit,
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,
And in the hollows; or as once we met

Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep.

But this whole hour your eyes have been intent
On that veil'd picture — veil'd, for what it holds
May not be dwelt on by the common day.
This prelude has prepared thee. Raise thy soul;
Make thine heart ready with thine eyes: the time
Is come to raise the veil.
Behold her there,
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,
My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

DORA

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.'
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, 'My son:
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I

Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years.' But William answer'd short:
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora.' Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.'
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: 'My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
'It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!'

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;

And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

'I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.'

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said: 'Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?'
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, 'This is William's child!'
'And did I not,' said Allan, 'did I not
Forbid you, Dora?' Dora said again:
'Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!'
And Allan said, 'I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more.'

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy

Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, 'My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more.'
Then answer'd Mary, 'This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back:
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.'
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

'O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.

O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me —
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
"God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro'!" Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd — unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before.'

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs: —

'I have been to blame — to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him — but I loved him — my dear son.
May God forgive me! — I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children.'

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

(3) CHARACTER-PIECES

ŒNONE

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.
Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds the hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,

Rests like a shadow, and the winds are dead.
The purple flower droops: the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills, O Caves
That house the cold crown'd snake! O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God,
Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
I waited underneath the dawning hills,
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine:
Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the cleft:
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone: white-breasted like a star

Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's:
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,
That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart.

'"My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n
'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added "This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 't were due:
But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphroditè, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,

Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piney sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy and vine,
This way and that, in many a wild festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her, to whom
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, "from many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed with corn,
Or labour'd mine undrainable of ore.
Honour," she said, "and homage, tax and toll,
From many an inland town and haven large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing citadel
In glassy bays among her tallest towers."

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spake of power,
"Which in all action is the end of all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred
And throned of wisdom — from all neighbour crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon from me,
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-born,
Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats
Above the thunder, with undying bliss
In knowledge of their own supremacy."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where she stood
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed spear
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
The while, above, her full and earnest eye
Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek
Kept watch, waiting decision, made reply.

'"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Again she said: "I woo thee not with gifts.
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I am,
So shalt thou find me fairest.
Yet, indeed,
If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of fair,
Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure,
That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee,
So that my vigour, wedded to thy blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom."
'Here she ceas'd,
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O Paris,
Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphroditè beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder: from the violets her light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece."
She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm,
And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,
As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet — from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn

The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
And bred this change; that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand times,
In this green valley, under this green hill,
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike to these!
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth;
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts
Do shape themselves within me, more and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear
Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a mother
Conjectures of the features of her child
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes
Across me: never child be born of me,
Unblest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
Walking the cold and starless road of Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known: cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TITHONUS

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd

To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch — if I be he that watch'd —
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seëst all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

LUCRETIUS

Lucilia, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold; for when the morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace had died
Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his foot
Return from pacings in the field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took
Small notice, or austerely, for — his mind
Half buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter — he past
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine.
She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havock among those tender cells, and check'd
His power to shape: he loathed himself; and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried:

'Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt —
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork —
Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and show'd
A riotous confluence of watercourses

Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

'Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what dreams!
For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seem'd
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe,
Ruining along the illimitable inane,
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
For ever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it —
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies
His function of the woodland: but the next!
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rainlike down again on earth,
And where it dash'd the reddening meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw —
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

'Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the breasts,
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword

Now over and now under, now direct,
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,
The fire that left a roofless Ilion,
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that I woke.

'Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,
Because I would not one of thine own doves,
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee? thine,
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

'Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?
Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,
Live the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, centr'd in eternal calm.

'Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves
Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

'Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter

Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse —
Ay, and this Kypris also — did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The all-generating powers and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:
Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

'The Gods! and if I go *my* work is left
Unfinish'd — *if* I go. The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!
If all be atoms, how then should the Gods
Being atomic not be dissoluble,
Not follow the great law? My master held
That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?
I have forgotten what I meant: my mind
Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

'Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,
Apollo, Delius, or of older use
All-seeing Hyperion — what you will —
Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,
Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,
That he would only shine among the dead
Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
Moan round the spit - - nor knows he what he sees;
King of the East altho' he seem, and girt
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of heaven:
And here he glances on an eye new-born,
And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;
And here he stays upon a freezing orb
That fain would gaze upon him to the last;
And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n
And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
Not thankful that his troubles are no more.
And me, altho' his fire is on my face
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods: but he that holds
The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
Past earthquake — ay, and gout and stone, that break
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
And wretched age — and worst disease of all,
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,

And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
Abominable, strangers at my hearth
Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
The phantom husks of something foully done,
And fleeting thro' the boundless universe,
And blasting the long quiet of my breast
With animal heat and dire insanity?

'How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp
These idols to herself? or do they fly
Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes
In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they
The basest, far into that council-hall
Where sit the best and stateliest of the land?

'Can I not fling this horror off me again,
Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,
At random ravage? and how easily
The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
A mountain o'er a mountain, — ay, and within
All hollow as the hopes and fears of men?

'But who was he, that in the garden snared
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale
To laugh at — more to laugh at in myself —
For look! what is it? there? yon arbutus
Totters; a noiseless riot underneath
Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering —

The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun;
And here an Oread — how the sun delights
To glance and shift about her slippery sides,
And rosy knees and supple roundedness,
And budded bosom-peaks — who this way runs
Before the rest — A satyr, a satyr, see,
Follows; but him I proved impossible;
Twy-natured is no nature: yet he draws
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
That ever butted his rough brother-brute
For lust or lusty blood or provender:
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she
Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,
Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself,
Shameless upon me? Catch her, goat-foot: nay,
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do I wish —
What? — that the bush were leafless? or to whelm
All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,
I know you careless, yet, behold, to you
From childly wont and ancient use I call —
I thought I lived securely as yourselves —
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
No madness of ambition, avarice, none:
No larger feast than under plane or pine
With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy —
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.
But now it seems some unseen monster lays

His vast and filthy hands upon my will,
Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils
My bliss in being; and it was not great;
For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
Or Heliconian honey in living words,
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life —
Poor little life that toddles half an hour
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end —
And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
Not manlike end myself? — our privilege —
What beast has heart to do it? And what man,
What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?
Not I; not he, who bears one name with her
Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of kings,
When, brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
She made her blood in sight of Collatine
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart.
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which breaks
As I am breaking now!

'And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man,
Dash them anew together at her will
Thro' all her cycles — into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower:
But till this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day

Cracks all to pieces, — and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen for ever, — till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand: ay, surely: then it falls at last
And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without one pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
How roughly men may woo thee so they win —
Thus — thus: the soul flies out and dies in the air.'

With that he drove the knife into his side:
She heard him raging, heard him fall; ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd, 'Care not thou!
Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee well!'

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
  Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
  The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strows her lights below,

And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
  One sabbath deep and wide —
A light upon the shining sea —
  The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

NORTHERN FARMER

OLD STYLE

I

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thourt nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän:
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool:
Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to breäk my rule.

II

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what 's nawways true:
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
I 've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere.
An' I 've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

III

Parson 's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
'The amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,' a said,
An' a towd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond.

IV

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy Marris's barne.
Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

V

An' I hallus coom'd to 's chooch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'eäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy.

VI

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun understond;
I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'a done boy the loud.

VII

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä
'The amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,' says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw summun said it in 'aäste:
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.

VIII

D' ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysen;
Moäst loike a butter-bump, fur I 'eärd 'um about an' about,
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um out.

IX

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild 'enemies afoor I coom'd to the plaäce.

Noäks or Thimbleby — toäner 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize — but git ma my aäle.

X

Dubbut looök at the waäste: theer warn't not feeäd for a cow;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now —
Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer 's lots o' feeäd,
Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it down i' seeäd.

XI

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond o' my oän.

XII

Do godamoighty knaw what a 's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;
An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all — a' dear a' dear!
And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty year.

XIII

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins — a niver mended a fence:
But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoälms to plow!

XIV

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin' boy,
Says to thessén naw doubt 'what a man a beä sewer-loy!'
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a coom'd to the 'All;
I done moy duty by Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

XV

Squoire 's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä 's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins — a niver rembles the stoäns.

XVI

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

XVII

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle?
Doctor 's a 'toättler, lass, an a 's hallus i' the owd taäle;
I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

NORTHERN FARMER

NEW STYLE

I

Dos n't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?
Proputty, proputty, proputty — that 's what I 'ears 'em saäy.
Proputty, proputty, proputty — Sam, thou 's an ass for thy paaïns:
Theer 's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braaïns.

II

Woä — theer 's a craw to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon 's parson's 'ouse —
Do sn't thou knaw that a man mun be eäther a man or a mouse?
Time to think on it then; for thou 'll be twenty to weeäk.
Proputty, proputty — woä then woä — let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

III

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee;
Thou 's beän talkin' to muther, an' she beän a tellin' it me.
Thou 'll not marry for munny — thou 's sweet upo' parson's lass —
Noä — thou 'll marry for luvv — an' we boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

IV

Seeä'd her todaäy goä by — Saäint's-daäy — they was ringing the bells.
She 's a beauty thou thinks — an' soä is scoors o' gells,

Them as 'as munny an' all — wot 's a beauty? — the flower as blaws.
But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.

V

Do'ant be stunt: taäke time: I knaws what maäkes tha sa mad.
Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur a lad?
But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd ma this:
'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!'

VI

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy muther coom to 'and,
Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty: — I niver giv it a thowt —
But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt?

VII

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt when 'e 's deäd,
Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle her breäd:
Why? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, an' weänt niver git hissén clear,
An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the shere.

VIII

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Varsity debt,
Stook to his taaïl they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet.
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend 'im a shuvv,
Woorse nor a far-welter'd yowe: fur, Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

IX

Luvv? what 's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Maakin' 'em goä togither as they 've good right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laaïd by?
Naäy — fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reäson why.

X

Ay, an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boäth on us thinks tha an ass.
Woä then, proputty, wiltha? — an ass as near as mays nowt —
Woä then, wiltha? dangtha! — the bees is as fell as owt.

XI

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd, lad, out o' the fence!
Gentleman burn! what 's gentleman burn? is it shillins an' pence?
Proputty, proputty 's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I 'm blest
If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it 's the best.

XII

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular meäls.
Noä, but it 's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl 's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

XIII

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän a laäzy lot,
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leästways 'is munny was 'id.
But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén deäd, an' 'e died a good un, 'e did.

XIV

Looök thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck cooms out by the 'ill!
Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill;
An' I 'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou 'll live to see;
And if thou marries a good un I 'll leäve the land to thee.

XV

Thim 's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick;
But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll leäve the land to Dick. —
Coom oop, proputty, proputty — that 's what I 'ears 'im saäy —
Proputty, proputty, proputty — canter an' canter awaäy.

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be. —

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes —

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;'
Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing
hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out
of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness of the
Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me — to
decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with
clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee
down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well — 't is well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'T is a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

'They were dangerous guides the feelings — she herself was not exempt —
Truly, she herself had suffer'd' — Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain —
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
  For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
  I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
  You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
  Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
  A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
  Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
  I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
  And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
  Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
  You put strange memories in my head.

Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

SELECTIONS FROM MAUD; A MONODRAMA

Part I

V

I

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

II

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

III

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.

Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

XI

I

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

II

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

XII

I

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

II

Where was Maud? in our wood;
  And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
  Myriads blow together.

III

Birds in our wood sang
  Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
  In among the lilies.

IV

I kiss'd her slender hand,
  She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
  But she is tall and stately.

V

I to cry out on pride
  Who have won her favour!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
  If lowliness could save her.

VI

I know the way she went
  Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
  And left the daisies rosy.

VII

Birds in the high Hall-garden
  Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
  One is come to woo her.

VIII

Look, a horse at the door,
  And little King Charley snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
  You are not her darling.

XVII

Go not, happy day,
  From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
  Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
  Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
  And a rose her mouth
When the happy Yes
  Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
  Over glowing ships;
Over blowing seas,
  Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
  Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
  By his red cedar-tree,

And the red man's babe
  Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
  Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
  Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
  Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
  And a rose her mouth.

XVIII

I

I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on,
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

II

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

III

There is none like her, none,
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,

Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

IV

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seem'd far better to be born
To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

V

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

VI

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

VII

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long loving kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

VIII

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.

My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell;
It is but for a little space I go:
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw — but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

XXII

I

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

III

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

VI

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood.
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

VII

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
  That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
  In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
  And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII

The slender acacia would not shake
  One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
  As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
  Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
  They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
  Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
  Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
  To the flowers, and be their sun.

X

There has fallen a splendid tear
  From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
  She is coming, my life, my fate;

The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

PART II

II

I

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

II

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

III

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

IV

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

III

Courage, poor heart of stone!
I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left for ever alone:
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—
Or if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply:
She is but dead, and the time is at hand
When thou shalt more than die.

IV

(In this section the text is that of the first edition, as found in "Stanzas" from *The Tribute*, 1837.)

Oh! that 't were possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true-love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
Than any thing on earth.

A shadow flits before me —
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at Evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
In a wakeful doze I sorrow

For the hand, the lips, the eyes —
  For the meeting of to-morrow,
    The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
  That I heard her chant of old?
    But I wake — my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity —
  In the shuddering dawn behold,
    By the curtains of my bed,
  That abiding phantom cold.

Then I rise: the eave-drops fall
  And the yellow-vapours choke.
    The great city sounding wide;
The day comes — a dull red ball,
  Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
    On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
  I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there —
Thro' all the crowd, confused and loud,
  The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
  My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
  That heard me softly call —
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
  At the quiet even-fall,
In the garden by the turrets
  Of the old Manorial Hall.

Then the broad light glares and beats,
  And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be.
  I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
  Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
To some still cavern deep,
And to weep and weep and weep
  My whole soul out to thee.

Get thee hence, nor come again
  Pass and cease to move about —
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
  Mix not memory with doubt.
'T is the blot upon the brain
  That *will* show itself without.

Would the happy Spirit descend
  In the chamber or the street
    As she looks among the blest;
Should I fear to greet my friend,
  Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
    To the region of thy rest."

But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
  Of the maiden, that I lost,
    In my inner eyes again,
Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
  By a dull mechanic ghost
    And a juggle of the brain.

I can shadow forth my bride
  As I knew her fair and kind,
    As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side
    In the silence of my life —
  'T is a phantom of the mind.

'T is a phantom fair and good;
  I can call it to my side,
    So to guard my life from ill,
  Tho' its ghastly sister glide
    And be moved around me still
With the moving of the blood,
    That is moved not of the will.

Let it pass, the dreary brow,
  Let the dismal face go by.
Will it lead me to the grave?
  Then I lose it: it will fly:
Can it overlast the nerves?
  Can it overlive the eye?
But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
  Till it fade and fail and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates —
Clad in light the Spirit waits
  To embrace me in the sky.

RIZPAH

17—

I

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea —
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother, come out to me.'
Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.

II

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

III

Anything fallen again? nay — what was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them all.
What am I saying? and what are *you?* do you come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

IV

Who let her in? how long has she been? you — what have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.
O — to pray with me — yes — a lady — none of their spies —
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

V

Ah — you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep — you were only made for the day.
I have gather'd my baby together — and now you may go your way.

VI

Nay — for it 's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.
'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child —
'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said; he was always so wild —
And idle — and could n't be idle — my Willy — he never could rest.
The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of his best.

VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would
let him be good;
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that
he would;
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was
done
He flung it among his fellows — I 'll none of it, said my son.

VIII

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them
my tale,
God's own truth — but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for rob-
bing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show — we had always borne
a good name —
To be hang'd for a thief — and then put away — is n't that
enough shame?
Dust to dust — low down — let us hide! but they set him so
high
That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.
God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of
the air,
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and hang'd
him there.

IX

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last goodbye;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. 'O mother!' I heard
him cry.
I could n't get back tho' I tried, he had something further to say,
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me away.

X

Then since I could n't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead,
They seized me and shut me up : they fasten'd me down on my bed.
'Mother, O mother ! ' — he call'd in the dark to me year after year —
They beat me for that, they beat me — you know that I could n't but hear ;
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still
They let me abroad again — but the creatures had worked their will.

XI

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left —
I stole them all from the lawyers — and you, will you call it a theft? —
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laugh'd and had cried —
Theirs? O no ! they are mine — not theirs — they had moved in my side.

XII

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all —
I can't dig deep, I am old — in the night by the churchyard wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound ;
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

XIII

They would scratch him up — they would hang him again on the cursed tree.
Sin? O yes — we are sinners, I know — let all that be,

And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward men —
'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord' — let me hear it again;
'Full of compassion and mercy — long-suffering.' Yes, O yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder — the Saviour lives but to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of the worst,
And the first may be last — I have heard it in church — and the last may be first.
Suffering — O long-suffering — yes, as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow.

XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his mother? are *you* of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

XV

Election, Election and Reprobation — it 's all very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in Hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,
And He means me I 'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

XVI

And if *he* be lost — but to save *my* soul, that is all your desire :
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark — go, go, you may leave me alone —
You never have borne a child — you are just as hard as a stone.

XVII

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind —
The snow and the sky so bright — he used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet — for hark!
Nay — you can hear it yourself — it is coming — shaking the walls —
Willy — the moon 's in a cloud — Good-night. I am going. He calls.

III

SELECTIONS FROM EPIC POEMS

THE PRINCESS, BOOK VII

So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hospital;
At first with all confusion: by and by
Sweet order lived again with other laws:
A kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick: the maidens came, they talk'd,
They sang, they read: till she not fair began
To gather light, and she that was, became
Her former beauty treble; and to and fro
With books, with flowers, with Angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame.
Old studies fail'd; seldom she spoke: but oft
Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours
On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men
Darkening her female field: void was her use,
And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud
Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,

Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And suck the blinding splendour from the sand,
And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn
Expunge the world: so fared she gazing there;
So blacken'd all her world in secret, blank
And waste it seem'd and vain; till down she came,
And found fair peace once more among the sick.

And twilight dawn'd; and morn by morn the lark
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres, but I
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life:
And twilight gloom'd; and broader-grown the bowers
Drew the great night into themselves, and Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell; but I,
Deeper than those weird doubts could reach me, lay
Quite sunder'd from the moving Universe,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the hand
That nursed me, more than infants in their sleep.

. . . . . .

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat:
Then came a change; for sometimes I would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek
'You are not Ida;' clasp it once again,
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,
And call her hard and cold which seem'd a truth:
And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind,
And often she believed that I should die:
Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks

Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd
On flying Time from all their silver tongues —
And out of memories of her kindlier days,
And sidelong glances at my father's grief,
And at the happy lovers heart in heart —
And out of hauntings of my spoken love,
And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream,
And often feeling of the helpless hands,
And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek —
From all a closer interest flourish'd up,
Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd colour day by day.

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death
For weakness: it was evening: silent light
Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought
Two grand designs; for on one side arose
The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they cramm'd
The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest
A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind,
A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat,
With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins,
The fierce triumvirs; and before them paused
Hortensia pleading: angry was her face.

I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:
They did but look like hollow shows; nor more

Sweet Ida: palm to palm she sat: the dew
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder seem'd: I moved: I sigh'd: a touch
Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand:
Then all for languor and self-pity ran
Mine down my face, and with what life I had,
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,
So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:

'If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself:
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.'

I could no more, but lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd; she paused;
She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt a cry;
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death;
And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; and all
Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love;
And down the streaming crystal dropt; and she

Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided forth,
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,
Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, near me, held
A volume of the Poets of her land:
There to herself, all in low tones, she read.

. . . . . .

Pale was the perfect face;
The bosom with long sighs labour'd; and meek
Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,
And the voice trembled and the hand. She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd
In sweet humility; had fail'd in all;
That all her labour was but as a block
Left in the quarry; but she still were loth,
She still were loth to yield herself to one
That wholly scorn'd to help their equal rights
Against the sons of men, and barbarous laws.
She pray'd me not to judge their cause from her
That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth than power
In knowledge: something wild within her breast,
A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.
And she had nursed me there from week to week:
Much had she learnt in little time. In part
It was ill counsel had misled the girl
To vex true hearts: yet was she but a girl—
'Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of farce!

When comes another such? never, I think,
Till the Sun drop, dead, from the signs.'
Her voice
Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,
And her great heart thro' all the faultful Past
Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;
Till notice of a change in the dark world
Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird,
That early woke to feed her little ones,
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light:
She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands —
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her —
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down —
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her — let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,

But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!'
Sighing she spoke, 'I fear
They will not.'
'Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.'

And again sighing she spoke: 'A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime:
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'

'But I,'
Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unlike—
It seems you love to cheat yourself with words:
This mother is your model. I have heard
Of your strange doubts: they well might be: I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince;
You cannot love me.'

'Nay but thee,' I said,
'From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,

Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
Thee woman thro' the crust of iron moods
That mask'd thee from men's reverence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,
Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee,
Indeed I love: the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows: the change,
This truthful change in thee has kill'd it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;
Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;
In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,
I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,
My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.'

GUINEVERE

Queen Guinevere had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice: one low light betwixt them burn'd
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of flight
Sir Modred; he that like a subtle beast
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne,
Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this
He chill'd the popular praises of the King
With silent smiles of slow disparagement;
And tamper'd with the Lords of the White Horse,
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left: and sought
To make disruption in the Table Round
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
Serving his traitorous end; and all his aims
Were sharpen'd by strong hate for Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the court,
Green-suited, but with plumes that mock'd the may,
Had been, their wont, a-maying and return'd,
That Modred still in green, all ear and eye,
Climb'd to the high top of the garden-wall
To spy some secret scandal if he might,
And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her best
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court
The wiliest and the worst; and more than this

He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by
Spied where he couch'd, and as the gardener's hand
Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,
So from the high wall and the flowering grove
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel,
And cast him as a worm upon the way;
But when he knew the Prince tho' marr'd with dust,
He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man,
Made such excuses as he might, and these
Full knightly without scorn; for in those days
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him
By those whom God had made full-limb'd and tall,
Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,
And he was answer'd softly by the King
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot holp
To raise the Prince, who rising twice or thrice
Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went:
But, ever after, the small violence done
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told
This matter to the Queen, at first she laugh'd
Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty fall,
Then shudder'd, as the village wife who cries
'I shudder, some one steps across my grave;'
Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for indeed
She half-foresaw that he, the subtle beast,
Would track her guilt until he found, and hers
Would be for evermore a name of scorn.
Henceforward rarely could she front in hall,

Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy face,
Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye:
Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the soul,
To help it from the death that cannot die,
And save it even in extremes, began
To vex and plague her. Many a time for hours,
Beside the placid breathings of the King,
In the dead night, grim faces came and went
Before her, or a vague spiritual fear —
Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors,
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls —
Held her awake: or if she slept, she dream'd
An awful dream; for then she seem'd to stand
On some vast plain before a setting sun,
And from the sun there swiftly made at her
A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
Before it, till it touch'd her, and she turn'd —
When lo! her own, that broadening from her feet,
And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and in it
Far cities burnt, and with a cry she woke.
And all this trouble did not pass but grew;
Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless King,
And trustful courtesies of household life,
Became her bane; and at the last she said,
'O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,
For if thou tarry we shall meet again,
And if we meet again, some evil chance
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze
Before the people, and our lord the King.'
And Lancelot ever promised, but remain'd,
And still they met and met. Again she said,
'O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee hence.'

And then they were agreed upon a night
(When the good King should not be there) to meet
And part for ever. Vivien, lurking, heard.
She told Sir Modred. Passion-pale they met
And greeted. Hands in hands, and eye to eye,
Low on the border of her couch they sat
Stammering and staring. It was their last hour,
A madness of farewells. And Modred brought
His creatures to the basement of the tower
For testimony; and crying with full voice
'Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last,' aroused
Lancelot, who rushing outward lionlike
Leapt on him, and hurl'd him headlong, and he fell
Stunn'd, and his creatures took and bare him off,
And all was still: then she, 'The end is come,
And I am shamed for ever;' and he said,
'Mine be the shame; mine was the sin: but rise,
And fly to my strong castle overseas:
There will I hide thee, till my life shall end,
There hold thee with my life against the world.'
She answer'd, 'Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?
Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells.
Would God that thou couldst hide me from myself!
Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou
Unwedded: yet rise now, and let us fly,
For I will draw me into sanctuary,
And bide my doom.' So Lancelot got her horse,
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,
And then they rode to the divided way,
There kiss'd, and parted weeping: for he past,
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,
Back to his land; but she to Almesbury
Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,

And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:
And in herself she moan'd, 'Too late, too late!'
Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn,
A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,
Croak'd, and she thought, 'He spies a field of death;
For now the Heathen of the Northern Sea,
Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,
Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land.'

And when she came to Almesbury she spake
There to the nuns, and said, 'Mine enemies
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,
Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask
Her name to whom ye yield it, till her time
To tell you:' and her beauty, grace, and power,
Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared
To ask it.

So the stately Queen abode
For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;
Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,
Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,
But communed only with the little maid,
Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness
Which often lured her from herself; but now,
This night, a rumour wildly blown about
Came, that Sir Modred had usurp'd the realm,
And leagued him with the heathen, while the King
Was waging war on Lancelot: then she thought,
'With what a hate the people and the King
Must hate me,' and bow'd down upon her hands
Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd
No silence, brake it, uttering, 'Late! so late!

What hour, I wonder, now?' and when she drew
No answer, by and by began to hum
An air the nuns had taught her, 'Late, so late!'
Which when she heard, the Queen look'd up, and said,
'O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid.

'Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now.

'Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'

So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands, remembering
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.
Then said the little novice prattling to her,

'O pray you, noble lady, weep no more;
But let my words, the words of one so small,
Who knowing nothing knows but to obey,
And if I do not there is penance given —
Comfort your sorrows; for they do not flow

From evil done; right sure am I of that,
Who see your tender grace and stateliness.
But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,
And weighing find them less; for gone is he
To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,
Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen;
And Modred whom he left in charge of all,
The traitor — Ah sweet lady, the King's grief
For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours.
For me, I thank the saints, I am not great.
For if there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done.
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good:
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud:
As even here they talk at Almesbury
About the good King and his wicked Queen,
And were I such a King with such a Queen,
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,
But were I such a King, it could not be.'

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the Queen,
'Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?'
But openly she answer'd, 'Must not I,
If this false traitor have displaced his lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm?'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'this is all woman's grief,
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life

Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round
Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders, there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen.'

Then thought the Queen within herself again,
'Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?'
But openly she spake and said to her,
'O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?'

To whom the little novice garrulously,
'Yea, but I know: the land was full of signs
And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.
So said my father, and himself was knight
Of the great Table — at the founding of it;
And rode thereto from Lyonesse, and he said
That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain
After the sunset, down the coast, he heard
Strange music, and he paused, and turning — there,
All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them — headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west:
And in the light the white mermaiden swam,
And strong man-breasted things stood from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the land,
To which the little elves of chasm and cleft
Made answer, sounding like a distant horn.
So said my father — yea, and furthermore,

Next morning, while he passed the dim-lit woods,
Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed:
And still at evenings on before his horse
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and broke
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life.
And when at last he came to Camelot,
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand
Swung round the lighted lantern of the hall;
And in the hall itself was such a feast
As never man had dream'd; for every knight
Had whatsoever meat he long'd for served
By hands unseen; and even as he said
Down in the cellars merry bloated things
Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the butts
While the wine ran: so glad were spirits and men
Before the coming of the sinful Queen.'

Then spake the Queen and somewhat bitterly,
'Were they so glad? ill prophets were they all,
Spirits and men: could none of them foresee,
Not even thy wise father with his signs
And wonders, what has fall'n upon the realm?'

To whom the novice garrulously again,
'Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father said,
Full many a noble war-song had he sung,
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,
Between the steep cliff and the coming wave;
And many a mystic lay of life and death

Had chanted on the smoky mountain-tops,
When round him bent the spirits of the hills
With all their dewy hair blown back like flame:
So said my father — and that night the bard
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King
As wellnigh more than man, and rail'd at those
Who call'd him the false son of Gorloïs:
For there was no man knew from whence he came;
But after tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him
Till he by miracle was approven King:
And that his grave should be a mystery
From all men, like his birth; and could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,
The twain together well might change the world.
But even in the middle of his song
He falter'd, and his hand fell from the harp,
And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fall'n,
But that they stay'd him up; nor would he tell
His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?'

Then thought the Queen, 'Lo! they have set her on,
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her nuns,
To play upon me,' and bow'd her head nor spake.
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,
Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue

Full often, 'and, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales
Which my good father told me, check me too
Nor let me shame my father's memory, one
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would say
Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died,
Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers back,
And left me; but of others who remain,
And of the two first-famed for courtesy —
And pray you check me if I ask amiss —
But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?'

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her,
'Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and the King
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and these two
Were the most nobly-manner'd men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'be manners such fair fruit?
Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand-fold
Less noble, being, as all rumour runs,
The most disloyal friend in all the world.'

To which a mournful answer made the Queen:
'O closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls,
What knowest thou of the world, and all its lights

And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
Were for one hour less noble than himself,
Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,
And weep for her who drew him to his doom.'

'Yea,' said the little novice, 'I pray for both;
But I should all as soon believe that his,
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,
As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be
Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen.'

So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal;
For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried,
'Such as thou art be never maiden more
For ever! thou their tool, set on to plague
And play upon, and harry me, petty spy
And traitress.' When that storm of anger brake
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden rose,
White as her veil, and stood before the Queen
As tremulously as foam upon the beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break and fly,
And when the Queen had added 'Get thee hence,'
Fled frighted. Then that other left alone
Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again,
Saying in herself, 'The simple, fearful child
Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful guilt,
Simpler than any child, betrays itself.
But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.
For what is true repentance but in thought —
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again

The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:
And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more.'
And ev'n in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the time
Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dream'd,)
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth,
And on from hill to hill, and every day
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
For brief repast or afternoon repose
By couriers gone before; and on again,
Till yet once more ere set of sun they saw
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship,
That crown'd the state pavilion of the King,
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well.

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point where first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold.
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,

'Not like my Lancelot'—while she brooded thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, 'The King.' She sat
Stiff-stricken, listéning; but when armed feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor:
There with her milkwhite arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed, the King's:

'Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea;
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,
From waging bitter war with him: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain;

And many more, and all his kith and kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own land.
And many more when Modred raised revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty, clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.
And of this remnant will I leave a part,
True men who love me still, for whom I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be harm'd.
Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The Knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,

To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve before I wedded thee,
Believing, "lo mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."
Then came thy shameful sin with Lancelot;
Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others, following these my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee! so that this life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose; but rather think
How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lonely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
For which of us, who might be left, could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,

And I should evermore be vext with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.
For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,
Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.
I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.'

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,

My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,
(When first I learnt thee hidden here), is past.
The pang — which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn — is also past — in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee —
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
"I loathe thee:" yet not less, O Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee,
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband — not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.

Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west,
Where I must strike against the man they call
My sister's son — no kin of mine, who leagues
With Lords of the White Horse, heathen, and knights,
Traitors — and strike him dead, and meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more —
Farewell!'

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
And in the darkness o'er her fallen head,
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
The casement: 'peradventure,' so she thought,
'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'
And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
And near him the sad nuns with each a light
Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.
And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see the face,
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.
And even then he turn'd; and more and more

The moony vapour rolling round the King,
Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud
'O Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly,
Then — as a stream that spouting from a cliff
Fails in mid-air, but gathering at the base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale —
Went on in passionate utterance:

'Gone — my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the world.
What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope;
His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks,

For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah, great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights —
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb —
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light —
I yearn'd for warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot — now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
Now — ere he goes to the great Battle? none:
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Here her hand
Grasp'd, made her vail her eyes: she look'd and saw
The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her,
'Yea, little maid, for am *I* not forgiven?'
Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns

All round her, weeping; and her heart was loosed
Within her, and she wept with these and said,

'Ye know me then, that wicked one, who broke
The vast design and purpose of the King.
O shut me round with narrowing nunnery-walls,
Meek maidens, from the voices crying "shame."
I must not scorn myself: he loves me still.
Let no one dream but that he loves me still.
So let me, if you do not shudder at me,
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you,
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;
Pray and be pray'd for; lie before your shrines;
Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in His eyes
Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine own;
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the King.'

She said: they took her to themselves; and she
Still hoping, fearing, 'is it yet too late?'
Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess, lived
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past
To where beyond these voices there is peace.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,

In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey, then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow

Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne — were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst — if indeed I go —
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

IV

PERSONAL AND PHILOSOPHIC POEMS

(1) OF THE POET AND HIS ART

THE POET

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire.
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies;
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame
Wisdom, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power — a sacred name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.

THE POET'S SONG

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,

And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.'

TO ——

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

I SEND you here a sort of allegory,
(For you will understand it) of a soul,
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind),
And Knowledge for its beauty; or if Good,
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie,
Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
Was common clay ta'en from the common earth
Moulded by God, and temper'd with the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

THE PALACE OF ART

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
  Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, 'O Soul, make merry and carouse,
    Dear soul, for all is well.'

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass
  I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
From level meadow-bases of deep grass
    Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
  The rock rose clear, or winding stair.
My soul would live alone unto herself
    In her high palace there.

And 'While the world runs round and round,' I said,
  'Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade
    Sleeps on his luminous ring.'

To which my soul made answer readily:
  'Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built for me,
    So royal-rich and wide.'

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Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,
  In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
    A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row
  Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,
Echoing all night to that sonorous flow
  Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery
  That lent broad verge to distant lands,
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
  Dipt down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell
  Across the mountain stream'd below
In misty folds, that floating as they fell
  Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd
  To hang on tiptoe, tossing up
A cloud of incense of all odour steam'd
  From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, 'And who shall gaze upon
  My palace with unblinded eyes,
While this great bow will waver in the sun,
  And that sweet incense rise?'

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd,
  And, while day sank or mounted higher,
The light aërial gallery, golden-rail'd,
  Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced,
  Would seem slow-flaming crimson fires
From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced,
  And tipt with frost-like spires.

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Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,
Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red — a tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves.
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.
In front they bound the sheaves. Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home — gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep — all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,
As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there
Not less than truth design'd.

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Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise
A group of Houris bow'd to see
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son
In some fair space of sloping greens
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,
And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,
To list a foot-fall, ere he saw
The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
And many a tract of palm and rice,
The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd
A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
From off her shoulder backward borne:
From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd
The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half-buried in the Eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself, was there,
Not less than life, design'd.

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Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
Moved of themselves, with silver sound;
And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings;
Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man declined,
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod: and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne:
She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,
To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost Oriels' coloured flame
Two godlike faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange:

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echo'd song
Throb thro' the ribbed stone;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five;

Communing with herself: 'All these are mine,
And let the world have peace or wars,
'T is one to me.' She — when young night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious toils —
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and cried,
'I marvel if my still delight
In this great house so royal-rich, and wide,
Be flatter'd to the height.

'O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
My Gods, with whom I dwell!

'O God-like isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
What time I watch the darkening droves of swine
That range on yonder plain.

'In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
And oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep.'

Then of the moral instinct would she prate
And of the rising from the dead,
As hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate;
And at the last she said:

'I take possession of man's mind and deed.
I care not what the sects may brawl.
I sit as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.'

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Full oft the riddle of the painful earth
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd: so three years
She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell,
Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight
The airy hand confusion wrought,
Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude
Fell on her, from which mood was born
Scorn of herself; again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

'What! is not this my place of strength,' she said,
'My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory?'

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades, enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore; that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd.
'No voice,' she shriek'd in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world:
One deep, deep silence all!'

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,
Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally,
And nothing saw, for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime:

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea;

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, 'I have found
A new land, but I die.'

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?'

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.

'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.'

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

I

O YOUNG Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And *I* am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow The Gleam.

II

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping, and woke me
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,

When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated The Gleam.

III

Once at the croak of a Raven who crost it,
A barbarous people,
Blind to the magic,
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me.
A demon vext me,
The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd,
'Follow The Gleam.'

IV

Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding, and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons

By warble of water,
Or cataract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted The Gleam.

V

Down from the mountain
And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labour,
Slided The Gleam —

VI

Then, with a melody
Stronger and statelier,
Led me at length
To the city and palace
Of Arthur the king;
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
Flash'd on the Tournament,
Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
Rested The Gleam.

VII

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die;
For out of the darkness
Silent and slowly
The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glimmer
On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with The Gleam.

VIII

And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world;
And slower and fainter,
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon

Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom;
And so to the land's
Last limit I came ——
And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers The Gleam.

IX

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

'FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE'

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed — 'O venusta Sirmio!'
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
'Frater Ave atque Vale,' — as we wander'd to and fro,
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below,
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

TO VIRGIL

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH

I

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

II

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

III

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

IV

Poet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

V

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

VI

Thou that seëst Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
At the doubtful doom of human kind;

VII

Light among the vanish'd ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

VIII

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome —
Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound for ever of Imperial Rome —

IX

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds her place,
I, from out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human race,

X

I salute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

MILTON

Alcaics

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrëan
Rings to the roar of an angel onset —
Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
Whisper in odorous heights of even.

(2) OF PATRIOTISM

"OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS"

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

O THOU, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought —
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine — The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

TO THE QUEEN

Revered, beloved — O you that hold
  A nobler office upon earth
  Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria, — since your Royal grace
  To one of less desert allows
  This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
  That yokes with empire, yield you time
  To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then — while a sweeter music wakes,
  And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
  Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes —

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
  For tho' the faults were thick as dust
  In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
  As noble till the latest day!
  May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good;

'Her court was pure; her life serene;
  God gave her peace; her land reposed;
  A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

'By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

March, 1851.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

PUBLISHED IN 1852

I

Bury the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation,
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.

O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,

Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall

Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,

And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great. —
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

(3) OF THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT

THE VISION OF SIN

I

I HAD a vision when the night was late:
A youth came riding toward a palace-gate.
He rode a horse with wings, that would have flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down.
And from the palace came a child of sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heated eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise:
A sleepy light upon their brows and lips—
As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and capes—
Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and piles of grapes.

II

Then methought I heard a mellow sound,
Gathering up from all the lower ground;
Narrowing in to where they sat assembled
Low voluptuous music winding trembled,
Wov'n in circles: they that heard it sigh'd,
Panted hand-in-hand with faces pale,
Swung themselves, and in low tones replied;
Till the fountain spouted, showering wide
Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail;
Then the music touch'd the gates and died;
Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,
Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale;

Till thronging in and in, to where they waited,
As 't were a hundred-throated nightingale,
The strong tempestuous treble throbb'd and palpitated;
Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,
Caught the sparkles, and in circles,
Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,
Flung the torrent rainbow round:
Then they started from their places,
Moved with violence, changed in hue,
Caught each other with wild grimaces,
Half-invisible to the view,
Wheeling with precipitate paces
To the melody, till they flew,
Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces,
Twisted hard in fierce embraces,
Like to Furies, like to Graces,
Dash'd together in blinding dew:
Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
The nerve-dissolving melody
Flutter'd headlong from the sky.

III

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract,
That girt the region with high cliff and lawn:
I saw that every morning, far withdrawn
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,
Unheeded: and detaching, fold by fold,
From those still heights, and, slowly drawing near,
A vapour heavy, hueless, formless, cold,
Came floating on for many a month and year,
Unheeded: and I thought I would have spoken,

And warn'd that madman ere it grew too late:
But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken,
When that cold vapour touch'd the palace gate,
And link'd again. I saw within my head
A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,
Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,
And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

IV

'Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin!
Here is custom come your way;
Take my brute, and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

'Bitter barmaid, waning fast!
See that sheets are on my bed;
What! the flower of life is past:
It is long before you wed.

'Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,
At the Dragon on the heath!
Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

'I am old, but let me drink;
Bring me spices, bring me wine;
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.

'Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,
When a blanket wraps the day,
When the rotten woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

'Sit thee down, and have no shame,
Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee:
What care I for any name?
What for order or degree?

'Let me screw thee up a peg:
Let me loose thy tongue with wine:
Callest thou that thing a leg?
Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

'Thou shalt not be saved by works:
Thou hast been a sinner too:
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

'Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

'We are men of ruin'd blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise.
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy-flies.

'Name and fame! to fly sublime
Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,
Is to be the ball of Time,
Bandied by the hands of fools.

'Friendship! — to be two in one —
Let the canting liar pack!
Well I know, when I am gone,
How she mouths behind my back.

'Virtue! — to be good and just —
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

'O! we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life
As the priest, above his book
Leering at his neighbour's wife.

'Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

'Drink, and let the parties rave:
They are fill'd with idle spleen;
Rising, falling, like a wave,
For they know not what they mean.

'He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power;
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

'Fill the can, and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

'Greet her with applausive breath,
Freedom, gaily doth she tread;
In her right a civic wreath,
In her left a human head.

'No, I love not what is new;
She is of an ancient house:
And I think we know the hue
Of that cap upon her brows.

'Let her go! her thirst she slakes
Where the bloody conduit runs,
Then her sweetest meal she makes
On the first-born of her sons.

'Drink to lofty hopes that cool—
Visions of a perfect State:
Drink we, last, the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate.

'Chant me now some wicked stave,
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

'Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;
Set thy hoary fancies free;
What is loathsome to the young
Savours well to thee and me.

'Change, reverting to the years,
When thy nerves could understand
What there is in loving tears,
And the warmth of hand in hand.

'Tell me tales of thy first love—
April hopes, the fools of chance;
Till the graves begin to move,
And the dead begin to dance.

'Fill the can, and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

'Trooping from their mouldy dens
The chap-fallen circle spreads:
Welcome, fellow-citizens,
Hollow hearts and empty heads!

'You are bones, and what of that?
Every face, however full,
Padded round with flesh and fat,
Is but modell'd on a skull.

'Death is king, and Vivat Rex!
Tread a measure on the stones,
Madam — if I know your sex,
From the fashion of your bones.

'No, I cannot praise the fire
In your eye — nor yet your lip:
All the more do I admire
Joints of cunning workmanship.

'Lo! God's likeness — the ground-plan —
Neither modell'd, glazed, nor framed:
Buss me, thou rough sketch of man,
Far too naked to be shamed!

'Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance,
While we keep a little breath!
Drink to heavy Ignorance!
Hob-and-nob with brother Death!

'Thou art mazed, the night is long,
And the longer night is near:
What! I am not all as wrong
As a bitter jest is dear.

'Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,
When the locks are crisp and curl'd;
Unto me my maudlin gall
And my mockeries of the world.

'Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Mingle madness, mingle scorn!
Dregs of life, and lees of man:
Yet we will not die forlorn.'

V

The voice grew faint: there came a further change:
Once more uprose the mystic mountain-range:
Below were men and horses pierced with worms,
And slowly quickening into lower forms;
By shards and scurf of salt, and scum of dross,
Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd with moss.
Then some one spake: 'Behold! it was a crime
Of sense avenged by sense that wore with time.'
Another said: 'The crime of sense became
The crime of malice, and is equal blame.'
And one: 'He had not wholly quench'd his power;
A little grain of conscience made him sour.'
At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?'
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

THE ANCIENT SAGE

A THOUSAND summers ere the time of Christ
From out his ancient city came a Seer
Whom one that loved, and honour'd him, and yet
Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn
From wasteful living, follow'd — in his hand
A scroll of verse — till that old man before
A cavern whence an affluent fountain pour'd
From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke.

This wealth of waters might but seem to draw
From yon dark cave, but, son, the source is higher,
Yon summit half-a-league in air — and higher,
The cloud that hides it — higher still, the heavens
Whereby the cloud was moulded, and whereout
The cloud descended. Force is from the heights.
I am wearied of our city, son, and go
To spend my one last year among the hills.
What hast thou there? Some deathsong for the Ghouls
To make their banquet relish? let me read.

"How far thro' all the bloom and brake
  That nightingale is heard!
What power but the bird's could make
  This music in the bird?
How summer-bright are yonder skies,
  And earth as fair in hue!
And yet what sign of aught that lies
  Behind the green and blue?
But man to-day is fancy's fool
  As man hath ever been.
The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule
  Were never heard or seen."

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, and wilt dive
Into the Temple-cave of thine own self,
There, brooding by the central altar, thou
May'st haply learn the Nameless hath a voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise,
As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst not know;
For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm,
The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath, within
The blue of sky and sea, the green of earth,
And in the million-millionth of a grain
Which cleft and cleft again for evermore,
And ever vanishing, never vanishes,
To me, my son, more mystic than myself,
Or even than the Nameless is to me.
And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,
Nor understandest bound nor boundlessness,
Thou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.
And if the Nameless should withdraw from all
Thy frailty counts most real, all thy world
Might vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

"And since — from when this earth began —
The Nameless never came
Among us, never spake with man,
And never named the Name" —

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one:
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no

Nor yet that thou art mortal — nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
She reels not in the storm of warring words,
She brightens at the clash of 'Yes' and 'No,'
She sees the Best that glimmers thro' the Worst,
She feels the Sun is hid but for a night,
She spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
She tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wail'd 'Mirage'!

"What Power? aught akin to Mind,
The mind in me and you?
Or power as of the Gods gone blind
Who see not what they do?"

But some in yonder city hold, my son,
That none but Gods could build this house of ours,
So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond
All work of man, yet, like all work of man,
A beauty with defect —— till That which knows,
And is not known, but felt thro' what we feel
Within ourselves is highest, shall descend
On this half-deed, and shape it at the last
According to the Highest in the Highest.

"What Power but the Years that make
And break the vase of clay,
And stir the sleeping earth, and wake
The bloom that fades away?

What rulers but the Days and Hours
That cancel weal with woe,
And wind the front of youth with flowers,
And cap our age with snow?"

The days and hours are ever glancing by,
And seem to flicker past thro' sun and shade,
Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads, or Pain;
But with the Nameless is nor Day nor Hour;
Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from thought to thought,
Break into 'Thens' and 'Whens' the Eternal Now:
This double seeming of the single world! —
My words are like the babblings in a dream
Of nightmare, when the babblings break the dream.
But thou be wise in this dream-world of ours,
Nor take thy dial for thy deity,
But make the passing shadow serve thy will.

"The years that made the stripling wise
Undo their work again,
And leave him, blind of heart and eyes,
The last and least of men;
Who clings to earth, and once would dare
Hell-heat or Arctic cold,
And now one breath of cooler air
Would loose him from his hold;
His winter chills him to the root,
He withers marrow and mind;
The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit
Is jutting thro' the rind;
The tiger spasms tear his chest,
The palsy wags his head;
The wife, the sons, who love him best
Would fain that he were dead;

The griefs by which he once was wrung
Were never worth the while" —

Who knows? or whether this earth-narrow life
Be yet but yolk, and forming in the shell?

"The shaft of scorn that once had stung
But wakes a dotard smile."

The placid gleam of sunset after storm!

"The statesman's brain that sway'd the past
Is feebler than his knees;
The passive sailor wrecks at last
In ever-silent seas;
The warrior hath forgot his arms,
The Learned all his lore;
The changing market frets or charms
The merchant's hope no more;
The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain,
And now is lost in cloud;
The plowman passes, bent with pain,
To mix with what he plow'd;
The poet whom his Age would quote
As heir of endless fame —
He knows not ev'n the book he wrote,
Not even his own name.
For man has overlived his day,
And, darkening in the light,
Scarce feels the senses break away
To mix with ancient Night."

The shell must break before the bird can fly.

"The years that when my Youth began
  Had set the lily and rose
By all my ways where'er they ran,
  Have ended mortal foes;
My rose of love for ever gone,
  My lily of truth and trust —
They made her lily and rose in one,
  And changed her into dust.
O rosetree planted in my grief,
  And growing, on her tomb,
Her dust is greening in your leaf,
  Her blood is in your bloom.
O slender lily waving there,
  And laughing back the light,
In vain you tell me 'Earth is fair'
  When all is dark as night."

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,
So dark that men cry out against the Heavens.
Who knows but that the darkness is in man?
The doors of Night may be the gates of Light;
For wert thou born or blind or deaf, and then
Suddenly heal'd, how would'st thou glory in all
The splendours and the voices of the world!
And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore
Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

"But vain the tears for darken'd years
  As laughter over wine,
And vain the laughter as the tears,
  O brother, mine or thine,

"For all that laugh, and all that weep,
And all that breathe are one
Slight ripple on the boundless deep
That moves, and all is gone."

But that one ripple on the boundless deep
Feels that the deep is boundless, and itself
For ever changing form, but evermore
One with the boundless motion of the deep.

"Yet wine and laughter friends! and set
The lamps alight, and call
For golden music, and forget
The darkness of the pall."

If utter darkness closed the day, my son ——
But earth's dark forehead flings athwart the heavens
Her shadow crown'd with stars — and yonder — out
To northward — some that never set, but pass
From sight and night to lose themselves in day.
I hate the black negation of the bier,
And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves
And higher, having climb'd one step beyond
Our village miseries, might be borne in white
To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence
With songs in praise of death, and crown'd with flowers!

"O worms and maggots of to-day
Without their hope of wings!"

But louder than thy rhyme the silent Word
Of that world-prophet in the heart of man.

"Tho' some have gleams or so they say
Of more than mortal things."

To-day? but what of yesterday? for oft
On me, when boy, there came what then I call'd,
Who knew no books and no philosophies,
In my boy-phrase 'The Passion of the Past.'
The first gray streak of earliest summer-dawn,
The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,
As if the late and early were but one —
A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower
Had murmurs 'Lost and gone and lost and gone!'
A breath, a whisper — some divine farewell —
Desolate sweetness — far and far away —
What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?
I know not and I speak of what has been.
And more, my son! for more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange not mine — and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were Sun to spark — unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

"And idle gleams will come and go,
But still the clouds remain;"

The clouds themselves are children of the Sun.

"And Night and Shadow rule below
When only Day should reign."

And Day and Night are children of the Sun,
And idle gleams to thee are light to me.

Some say, the Light was father of the Night,
And some, the Night was father of the Light,
No night no day! — I touch thy world again —
No ill no good! such counter-terms, my son,
Are border-races, holding, each its own
By endless war: but night enough is there
In yon dark city: get thee back: and since
The key to that weird casket, which for thee
But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine,
But in the hand of what is more than man,
Or in man's hand when man is more than man,
Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men,
And make thy gold thy vassal not thy king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darken'd heart;
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,
A dying echo from a falling wall;
Nor care — for Hunger hath the Evil eye —
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,
Nor drown thyself with flies in honied wine;
Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;
Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for harm,
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness;
And more — think well! Do-well will follow thought,
And in the fatal sequence of this world
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;
But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,

And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
Look higher, then — perchance — thou mayest — beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow — see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

So, farewell.

"FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL"

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains —
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but that which has power to feel 'I am I'?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision — were it not He?

WILL

I

O WELL for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

II

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,

And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

WAGES

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea —
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong —
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

I

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

II

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

III

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

IV

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

V

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious —
A great and distant city — have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

SELECTIONS FROM IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

PROLOGUE

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849.

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of Love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'

VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

XI

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XIX

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XXI

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak:
'This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, 'Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth: 'Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?

'A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, How changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXXI

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded — if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

'Where wert thou, brother, those four days?'
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII

O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

XXXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XLV

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that 'this is I:'

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'
And finds 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.'

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVII

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'

L

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LXX

I cannot see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out — to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXVIII

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?
No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
No — mixt with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXXII

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart:
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXV

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all —

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead;

And whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love;

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
'Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this:

But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

'I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.'

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?'

And lightly does the whisper fall;
''T is hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy:

And I — my harp would prelude woe —
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

XC

He tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind;

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise:

'T was well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear,
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine;

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would make
Confusion worse than death, and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me:
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinaï's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale:

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps;
I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
    Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
    A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
    And bright the friendship of thine eye;
    And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXX

I trust I have not wasted breath:
    I think we are not wholly brain,
    Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;

Not only cunning casts in clay:
    Let Science prove we are, and then
    What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs
    Hereafter, up from childhood shape
    His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things.

CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
    O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
    There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXVI

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
    But tho' I seem in star and flower
    To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
    My love is vaster passion now;
    Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
    I have thee still, and I rejoice;
    I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
    When all that seems shall suffer shock,
    Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
    A voice as unto him that hears,
    A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
    The truths that never can be proved
    Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

PREFATORY POEM TO MY BROTHER'S SONNETS

Midnight, June 30, 1879

I

Midnight — in no midsummer tune
The breakers lash the shores:
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out of doors:

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own
To that which looks like rest,
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

II

Midnight — and joyless June gone by,
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark:

But thou art silent underground,
And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.

III

And, now to these unsummer'd skies
The summer bird is still,
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries
From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee,
As all my hopes were thine —
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

VASTNESS

I

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race.

II

Raving politics, never at rest — as this poor earth's pale history runs, —
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

III

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourn'd by the Wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies;

IV

Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

V

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting the martyr aflame;
Thraldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks not to ruin a realm in her name.

VI

Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken the schools;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by her vassal legion of fools;

VII

Trade flying over a thousand seas with her spice and her vintage, her silk and her corn;
Desolate offing, sailorless harbours, famishing populace, wharves forlorn;

VIII

Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life at a close;
Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-way with her flying robe and her poison'd rose;

IX

Pain, that has crawl'd from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the curse of the light;

X

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne;

XI

Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge
to Time and to Fate;
Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laurel'd
graves of the Great;

XII

Love for the maiden, crown'd with marriage, no regrets for
aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence,
golden mean;

XIII

National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spites of the
village spire;
Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are
snapt in a moment of fire;

XIV

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the
doing it, flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out in
the love of his kind;

XV

Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, and all these
old revolutions of earth;
All new-old revolutions of Empire — change of the tide —
what is all of it worth?

XVI

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices
of prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all
that is fair?

XVII

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

XVIII

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive? —

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever: the dead are not dead but alive.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

NOTES

CLARIBEL: A MELODY (Page 3)

This little piece of verbal music was first printed in *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830), and since that time has stood on the first page of every edition of Tennyson's complete works. As originally arranged (1830–1842), it was not divided into strophes. The poem shows one of the distinctive traits of Tennyson's early art, — the delicate and almost dainty care with which his poems were finished. The sub-title explains and limits the artist's purpose. Of course the lasting beauty of the melody depends upon the truth with which it expresses the feelings of a lover listening to the voices of Nature beside the grave of his beloved.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton makes an interesting observation on the difficulty which any one not speaking English as his mother-tongue would have in appreciating "Claribel." (*The Intellectual Life*, pt. iii, ch. 3.) Its evanescent charm would be lost in translation.

The metre is an irregular iambic of three stresses, the lines arranged in two strophes which are connected by the burthen, "Where Claribel low-lieth." The first stress in l. 3, the second and third stresses in l. 13, are transposed; there is a hovering accent on the first word of l. 5 and the last word of l. 12; and there are two light syllables before the first stress in ll. 4, 6, 7, making anapæstic bars. There are three masculine rhymes (2–6–7; 3–5; 10–12–14), and four feminine rhymes (1–4–8–20–21; 9–11–13; 15–16–18; 17–19). The unstressed syllable of the feminine rhymes is the same throughout. The refrain from the first line, repeated at the close of the first and second strophes, suggests the form of a rondeau.

3 1. **Claribel**: Spenser tells the story of Claribel's death in *The Faerie Queene*, ii, 4, st. 26–29. Cf. *The Tempest*, ii, 1, 70, "The king's fair daughter Claribel."

3 5. **Thick-leaved**: This and indeed all the other compound words were printed in 1830 and 1833 as one word, without the hyphen, to which Tennyson said he had "an absurd antipathy." (*Mem.*, I, 50.)

3 11. In 1830: *At noon the bee low-hummeth.*

3 15. **Lintwhite**: linnet. A song in the volume of 1830 began —

> The lintwhite and the throstlecock
> Have voices sweet and clear.

3 16, 17. **Mavis; throstle**: two common names for the thrush. Perhaps the former is used for the song-thrush, the latter for the missel-thrush.

3 17. **Callow.** 1830–1851: *fledgling. Callow* was transferred from the original version of "Mariana in the South": "She heard the callow nestling lisp."

3 19. **Runnel**: little stream. Cf. "Mariana in the South" (1833), "Brimful meadow-runnels crisp," and "Lover's Tale," ii, 48, 100. **Crispeth**: a favorite word with Tennyson in his early poems for the description of waves. It occurs in at least eleven other instances.

SONG (Page 4)

This song of autumnal melancholy was made by Tennyson on the lawn of the Somersby rectory, and is a true and faithful picture of the garden there. See the *Mem.*, I, 3: — "Beyond the path, bounding the green sward to the south, ran in the old days a deep border of lilies and roses, backed by hollyhocks and sunflowers. Beyond that was

> 'A garden bower'd close
> With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,' etc."
>
> *Ode to Memory*, 105 ff.

Published in 1830.

The metre is slow and sad. There are two stanzas of eight lines, in a cadence that tends toward the anapæstic. The length of the lines ranges from one to four stresses. Following the stanza is a refrain-quatrain of four-stress lines, with alternate feminine rhymes. The beat falls "heavily" on the first syllable of each line of this refrain.

4 9. **Sunflower**: Cf. *In Mem.*, ci, lamenting the departure from Somersby in 1837: —

> Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
> Ray round with flames her disk of seed.

THE THROSTLE (Page 5)

For the date see *Mem.*, II, 353: — "Towards the end of this month [February 1889, when Tennyson was recovering from a severe attack of rheumatic gout] he sat in his kitchen-garden summer-house, listening attentively to the different notes of the thrush, and finishing his song of 'The Throstle' which had been begun in the same garden [at Farringford] years ago." In May a few copies were struck off in leaflet form by the Macmillans to secure copyright; on September 29 it was published in *The New York World;* it appeared in the October number of *The New Review;* finally, in December, it was given a place in *Demeter, and Other Poems.* "The Throstle" is a miracle of freshness wrought by the immortal spring in Tennyson's heart, in very spite of pain and age. (See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 294.) The "throstle" is the missel-thrush, of which Gilbert White says, "The people of Hampshire and Sussex call it the storm-cock because it sings early in the spring in blowing showery weather." (*Natural History of Selborne*, "Letters to Pennant," xxxix.)

The cadences of the bird-song are closely imitated by the rapid repetition of certain sounds. The rhythm is irregular, but prevailingly dactylic. The lines have alternately four and three stresses. The rhymes are alternate in the first and third quatrains, interwoven in the second and fourth. Many of them are feminine. L. 13 has an internal as well as a terminal rhyme.

5 13. *The New Review* has "Here again, here, here, happy year." This is probably a misprint, as the *World* version shows the three consecutive *here*'s.

FAR — FAR — AWAY (Page 5)

Written some time before August 1888, for in that month Tennyson repeated the poem "without hesitating for a moment." (*Mem.*, II, 346.) Published in the *Demeter* volume of 1889. The emotion so delicately expressed is the attraction of the distant — in landscape, in sound, in the antenatal past. (See Tennyson's remarks to Knowles, *The Nineteenth Century*, XXXIII, 170.) It is when dealing with these subtle and elusive feelings that Tennyson achieves his most characteristic lyrical triumphs; then, as Poe said in *The Poetic Principle*, "the poetical excitement which he induces is the most ethereal, — in other words,

the most elevating and the most pure." See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 297. Cf. "The Ancient Sage," 226.

The metre is the familiar heroic couplet, followed and modified by a refrain. Alliteration, open and veiled, was never more exquisitely handled.

5 5. "Distant bells always charmed him with their 'lin-lan-lone,' and, when heard over the sea or a lake, he was never tired of listening to them." (*Mem.*, II, 366.) Cf. Mistral, *Nerto*, chant v (1884):—

> 'Et balalan! et balalin!
> On entend au lointain les cloches."

The imitative words are the same in the Provençal as in this French translation.

6 8. **When a boy:** From earliest childhood, Tennyson tells us, "the words 'far, far away' had always a strange charm for him." (*Mem.*, I, 11.)

6 11. **Fair dawn,** etc.: See note on "The Ancient Sage," 216 ff. (p. 448).

"MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH" (Page 6)

Published in 1842. Mr. Stephen Gwynn (*Tennyson: A Critical Study*, p. 115) speaks of "the skill with which Tennyson used his knowledge to realize physically in our minds things that to most of us are only abstract."

The metre is iambic four-stress verse, in three quatrains, of which the first and last have interwoven rhymes, and the second has close rhymes (the *In Memoriam* stanza). The first and second quatrains are bound into one stave by a common rhyme.

6 3. **Fringes of the faded eve:** streaks of cloud in the dying light.

6 6. **Thy silver sister-world:** Venus as the morning star.

6 9. **Smoothly:** From 1842 to 1853 *lightly* was the word here; Tennyson doubtless changed it to avoid the awkward repetition of *light* in the next line.

THE SNOWDROP (Page 7)

Perhaps the "February" is that of 1889. Published in the *Demeter* volume of that year. A trifle light as air, it is buoyant with the youthfulness of Tennyson's old age.

The measure is three-stress trochaic. Ll. 3–5 and 6–7 are rhymed; the rest are unrhymed, but the first two lines are identical with the last two.

A FAREWELL (Page 7)

Published in 1842, and, if we may judge from internal evidence, written in 1837, when the Tennysons moved from Somersby to High Beech in Epping Forest. Cf. *In Mem.*, c–ciii. The stream which it celebrates took possession of Tennyson's imagination, haunted his memory, and supplied him with more poetical material than any other natural object. (Among other references may be mentioned "Ode to Memory," 58–63; *In Mem.*, lxxix, 9–10; xcv, 7; xcix, 5–8; c, 13–16; ci, 9–16; "By a Brook," in the *Mem.*, I, 55. It supplied details also for "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Brook," "Geraint and Enid, "Northern Farmer, New Style," and probably *Maud.*) Originating in the springs just above Tetford, it runs eastward below the village of Somersby, and skirts the rectory garden — a small, swift "beck" with high banks and a sandy bottom. Every variety of verdure and foliage may be found in its neighbourhood. It winds its way past many a little town, "a rivulet, then a river," draining a large district, and finally issuing into the German Ocean at Gibraltar Point, where it forms Wainfleet Haven. (Drummond Rawnsley in *Memories of the Tennysons*, pp. 186 ff.; *Mem.*, I, 3; J. C. Walters, *In Tennyson Land*, p. 72.)

The quatrain has alternating four- and three-stress iambic lines, with interwoven rhymes and an internal or Leonine rhyme in the third line. A faulty double rhyme, *ever — deliver*, etc., is a minor defect. The same rhymes are kept throughout, the fourth line of the quatrain is a constant refrain, and the third changes slightly but subtly. The whole makes a single, strong impression.

7 10. **Aspen shiver**: Cf. *Lady of Shalott*, 10, "aspens quiver," where *shiver* was the reading of 1833. It is hardly necessary to point out the singular aptness of the verb.

7 13. **Thousand**: replaced *hundred*, the 1842 reading. A hundred suns would not be long to a brook that goes on for ever.

SONGS FROM THE PRINCESS (Page 8)

The songs between the cantos of *The Princess* were added in the third edition, 1850. "Tears, idle tears," "The Swallow's Message," the "Serenade," and "A Small Sweet Idyl" appeared in the first edition, 1847. Of the intercalary songs Tennyson wrote in 1882: "I may tell you that the songs were not an afterthought. Before the first edition came out I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate divisions of the poem; again, I thought, the poem will explain

itself; but the public did not see that the child, as you say, was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness and inserted them." (Letter to S. E. Dawson, published in his *Study of the Princess*, 2d edition.) Tennyson began serious work on *The Princess* in the summer of 1845, and wrote it mostly in Lincoln's Inn Fields. (*Mem.*, I, 203, 247.) He read some of the songs to Palgrave on April 2, 1849. (*Mem.*, II, 486.)

The Little Grave (Page 8)

The theme of this song is that of the charming old English lyric by Richard Edwards (1523–1566), "Amantium Irae Amoris Redintegratio Est." See Terence, *Andria*, 555.

The metre is formed from the familiar iambic quatrain of alternating four- and three-stress verses ("common metre," derived from the Latin *Septenarius*. Gummere, *Handbook of Poetics*, p. 182). The variation consists in repeating the third line in the first and last quatrains, and knitting the song together with a single rhyme and a refrain.

8 4. Inserted in 1851.

8 6–9. Present in the third edition (1850), and thereafter suppressed until 1865. The song is better without this quatrain.

8 13. Inserted in 1851.

"*Sweet and low*" (Page 8)

Hallam Tennyson says (*Mem.*, I, 255): "Two versions of 'Sweet and low' were made, and were sent to my mother to choose which should be published. She chose the published one in preference to that which follows, because it seemed to her more song-like."

Bright is the moon on the deep,
Bright are the cliffs in her beam,
  Sleep, my little one, sleep!
Look he smiles, and opens his hands,
He sees his father in distant lands,
And kisses him there in a dream,
    Sleep, sleep.

Father is over the deep,
Father will come to thee soon,
  Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the West,
Under the silver moon,
    Sleep, sleep!

This lullaby, like "The Bugle Song," is composed of a succession of musical phrases, difficult and unprofitable to analyze. The general movement is trochaic, lightly and softly rocking; that of "The Bugle Song" is iambic, stronger and more stately.

8 6. **Dying** in 1851 replaced *dropping*.

The Bugle Song (PAGE 9)

This song is one of the most perfect specimens of Tennyson's lyrical art, and was a favourite with him for reading aloud. It was suggested by hearing the echoes of a bugle on the Lakes of Killarney, which Tennyson visited in 1842 and 1848, and is true in local colour. (*Mem.*, I, 217, 253, 292.) The theme, put in plain prose, is the reciprocal influence of love on two fond hearts, an influence which is immortal and ever-increasing, while the echoes of Nature die away. Tom Moore's "Echoes" has a similar subject.

9 1. **Castle walls**: Ross Castle on Ross Island in the Lower Lake. The most famous echo is from the Eagle's Nest in the Upper Lake. About this mountain and the neighbouring peaks (which are, of course, not literally "snowy summits") cluster innumerable tales of legendary heroes.

9 4. **Cataract**: Probably the Torc Cascade, the great tributary to the Middle Lake, is meant, though there are many smaller waterfalls.

9 9. **Scar** (or scaur): bare, isolated rock.

9 10. **The horns of Elfland**: Cf. "Guinevere," 246, 247.

The Battle (PAGE 10)

A song of courage inspired by domestic love. The metre is the ordinary ballad-verse of four stresses, with iambic rhythm and interwoven rhyme. Another version was printed in the *Selection* of 1865:—

Lady, let the rolling drums
Beat to battle where thy warrior stands:
Now thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands.

Lady, let the trumpets blow,
Clasp thy little babes about thy knee:
Now their warrior father meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

10 1, 2. Changed in 1851 from

When all among the thundering drums
Thy soldier in the battle stands,

10 8. Changed in 1851 from

Strikes him dead for them and thee!
Tara ta tantara!

"Sweet my child, I live for thee" (PAGE 10)

A song of life made worth living by the duty of motherhood. Its literary history carries us back to the Icelandic *Guðrúnar-kviða*, or *Tale of Gudrun*, which Tennyson may have seen, with an English translation, in Conybeare's *Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, pp. xliii ff. "Gudrun was nigh to death, as she sat sorrowing over Sigurd. She made no loud cry, nor wrung her hands, nor wept as other women use. The wise men came and tried to soothe her heavy heart. Nevertheless Gudrun could not weep, she was so oppressed, her heart was like to break. . . . Then spake Goldrand, Guiki's daughter: 'Thou knowest not . . . how to comfort the young wife.' She bade them uncover the king's body, and swept the sheet from off Sigurd, casting it to the ground before his wife's knees. 'Look on thy love, lay thy mouth to his lips as if thou wert clasping thy living lord.' Gudrun cast one look upon him, she saw the king's hair dripping with blood, his keen eyes dead, his breast scored by the sword. Then she fell upon the pillow, with loosened hair and reddened cheek; her tears trickled like rain-drops down to her knees." (Translation of Vigfusson and Powell, *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, I, 323 ff.)

Sir Walter Scott changed the outcome, and Tennyson follows Scott. See *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I, st. 9: —

"O'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear!
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee —
'And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!'
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek."

The metre is the same as that of the preceding song, except that the accent is trochaic, and so more intense.

Another version of the song was published in the *Selection* of 1865:—

Home they brought him slain with spears.
They brought him home at even-fall;
All alone she sits and hears
Echoes in his empty hall,
Sounding on the morrow.

The Sun peep'd in from open field,
The boy began to leap and prance,
Rode upon his father's lance,
Beat upon his father's shield,
"Oh hush, my joy, my sorrow."

10 15. **Like summer tempest:** The simile seems taken from the Gudrun story.

"*Ask me no more*" (PAGE 11)

A song of the slow yielding of reluctant love. It is written in five-stress iambic verse, arranged in quatrains with close rhyme, as in Milton's "Psalm VI." The first four words are repeated as a burthen at the close of each stanza. This refrain may have been caught from Carew's exquisite poem, "Ask me no more where Jove bestows." A slow and simple movement is imparted by the large proportion of monosyllables.

11 2, 3. This bit of description, like most of Tennyson's, was drawn with his eye on the object, as he told Palgrave. (*Mem.*, II, 486.) Cf. the imagery in Shelley's "Love's Philosophy."

11 12. Cf. Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, 772: "And all in vain you strive against the stream."

"*Tears, idle tears*" (PAGE 11)

The germ of this song is perhaps a fragment entitled "No More," written in 1826 and published in *The Gem*, 1831:—

Oh sad *No More!* Oh sweet *No More!*
Oh strange *No More!*
By a mossed brookbank on a stone
I smelt a wildweed-flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Lowburied fathomdeep beneath with thee, NO MORE!

Tennyson said to James Knowles of the poem: "It is in a way like St. Paul's 'groanings which cannot be uttered.' It was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows." (*Nineteenth Century*, January 1893.) He told his son that it expressed "the passion of the past [Cf. "The Ancient Sage," 219], the abiding in the present"; and that Charles Turner's sonnet of "Time and Twilight" [with Wordsworth's line, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," from a poem also made near Tintern Abbey] "had the same sort of mystic, *dämonisch* feeling." (*Mem.*, I, 253, II, 73.)

The lack of rhyme in this and the three following poems is hardly observed in the profusion of alliterative sounds, the modulation of vowels, and the repetition of words. This lack is further obscured by the arrangement of the lines in stanzas (except in "A Small Sweet Idyl") and by the refrain words in "Tears, idle tears" and the "Serenade." The blank-verse lyric (of which there are eight examples in Tennyson) is one of his chief contributions to the art of English poetry. Songs without rhyme had often been made before (e.g., by Sidney, Campion, Collins, Southey, Shelley, and Lamb), but Tennyson was the first successfully to adapt our "iambic licentiate" to a lyrical mood. See J. A. Symonds, *Blank Verse*, p. 68.

11 1. **Idle tears**: Cf. Virgil's "lacrimae inanes" (*Aen.*, iv, 449), and "Miller's Daughter," 211, "Eyes with idle tears are wet."

12 14. Cf. Leigh Hunt, *Hero and Leander* (1819), ii, 103–104:—

> "And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
> Began to show a square of ghastly white."

The Swallow's Message (Page 12)

The song of the northern lover to the swallow, as it speeds southward in the autumn to the home of his heart. It was first composed in rhyme. (*Mem.*, II, 74.) The stanzas have three lines each, after the model perhaps of the goatherd's serenade in Theocritus, iii. There are imitative effects in the use of extra-syllables; see ll. 2, 23, and especially 7, with its "wing-beating" rhyme and rhythm. Cf. Swinburne's "Itylus."

12 7 ff. Cf. Theocritus, iii, 12–14; xi, 54–57.

12 11, 12. Cf. Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, 1185:

> "Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest;
> My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night."

12 14, 15. The ash is very late to get into leaf. Cf. "Gardener's Daughter," 28.

Serenade (Page 13)

A garden song, expressed in a succession of images which are touched with the white and gold of moonlight. Indeed, romantic passion is almost lost in the studied beauty of words and figures.

13 7. **Danaë**: the Argive princess whom Zeus visited in the form of a golden shower.

13 10. **Furrow**: Apollonius Rhodius uses ὀλκός to describe a meteor (*Argonautica*, iv, 296), and Virgil *sulcus* in the same way (*Aen.*, ii, 697). Cf. "Love and Duty," 97, and *The Princess*, iii, 2.

A Small Sweet Idyl (Page 14)

This is imitated from the song of the Cyclops to Galatea in Theocritus, xi, especially ll. 42–49, 60–66. (See the lovely translation by Stedman in *Victorian Poets*, p. 228.) It was written during a visit to Switzerland, in August 1846, chiefly at Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. (*Mem.*, I, 252.) The theme is Love calling maidenhood from the lonely life of contemplation on the heights to the familiar and friendly life in the valley of human homes. For "simple rhythm and vowel music" Tennyson considered it "as amongst his most successful work." Though the regularity of syllable and stress is almost unbroken until l. 27, the cæsural pause is subtly varied, and so supplies harmony. The last three lines are marvels of onomatopœia. Analysis reveals that the effect of rippling water in l. 29 is due to the accumulation of short vowels, liquid consonants, and extra-syllables, and that the wood-doves' note (30) and the humming of the bees (31) are preserved in the many *m*'s and the soft *o*'s and *u*'s. (See Sidney Lanier, *The Science of English Verse*, p. 308, and Wallace's edition of *The Princess*.)

14 2. **What pleasure**: Cf. Theocritus, xi, 60–63.

14 6. **Spire**: pinnacle of rock.

14 12. **Foxlike in the vine**: Cf. *Song of Solomon*, ii, 15, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines"; or Theocritus, i, 48, 49, "Round him two she-foxes are skulking, and one goes along the vine-rows to devour the ripe grapes."

14 13. **Death**: Surely the more poetical interpretation is to refer this to the deathlike pallor of the snowy summits in the gray of early dawn, rather than to the absence of all life there. **Morning**: Cf. *Hamlet*, i, 1, 166, 167. **Silver horns**: Spelled with capitals in 1847. The Silberhorn is a spur of the Jungfrau (of which a glorious view is

obtained at Lauterbrunnen), "horn" being the regular name for an Alpine peak. As Woodberry notes, silver is the colour at the first break of light.

14 15. **Firths of ice**: glaciers. The description which follows perhaps applies best to the Lower Grindelwald Glacier with its discharge of the Lütschine.

14 16. **Furrow-cloven**: split by crevasses.

14 17. **Dusky doors**: the piled-up refuse at the foot of the glacier through which the stream emerges.

14 20, 21. **Leave the monstrous ledges**, etc.: Cf. Theocritus, xi, 43, "Leave the green sea to stretch itself to shore."

14 22. **Water-smoke**: The Staubbach ("Dust-brook") at Lauterbrunnen, for example, in its leap of 980 feet becomes a smoky veil of spray. Cf. "The Lotos-Eaters," 8.

14 23. It is unusual to describe a natural phenomenon by a moral simile. Shelley is the only modern poet who does it frequently.

14 25. **Azure pillars of the hearth**: high straight columns of blue smoke.

14 27. **Sweet**: The repetition is like Theocritus, viii, 76, 78. Cf. also, i, 1, 7.

14 29. **Rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn**: Cf. Virgil, *Geor.*, iv, 19, "tenuis fugiens per gramina rivus."

14 30. This is finer than Virgil's "Nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo." (*Ecl.*, i, 59.)

SONGS FROM OTHER POEMS

THE SONG OF THE BROOK (PAGE 15)

(From *The Brook*)

Included in the *Maud* volume of 1855. The singer of the song is a "brook of the imagination," though it bears a general family resemblance to the Somersby stream. (Church, *The Laureate's Country*, p. 17.) Tennyson may have taken his hint from Goethe's "Das Bächlein": —

> "Du Bächlein silberhell und klar,
> Du eilst vorüber immerdar,
> Am Ufer steh' ich, sinn' und sinn':
> Wo kommst du her? Wo gehst du hin?

'Ich komm' aus dunkler Felsen Schoos;
Mein Lauf geht über Blum' und Moos;
Auf meinem Spiegel schwebt so mild
Des blauen Himmels freundlich Bild'";

or from Burns's "Halloween," st. 25: —

"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes
Below the spreading hazel."

This is in the same metre as "The Song of the Brook," viz., iambic quatrains of alternating four- and three-stress lines, with interwoven rhyme, and feminine rhymes in the second and fourth lines. L. 25 has also a Leonine rhyme. "River" — "ever" is an approximate rhyme that Tennyson often uses. One quatrain is repeated (with variation in its first line), after every three or four, as a refrain. The playful lightness of the measure, brought into sharp relief by the blank verse of the Idyl, and the skilful management of the difficult double rhymes make the poem metrically noteworthy.

15 1. **Coot**: the bald coot (*Fulica atra*), a web-footed bird which dwells by the banks of lakes and streams. Cf. *In Mem.*, ci, 14.

15 4. **Bicker**: The New English Dictionary cites this line under the meaning "to make a brawling noise"; but it is better to take it as "flicker," or "flash," as in "Geraint and Enid," 449: —

She saw
Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.

As applied to streams, cf. the stanza from Burns quoted above; Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, i, st. 3 ("Glittering streamlets . . . bickered through the sunny glade"), and "Winter," 725; and the song in Scott's *Monastery*, ch. ix ("At the crook of the glen, Where bickers the burnie").

15 7. **Thorps**: hamlets. One of the early English words which Tennyson was fond of employing. Cf. Chaucer, *Clerkes Tale*, 199: "Ther stood a throp, of site delitable"; and Browning's "A Grammarian's Funeral" (1855), 29.

15 9. **Philip**: a character in the Idyl.

15 11, 12. Cf. Horace, *Ep.*, i, 2, 43: —

> "Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> Labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis aevum."

Collins compares also the Italian sundial inscription: —

> "Io vade e vengo ogni giorno
> Ma tu andrai senza ritorno."

And see Wordsworth's "The Fountain," st. 6.

15 20. **Willow-weed:** the Great Hairy Willow-herb (*Epilobium hirsutum*), a weed with large magenta flowers. Cf. *The Promise of May*, ii, 259.

16 31. **Waterbreak:** ripple; a Wordsworthian word. Cf. "The unremitting voice of nightly streams," 17, — "The tinkling knell of water-breaks"; also the sonnet "Brook! whose society the Poet seeks."

16 38. **Covers:** woodland haunts.

CRADLE-SONG (PAGE 17)

(From *Sea Dreams*)

"Sea Dreams" was written in 1858 (*Mem.*, I, 429), published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1860, and reprinted in *Enoch Arden, and Other Poems*, 1864.

This and the songs which follow belong to that light and free kind of lyrical poetry, in which it is foolish to try to apply strict metrical laws drawn from classical models. (Gummere, *Poetics*, pp. 168, 169.) What is said about them here is general and approximate. The "Cradle-Song" is in four-stress trochaic verse, with the rhyme and rhythm of the first stanza repeated in the second.

MOTHER-SONG (PAGE 18)

(From *Romney's Remorse*)

This lullaby was written by Tennyson in 1889, when he had turned eighty, partly for Hallam Tennyson's son, Lionel, born in that year. (*Mem.*, I, 371.) It was first published in *Demeter, and Other Poems* (1889). See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 296. The movement is dactylic, with four stresses to the line, stanzas rhyming in triplets, and a sort of "bob-wheel" at the end.

18 11. **White heather:** Mr. W. Gordon McCabe visited Tennyson in 1889. "After we had shaken hands, he gave me a bit of white heather in bloom, which I had noticed he was holding in his hand. 'I found today in my walk, and have brought home for you, what is not found here in the south of England once in ten years — white heather in bloom. It means good luck, and so I 'm going to give it to you.'" (*The Century Magazine*, March 1902.)

ENID'S SONG (PAGE 18)

(From *The Marriage of Geraint*)

Written in 1856. For the odd story of its origin see *Mem.*, I, 414. Published in *Idylls of the King*, 1859. Fortune's wheel has long been such familiar stock in literature that it is useless to look for a single source of suggestion. Tennyson's mood had been partially anticipated in expression by Dante (*Inf.*, xv, 92–96), by Shakespeare (3 *Henry VI*, iv, 3, 46), and by Boileau (*Épitre* v, near the end):—

> "Qu' à son gré désormais la fortune me joue;
> On me verra dormir au branle de sa roue."

This, like most of the songs in the *Idylls*, is in five-stress iambic verse, arranged in three-line stanzas. The last lines of all the stanzas rhyme together, and the last stanza repeats the rhyme of the first; thus the song is closely interlaced. It "seems intended to convey a suggestion or reminiscence of the troubadour rondels and villanelles." (Littledale, *Essays on the Idylls*, p. 131.)

18 7, 8. This is like Horatio's proud indifference to fortune. (*Hamlet*, iii, 2, 70 ff.)

18 9. The crystallized expression of Tennyson's belief in the freedom of the will. Cf. *In Mem.*, cxxxi. He speaks a little less confidently in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 277.

VIVIEN'S SONG (PAGE 19)

(From *Merlin and Vivien*)

Tennyson wrote "Merlin and Vivien," as it was ultimately called, in February and March 1856. It was published in *Idylls of the King*, 1859. This love song of the wicked heroine is a sweet and tender rhyme, and contains one of Tennyson's most quotable phrases. Vivien

says that she 'heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once.' Cf. *The Foresters*, ii, 2, 29–31:—

> To mistrust the girl you say you love
> Is to mistrust your own love for your girl!
> How should you love if you mistrust your love?

The metre is the same as that of the preceding poem save that there is a refrain word, "all."

19 12. **All in all:** This Biblical phrase (1 *Cor.*, xv, 28) becomes a characteristic of Tennyson's later diction.

ELAINE'S SONG (PAGE 19)

(From *Lancelot and Elaine*)

"Lancelot and Elaine," at first entitled "Elaine," was begun in July 1858, and published in *Idylls of the King*, 1859. Elaine makes this song when she knows that her love for the knight is hopeless, and calls it "The Song of Love and Death." The interplay of words is Shakespearean, and is justified by the depth of the emotion. The general structure is the same as in the songs of Enid and Vivien, but the repetitions and balancings within the stanzas are more frequent and skilful.

MILKING-SONG (PAGE 20)

(From *Queen Mary*)

Queen Mary was written in 1874 and 1875, and published in the latter year. The song is perfectly regular in the sense that the number of light and heavy syllables is the same in each stanza (except that one light syllable is omitted in the first line of the last stanza, being compensated by the pause after "Come"). The general rhythm is trochaic. Almost the same rhymes are held throughout; and the fourth and seventh lines form a double burthen. But the arrangement of lines and accents cannot be brought under strict rules without forcing. (Cf. ll. 3, 7.)

20 6. **Kingcups:** buttercups.

THE QUEEN'S SONG (PAGE 21)

(From *Queen Mary*)

Sung by the Queen when she learns that 'her people hate her as her husband hates her.' It is written in trochaic triplets of seven stresses to each line (except the first, which has only six), followed by a short refrain. The rhymes are feminine, and one of them is approximate.

DUET OF HENRY AND ROSAMUND (PAGE 21)

(From *Becket*)

Becket was begun in December 1876, and published in 1884. The duet is sung by the lovers in the bower at the centre of the maze which King Henry II had built to protect Rosamund. See on "A Dream of Fair Women," 251.

The metre is six-stress dactylic, but the omission of the final light syllable makes the effect very different from the ordinary "English hexameter." Note the repetition of l. 5 in l. 10, which seems to divide the song into two stanzas with a refrain.

ODE TO MEMORY (PAGE 22)

Published in the volume of 1830, with the heading "Written very Early in Life," instead of "Addressed to ——." This would suggest that the lines were already composed when *Poems by Two Brothers* came out (1827). The "Ode" was rightly thought by Tennyson to be "one of the best among his very early and peculiarly concentrated Nature-poems." (*Mem.*, I, 3.) The atmosphere is suffused with the hope and joy of youth, and familiar scenes are depicted with fidelity and tenderness. Much of the thought is evolved through intricate tropes and allegory.

The poem is an irregular ode of the type introduced by Cowley and much used by the Romantic School. The length of lines, the arrangement of rhymes, etc., are supposed to be free from all restraint save an inner law of rhythmic emotion. As a whole, the changes here seem arbitrary and fantastic, rather than justified by well-defined lyrical impulses. See Coleridge's strictures on Tennyson as a metrist. (*Table Talk*, April 24, 1833.) The cadence is generally iambic, and the number of stresses to the line ranges from two to six. As l. 41 has no rhyme, it is perhaps to be read as a single line with the succeeding one, having in all eight stresses. Three lines, twice repeated, form as it were a refrain. There are five approximate rhymes: 2–3, 19–20, 21–23, 58–60, 109–110; one lame rhyme, 35–38–39, one assonant rhyme, 105–106, and one echo-rhyme, 98–100.

22 14. **Dew-impearled**: Collins compares Drayton, *Idea*, Sonnet liii: "Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers."

22 20. **Black earth**: stock Homeric phrase. (See e.g., *Il.* ii, 699.)

23 24 ff. First impressions are the deepest and the last to fade.

23 32. **Cope**: arched heaven.

23 33. **Half-attain'd futurity**: perhaps, the future towards which the boy has come part way.

23 35. **Stars which tremble**: Cf. "On a Mourner," 28, "trembling stars."

23 38. **She**: "infant Hope" (l. 30).

23 39. **Eyes**: the "stars" of l. 35. "Eyes *so*" and "heaven's *s*pheres" furnish the remarkable instance of two hisses in close vicinity.

23 40–42. Refer to the survival in childhood of memories of a preëxistence. With slight changes they occur also in "Timbuctoo," 212–215.

24 56. The elms are still there, but the short-lived poplars have altogether disappeared. (Napier, *Homes and Haunts of Tennyson*, p. 14.) Note the precision of number as characteristic of the pre-Raphaelite method of the æsthetic school.

24 58. **The brook**: the Somersby beck. See note on "A Farewell."

24 59. **Ribbed sand**: Cf. Wordsworth's phrase contributed to "The Ancient Mariner," pt. iv, "the ribbed sea-sand."

24 66. **Thick-fleeced**: Homeric epithet. (*Il.* iii, 197.) **Wattled**: formed of interwoven twigs or branches. Cf. Milton, "Comus," 344, "The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes."

24 67. **Wolds**: the chalk hills, which occupy the central part of the Lindsey division of Lincolnshire, running north-north-west from Spilsby to Barton, with a length of about fifty miles and an average breadth of seven or eight. Somersby is situated not far from the south-eastern extremity of the Wold country. (A. J. Church, *The Laureate's Country*, pp. 4, 7, 8.)

24 68. **Waken'd** replaced *wakéd* in 1842.

24 70. **Amber**: See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 322.

25 96. **Pike**: the road from Somersby to the sea. See Napier, p. 85.

25 97–104. A description of the coast of the German Ocean at Mablethorpe. The cottage (l. 100), where the Tennysons spent the summer holidays, and which is still pointed out to visitors, is reached by a little bridge (l. 102), and lies close under the sea-bank. The sand-hills or dunes stretch northward to the Humber from Gibraltar Point, and by a narrow ridge ward off the sea from the rich marsh-land. "I used to stand on this sand-built ridge," Tennyson said, "and think that it was the spine-bone of the world." (*Mem.*, I, 20.) Cf., for other descriptions of this coast scenery, "Palace of Art," 249–252; "Locksley Hall," 5, 6; "Last Tournament," 461–466; and the "Lines" contributed to *The Manchester Atheneum Album*, 1850.

25 102. **Frequent:** in derivative sense of "crowded" or "often frequented." (Lat. *frequens*.)

25 103. In 1830: *Emblems or glimpses of eternity.*

25 105. **A garden:** the Somersby garden. See on "A spirit haunts the year's last hours."

25 106. **Plaited** (1842). *Pleached* (1830).

26 117. **And those** was substituted in 1842 for *The few*, a little change which indicates Tennyson's broadening humanity.

26 118. **Myriad-minded:** See Coleridge's note to *Literaria Biographia*, ch. xv: — "ἀνὴρ μυριόνους, a phrase which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a Patriarch of Constantinople. I might have said, that I have reclaimed rather than borrowed it: for it seems to belong to Shakespeare *de jure singulari, et ex privilegio naturae*."

26 119. **You** replaced *thee*, the reading of 1830 and 1842.

26 120. **Were how much:** altered in 1850 from *Methinks were.*

THE BEGGAR MAID (Page 26)

Published in 1842. Founded on the old ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," in Percy's *Reliques*, I, ii, 4. Cophetua was "a princely wight" of "Affrica"; the name of the beggar maid was Penelophon. Shakespeare alludes to the story in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 2, 114, iv, 1, 66; *Richard II*, v, 3, 80; *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 1, 14; 2 *Henry IV*, v, 3, 106.

The poem is in iambic four-stress verse. Each stanza is composed of two quatrains (the first with interwoven, the second with alternate rhyme) knit together by a continuous rhyme. The fifth line has an internal rhyme.

26 9. Cf. "Godiva," 45, "Looking like a summer moon Half-dipt in cloud."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (Page 27)

First printed in 1830. It, too, is an Ode to Memory, — the memory that enveloped in a golden mist the great romance among the books of childhood. Tennyson's recollections seem to have centred particularly on the following passages:

(1) From the *Story of Noureddin and the Fair Persian* (at the end of the Two Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Night): "They rambled a

considerable time along by the gardens that bordered on the Tigris, and keeping close to one of them that was inclosed with a very fine long wall at the end of it, they turned into a street well paved, where they perceived a garden-door, and a charming fountain near it. The door, which was very magnificent, happened to be shut, but the porch was open; in which there was a sofa on each side. . . . The garden belonged to the caliph: and in the middle of it there was a pavilion. . . . The stately hall within this pavilion was lighted by fourscore windows, with a lustre in each. . . . They made a glorious illumination, and could be seen at a great distance in the country on that side, and by a great part of the city. . . . Noureddin and the Fair Persian . . . stood awhile to admire [the pavilion's] wonderful structure, size, and loftiness; and after taking a full view of it on every side, they went up a great many steps of fine white marble, to the hall-door. . . . Besides lustres that were fixed to every window, there was between each bar a silver arm with a wax candle in it. . . . The caliph had seated himself upon a throne that was in the hall. . . . Scheich Ibrahim saw the caliph upon his throne, with the grand vizier and Mesrour on each side of him. He stood awhile gazing upon this unexpected sight, doubting whether he was awake or asleep. The caliph fell alaughing at his astonishment."

(2) From the *History of Aboulhassen Ali Ebn Becar*, etc. (One Hundred and Eighty-Sixth Night): "The walks were of little pebbles of different colours. . . . The prospect round was, at the end of the walks, terminated by two canals of clear water; and curious pots of gilt brass, with flowers and shrubs, were set upon the banks of the canal at equal distances. These walks lay betwixt great plots of ground planted with straight and bushy trees, where a thousand birds formed a melodious concert."

We feel here the underlying influence of Spenser, Milton's Early Poems, and Keats, especially in the choice of archaic and compound words. When set over against the restraint of Tennyson's later work, the description seems too exuberant, the colours too dazzling.

But there can be no doubt about the rich melody of the verse, which is here largely the result of twenty-four double words, borrowed or invented. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 63. The poem is written in four-stress iambic, the English metre most liable to monotony. Variety is secured by the introduction of extra-syllables (as in l. 1), by the omission of the first light syllable (in l. 78), by the frequent transposition of the stress at the beginning of the line (as in 35), by an interwoven syntax which runs-on the sense from one line to the next, and

by a rhyme-plan which differs with each new stanza. There are eight lines to the stanza, followed by a slightly variable refrain of three lines. This refrain ("by the recurrence of which as a sort of mysterious influence," said Hallam, "the mind is wrought up with consummate art to the final disclosure") consists of a couplet with a constant rhyme, followed by a three-stressed unrhymed line with feminine ending. A novel effect, not realized until the second reading, comes from the removal of the first line of the refrain into the body of the opening stanza. There are eight approximate rhymes: 23–27, 34–35, 45–47, 50–52, 67–73, 89–90, 102–106, 135–136.

27 10. **Golden prime:** A phrase of Shakespeare's, *Richard III*, i, 2, 248; used also by Shelley, "Epipsychidion," 192. Prime is the first part of anything, whether it be the day, the year, or life.

27 12. **Anight:** at night. Cf. Chaucer, *House of Fame*, 42: "To make folk to dreme a-nyght."

27 13. **Bloomed:** full of blossoms. "All in the bloomèd May" was the refrain in Tennyson's "The lintwhite and the throstlecock" (1830). The word is unusual. Cf. Dunbar, *Golden Targe*, 55: "Hard on burd unto the blomyt medis . . . Arrivit sche." **Drove:** apparently in the unique sense of "drove through" or "over."

28 29. **Braided blooms** took the place in 1842 of "breaded blosms," two Spenserian spellings which looked offensively archaic. (*Faerie Queene*, ii, 2, st. 15; and iv, 8, st. 2.) Tennyson wrote "blosm-white silk" in "Dualisms," and "the blosmy brere" in "The lintwhite and the throstlecock," poems of 1830.

28 47. **Rivage:** bank. Cf. *Faerie Queene*, iv, 6, st. 20.

28 48. **Rillets:** tiny streams. Cf. Keats, *Endymion*, ii, 945.

28 58. **Engrain'd:** Cf. Spenser, *Shepheardes Calender*, Februarie, 131, "With Leaves engrained in lusty greene," which it was thought necessary to explain in the "glosse" as "dyed in grain."

29 68. **Coverture:** Cf. Spenser, *Shepheardes Calender*, Julye, 26.

29 70. **Bulbul:** the Persian nightingale, ever singing to his love the rose; made familiar in English poetry by Sir William Jones, Byron, and Tom Moore. Cf. *Princess*, iv, 104.

29 78. **Black the** (1842). In 1830: *Blackgreen.* Changed at the instance of Hallam, who said in his review in *The Englishman's Magazine* (August 1831): "We doubt the propriety of using the bold compound 'black-green,' at least in such close vicinity to 'gold-green.'"

29 82. **Gold-green:** Cf. Keats, *Endymion*, iii, 878: "A gold-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head."

29 84. **Counterchanged**: chequered. Cf. *In Mem.*, lxxxix, 1, "Witch-elms that counterchange the floor," and "Merlin and Vivien," 464.

29 86. **Of dark and bright** in 1842 replaced *Of saffron light.*

30 90. **Inlaid** was substituted in 1842 for *unrayed;* another change due to Hallam's friendly criticism.

30 100. **Drawn** in 1842 replaced *borne*, for the rhyme's sake.

30 101. **Pleasance**: pleasure; often found in this sense in Spenser, as, e.g., "Epithalamion," 90.

30 103. **Stilly sound**: Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry V*, iv, Prologue, l. 5, "The hum of either army stilly sounds."

30 105. **Tamarisks**: a shrub of western Asia, which bears clouds of pink flowers in late summer.

30 106. **Rosaries**: rose-gardens, from L. L. *rosarium*. Hallam thought this "an entirely unauthorised use of the word," but cf. Machin, *Dumb Knight*, iv, 1:

> "Is there a Hercules that dare to touch
> Or enter the Hesperian rosaries?"

30 117. **Broad-based**: a characteristic compound of Tennyson. Used also in "Egypt," 16 (in *Poems by Two Brothers*), "Supposed Confessions," 128, "A Fragment," 10, "To the Queen," 35.

31 123. **Quin'tessence**: so accented in "The Day Dream," 236, and "Aylmer's Field," 388; but on the second syllable in "Palace of Art," 187. With Milton also the accent is not fixed. (Contrast *Par. Lost*, iii, 716, and vii, 244.) Shakespeare accents the first syllable.

31 125. **Twisted** (1842): *wreathéd* (1830). **Silvers**: The plural is perhaps an invention of Tennyson. He used it also in the sonnet, "The pallid thunderstricken sigh for gain" (1830).

31 127. **Mooned**: surmounted with the crescent.

31 138. **Redolent**: For the use of this word without a qualifying phrase, cf. Fabyan, *Chron.* I, ccxxxviii: —

> "In this grave full derke nowe is her bowre,
> That by her lyfe was sweete and redolent."

31 140. **Beneath** (1842) avoided the rhyme made by *below* (1830) with "Flow-ing."

31 148. **Diaper'd**: diversified with the same figure often repeated. Cf. Spenser, "Epithalamion," 51.

THE DAISY (Page 32)

This poem, written in the summer of 1853 and published in the *Maud* volume of 1855, is the record of a journey taken by Tennyson and his wife in 1851, the year after their marriage. On July 15th they left England for Boulogne. (See *Mem.*, I, 340, 364.) An excellent commentary on the poem is supplied by a letter from Mrs. Tennyson to Mrs. Coventry Patmore, dated Nov. 3, 1851 (*Memoirs and Correspondence* of Coventry Patmore, by Basil Champneys, II, 306): — "We arrived home last Wednesday evening, after having seen and enjoyed much. . . . We were stationary for so short a time, except at the Bagni di Lucca and at Florence, that there was little chance of writing. . . . We went by the Rhone and the Riviera, taking the usual road, except that we did not go so far as Marseilles, but crossed from Aix to Fréjus, and a pleasant drive it was a great part of the way. I looked for the first time on the stone pines, and smelt their delicious odour, and we gathered our first wild myrtle in the course of it. The olives were more beautiful than I expected: they, with their soft gray and with their violet shades, had an inexpressible charm, growing down close into the blue sea. The palm trees too sometimes added a little to the scene when in favourable situations, standing for instance against the sky on a projecting rock, or overtopping the olives and lemons. . . . [From the Bagni] we went to Pisa: . . . thence to Florence, an enchanting city. Thence to Bologna and the Lombard cities: continual rain all our way: still we continued to visit and admire the old Lombard cities, the Churches especially. I have got to think no Church inside perfect without a dome: no Church indeed I think quite perfect without its five aisles and arches reaching near the roof, and no triforium nor clerestory, but all the three tiers of windows seen one above another, and the windows of the dome above these: such is Milan Cathedral. Perfect it seems to me in the conception of its internal parts, imperfect in those of the outside. . . . From Milan we went to the Lake of Como: very beautiful: then to Chiavenna on our way over the Splugen; also very beautiful, with an imperial kind of beauty. We came home by Zurich and the Rhine; went out of our way to Heidelberg and afterwards to Antwerp; but I will say no more except that my husband looks thin and is not, I fear, the better for his journey, though not so much the worse that he does not talk of Rome and Naples next year."

The poem is noteworthy for the grace and colour of its descriptive touches, and for its versification. The dainty metre is in four-stress

iambic quatrains, of which the first, second, and fourth lines rhyme, and the third line is left unrhymed. The stanza gains individuality also from the feminine ending of the third line, and the extra light syllable in the third bar of the last line. The effect of all this is to give a playful dance to the end of the stanza. For a variation on the same metre, see "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice." Mr. Gwynn's supposition (*Tennyson*, p. 218) that the suggestion came from Fitzgerald's famous Persian quatrain (which has the same rhyme-order) is a little unfortunate, because *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* was not begun until 1857. The true explanation comes from Tennyson himself (who thought this among the best of the many metres he invented). He called it "a far-off echo of the Horatian Alcaic." (See, e.g., *Odes*, i, 9; and Tennyson's Alcaics, "Milton.") In the Alcaic we find the light ending to the third line, and the triple measure in the fourth. There are two echo-rhymes (41–42; 50–52, where it is quite effective) and one approximate rhyme (101–102–104).

32 5. **Turbìa**: a little village, two miles northwest of Monaco, which takes its name from a remarkable mass of solid ruin, — all that is left of the "Trophaea Augusti," erected by the Senate to commemorate the subjugation of the Ligurian tribes.

32 6. **Mountain road**: the "Corniche." There is a play on the name in l. 19. See *Mem.*, II, 46.

32 13. **Campanili**: the tall detached bell-towers of Italy.

32 14. Sketched from Nature by Tennyson during a tour in Cornwall, June 8, 1848. (*Mem.*, I, 275.) Collins compares Southey, *Madoc in Wales*, xiii, "Llewelyn": —

> "One glowing green expanse,
> Save where along the bending line of shore
> Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
> Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
> Embathed in emerald glory."

32 23. **Cogoletto**: c. 15 miles west of Genoa; one of the towns which claim to be the birthplace of Columbus, and which have erected a monument in his honour. The reputed house of his father Domenico is still pointed out.

33 31. **Olive-hoary**: See on "Palace of Art," 80.

33 36. **Up** replaced *off*, the reading of 1855.

33 37. **That hall**: Palgrave, who probably consulted Tennyson, says that this is the hall in the Palazzo Ducale at Genoa. See Murray's

Handbook of Northern Italy (1852): — "The hall also contains statues of the great men of Genoa. These were destroyed by the French in 1797; and upon the fête given to Napoleon as the restorer of the liberties of Italy, their places were supplied by statues of straw and wicker-work coated with plaster of Paris, with draperies of calico, which still continue in the room."

33 43. **Cascinè**: the park of Florence, a fashionable rendezvous in the afternoon, particularly for driving.

33 44. **Boboli's ducal bowers**: the Boboli garden in the rear of the Pitti Palace, since 1550 the residence of the reigning sovereign of Florence (long a duchy), and now of the King of Italy when he comes to the city.

33 46. **Duomo**: the Cathedral of Florence.

33 50, 51. To the traveller from Florence these cities are in the following order: Reggio, Parma, Piacenza, Lodi.

34 55, 56. This description would apply to the duomos of Parma and Piacenza, and to many other Lombard churches.

34 57 ff. The Cathedral at Milan is the largest church in Europe, after St. Peter's and the Cathedral of Seville. The three vast stained-glass windows in the choir are said to be, without exception, the largest in the world. The roof, marble like the rest of the edifice, is decorated with ninety-eight turrets, and the exterior with some two thousand statues. From the roof one gains a magnificent view of the Alps, especially of Monte Rosa, lying to the northwest.

34 75. **Rustic**: because in the *Georgics* (ii, 159): —

> "Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxime, teque,
> Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino?"

The Latin name of Lake Como was Lacus Larius; hence the name of the steamboat.

34 79. **That fair port**: Varenna, on the eastern shore, surrounded by cypress gardens. See Lund, *Como and the Italian Lake-Land*, p. 91: — "There is a tradition that after her patriotic labours Theudelinda sought rest, and at last ended her days in the old castle which crowns the hill above Varenna" [the Torre di Vezio]. Theodolind (d. 628) was the beautiful daughter of Garibald, duke of Bavaria, and married first Anthari, king of the Lombards, and, upon his death, Agilulf, duke of Turin.

35 84. **Agavè**: the American aloe, or century-plant, introduced from Mexico into Europe in 1561.

35 86. **Splugen:** German, Splügen; one of the passes over the Alps, not far from the northern end of Lake Como. Its summit is 6945 feet high.

35 92. **Across.** 1855: *beyond.*

35 93. **So dear a life:** i.e., Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson, born Aug. 11, 1852.

EARLY SPRING (Page 36)

This vernal melody was first published in *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, Dec. 13, 1883, and was included in *Tiresias, and Other Poems*, 1885. The theme is the renewal of the earth by the Spirit of Life, and the Poet's sympathetic reawakening to Memory and Hope and Fancy and Song. The poem should be compared with Wordsworth's lines "Written in March, while resting on the Bridge at the Foot of Brother's Water."

The metre is really an iambic verse of five stresses, rhymed in triplets, but by arranging each triplet into a six-line stanza, with three accents in ll. 1, 3, 5, and two accents in ll. 2, 4, 6, and by introducing a rhyme between the third and fifth lines, a peculiar and charming air of lightness and simplicity is given to the verse. It

> Rings little bells of change
> From word to word.

The unity of the lyric is rounded out by echoing, in the last stanza, the rhymes and in large part the words of the first.

36 9. **A Jacob's ladder:** "a meteoric appearance resembling broad beams of light from heaven to earth. A somewhat similar phenomenon may be seen when the sun shines through the chink or hole of a closed shutter." (Brewer, *Reader's Handbook.*) Cf. *Gen.*, xxviii, 12.

36 17. **Stars:** Longfellow says of Carové, in "Flowers":—

> "He called the flowers, so blue and golden,
> Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine."

36 19. **With.** In 1883: *in.*

37 30. Cf. "St. Agnes' Eve," 11, and *Princess*, v, 188–189.

37 34. **Some.** In 1883: *a.* **Fell:** moorland ridge.

37 38. **Thou twinkling bird:** Canon Ainger (note *ad loc.* in *Tennyson for the Young*) suggests that the sedge-warbler is meant, but from the context it would seem that the "chuckled note" is the blackbird's.

THE DYING SWAN (Page 38)

Published in 1830. Christopher North could find nothing good to say of the poem, though he had heard it praised by his friend Hartley Coleridge. With the exception of ll. 11–13, the scenery is that of "Lincolnshire under its least cheerful aspect, when the east wind prevails." (Drummond Rawnsley, in *Memoirs of the Tennysons*, p. 195.) The picture, as usual in Tennyson, takes its tone and colour from the prevailing emotion. The myth that the swan sings just before its death has been a poetical commonplace since classic times. See Plato, *Phaedo*, 84 E, and Sir Thomas Browne, *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. iii, ch. 27. Tennyson alludes to it also in "Morte d'Arthur," 266 ff., and the original version of "The Lady of Shalott" (p. 367).

The metre is that irregular rhymed verse of varying length and stress, but generally iambic, which Cowley made popular in England under the misleading name of the Pindaric Ode. The use of triple (or anapæstic) measure in 25–42 gives a musical freedom to the rhythm. The rhymes are intricately interlaced, except at the beginning and the end, where groups of three lines make full and prolonged chords. There are four approximate rhymes. As originally printed there were but two strophes. The strange and stately rhythm of the verse was brought out by Tennyson as he read it aloud, chanting the irregular lines and prolonging the rhymes of the last stanza with "hollow oes and aes."

38 7. **And.** From 1830 till 1848: *Which.*

38 10. **Took:** seized or smote.

38 16. **Was** replaced in 1842 *sung*, and added to the alliteration on *w*, which extends through several lines.

38 18. **Marish:** an obsolete form of "marsh," used by Spenser (*F. Q.*, v, 10, st. 23). Cf. "Mariana," 40, and "On a Mourner," 10.

38 21. **Took:** captivated, charmed. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4, 119, and "Comus," 256, "Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul."

39 26. **Coronach:** a lamentation for the dead. (Gaelic, *corranach.*)

39 32. **Shawms:** Tennyson probably uses the word as equivalent to "cornet" or "horn," as in the Prayer Book version of *Psalm* xcviii.

39 33. **Tumult of their acclaim:** Cf. *In Mem.*, lxxv, 20.

39 39. **Horns:** projections and indentations. Cf. "horned flood" in *Paradise Lost*, xi, 831, and *In Mem.*, lxxxvi, 7.

THE EAGLE (Page 39)

First printed in the seventh edition of the *Poems*, 1851. It is a fragment, and yet a complete picture. "The wrinkled sea" perfectly describes the ocean as seen from a great height.

The metre is a regular iambic four-stressed verse rhymed in tercets. Observe the value of the transposed accent in ll. 2 and 3. Tennyson used the same metre in "The Two Voices," and Mrs. Browning in "A Vision of Poets."

39 1. **Crooked.** In 1851: *hooked;* the earlier word was more precise and picturesque.

THE OAK (Page 40)

This and "Far — Far — Away" were Tennyson's favourite poems in the *Demeter* collection of 1889. He thought it might be called "clean cut like a Greek epigram." (*Mem.*, II, 366.) The young leaves of the oak in spring are of a reddish gold colour and shining; in the autumn they are dull gold. When they fall, the peculiarly massive setting of the boughs is apparent. The short and simple words of the poem suit the subject; they are all monosyllables except six. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 294.

The metre is a regular two-stress verse; but it may be read either as a trochaic with the last bar incomplete, or as an iambic with first unstressed syllable omitted. The measure is as perfect as one of Herrick's; it is to be found in Pope's "To Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-Mountain" (Globe Ed., p. 491), with the lines rhymed in couplets.

THE SEA-FAIRIES (Page 40)

Published in 1830, but, being ridiculed, suppressed until 1853, when it reappeared with extensive alterations. It is notable as the first of the classical studies, a preliminary experiment in the field of "The Lotos-Eaters." The source of suggestion was *Odyssey*, xii, 166–193: "Meanwhile our good ship came to the island of the Sirens twain, for a gentle breeze sped her on her way. . . . But when the ship was within the sound of a man's shout from the land, we fleeing swiftly on our way, the Sirens espied the swift ship speeding toward them, and they raised their clear-toned song: 'Hither, come hither, renowned Odysseus, . . . here stay thy barque, that thou mayest listen to the

voice of us twain. For none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship, till he hath heard from our lips the voice sweet as the honeycomb, and hath had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser.' . . . So spake they uttering a sweet voice, and my heart was fain to listen." (Translation of Butcher and Lang.)

Tennyson's first blank verse is in "Timbuctoo" (1829); it is unmistakably Miltonic. In the introduction to "The Sea-Fairies" and "The Mystic" (1830), a new blank verse made itself heard, simpler in diction, less majestic, more fluent. Considerable mastery of technique is already manifest. There is a sharp contrast between the open vowels of the first line and the rapid run of the second. The metre of the song is generally anapæstic, merry with the multitudinous laughter of the sea. It owes its unity partly to Tennyson's device of reiterating words and phrases, partly to the rhyme on "lea" which recurs throughout. The closer the rhymes come together, the quicker is the movement. There is but one approximate rhyme, 32–34.

40 2. **Betwixt.** In 1830: *Between*, which rhymed with "green." After this line originally stood

White limbs unrobéd in a chrystal air.

41 24. **Bight:** from O.E. *būgan*, to bend; and so any bending, especially of a rope; when applied to the coast line, it means either a corner of a bay, or a shallow and slightly receding bay. "In bight and bay" occurs also in "The Voyage of Maeldune," 53.

41 27. **The rainbow lives in the curve of the sand:** "There is in Tennyson's 'Sea-Fairies' a passage — a rather ambiguous one — which would seem to allude to one of the loveliest of all visions, which may sometimes be seen in a small lake, or in a slowly-moving stream like the Ouse, and even sometimes on the smooth sands of the East coast, when they are covered with a thin surface of sea-water — a reflected rainbow." (Theodore Watts in *The Nineteenth Century*, May 1893.)

41 39. **Ridged sea:** The phrase is Shakespeare's: — "Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea." (*King Lear*, iv, 6, 71.) The ridge of a wave is an image which recurs frequently in Tennyson — ten or twelve times, at least. It is also in Charles Tennyson Turner's sonnet "The Ocean."

The 1830 version of the song is as follows: —

Whither away, whither away, whither away? Fly no more:
Whither away wi' the singing sail? whither away wi' the oar?
Whither away from the high green field and the happy blossoming shore?

Weary mariners, hither away,
One and all, one and all,
Weary mariners come and play;
We will sing to you all the day;
Furl the sail and the foam will fall
From the prow! One and all
Furl the sail! drop the oar!
Leap ashore!
Know danger and trouble and toil no more.
Whither away wi' the sail and the oar?

Drop the oar,
Leap ashore,
Fly no more!
Whither away wi' the sail? whither away wi' the oar?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the cloverhill swells
High over the fulltoned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free:
From the green seabanks the rose downtrails
To the happy brimméd sea.
Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words.
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and revelry;
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridgéd sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore
Weary mariners! all the world o'er;
Oh! fly no more!
Hearken ye, hearken ye, sorrow shall darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil no more;
Whither away?
Drop the oar;
Hither away,
Leap ashore;
Oh fly no more — no more.
Whither away, whither away, whither away with the sail and the oar?

The changes consist mainly in abbreviation and concentration, in the enriching of a thin and trivial melody, and in the introduction of the fine lines about the rainbow. Moreover, there is in 1853 less insistence on the weariness of the mariners, a theme which meanwhile had been developed in "The Lotos-Eaters."

THE LOTOS-EATERS (PAGE 42)

Published in 1833. It is referred to in a letter, written by Charles Merivale to W. H. Thompson before the middle of 1832, as one of the MSS. passed around the Apostolic brotherhood at Cambridge. (*Mem.*, I, 86.) The time of "The Lotos-Eaters" is afternoon; the scene is the seashore; and the landscape is invented to harmonize with the feeling of lassitude and the desire of repose. In this last respect comparison should be made with Spenser's description of the House of Morpheus (*Faerie Queene*, i, 1, st. 39–41) and the Idle Lake (ii, 6, st. 11–25), and with Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, i, st. 2–6. The germ of the poem is the following passage from Homer: "But on the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotos-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now when we had tasted meat and drink I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotos-eaters, and so it was that the lotos-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotos to taste. Now whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, had no more wish to bring tidings nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotos-eating men, ever feeding on the lotos, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them in the hollow barques." (*Od.* ix, 83 ff. Translation of Butcher and Lang.)

The first part of this poem is written in the Spenserian stanza, which consists of a ballad-stave of eight five-stress iambic lines with an Alexandrine added to it and rhyming with the last verse. This is the measure of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, Byron's *Childe Harold*, Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," and Shelley's *Adonais*. On Tennyson's use of it, see H. Corson, *Primer of English Verse*, p. 132. The overflow in ll. 8, 19, 20, 21, 22; the management of the pauses in 9; and

the throbbing rhythm of 36, are noteworthy. The Choric Song is in an irregular metre, in which the sound matches the sense. Observe how ll. 53–56 are successively prolonged from three to six stresses, giving the impression of languor. All the stanzas except iii and viii end with the full sweep of the Alexandrine. The prevailing movement is iambic, and the change in ll. 150 ff. to a distinct trochaic cadence with long verses rhymed in triplets has "a highly artistic effect, that of throwing the bulk of the poem as it were into a remote distance." (Aubrey de Vere in *Mem.*, I, 504.) The song closes with a return to the slower iambic measure in 172–173. There are four approximate rhymes: 70–71, 93–95–96, 108–109, 131–132; and two assonant rhymes: 80–81, 97–98. In l. 74 there is an internal rhyme.

42 1. **The land:** Located by Herodotus (iv, 177) on the north coast of Africa, and placed by Kiepert south of Carthage in modern Tunis.

42 7. **Full-faced above the valley stood the moon:** In 1833 the reading was: — *Above the valley burned the golden moon.* The adjective "golden" conflicted with l. 38, which indicates a time when the moon would be of palest silver. "Full-faced" was transferred from "The Hesperides," st. iv (suppressed in 1842).

42 8. **Downward:** Used as an adjective by Milton. ("Il Pen.," 43.) **Smoke:** Cf. Ovid, *Met.*, i, 567 ff., and Lamartine, prose version of "Le Lac": "Les cascades descendaient dans les ravins *comme des fumées d'eau.*"

42 11. **Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn:** See Tennyson's letter to S. E. Dawson (*A Study of the Princess*, 2d ed., 1884; reprinted in *Mem.*, I, 259): "When I was about twenty or twenty-one I went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying among these mountains before a waterfall [in the Cirque de Gavarnie] that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words. When I printed this, a critic informed me that 'lawn' was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added, 'Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre but to Nature herself for his suggestions.' And I *had* gone to Nature herself. I think it is a moot point whether, if I had known how that effect was produced on the stage, I should have ventured to publish the line."

42 14. **River** replaced in 1842 *river's*, and so avoided the hissing conjunction of two *s*'s, which Tennyson particularly disliked. A correction like this he called "kicking the geese out of the boat." (See *Mem.*, II, 14.)

42 16. **Three silent pinnacles of aged snow** (1842). The 1833 reading was: —

Three thundercloven thrones of oldest snow.

Thunder was out of place in lotos-land.

42 19. **Adown**: a Spenserian word, much affected by Tennyson in his early poetry.

42 23. **Galingale**: the κύπειρος of Theocritus, v, 45, xiii, 35. Palgrave (note *ad loc.*) defines it as the *Cyperus longus*, a kind of sedge, the word being used here for the Papyrus species. Cf. Spenser, "Muiopotmos," 194.

42 28. **Branches they bore of that enchanted stem**: This is not the water-lily of Egypt, but a low shrub with a reddish fruit about the size of an olive, tasting like the date. (Herodotus, iv, 177.)

43 34. **His voice was thin**: Cf. Theocritus, xiii, 59, ἀραιὰ φωνά, which Virgil translated into "vocem exiguam" (*Aen.*, vi, 492), and Ovid adapted into "exiguo murmure" (*Fasti*, v, 458).

43 38. **Between the sun and moon**: The full moon had risen while the setting sun was still above the horizon. Tennyson had often seen this phenomenon on the low dunes of the Lincolnshire coast, said to be the only place in England where it can be well observed. (Drummond Rawnsley in *Memories of the Tennysons*, p. 192; Cuthbert Bede, quoting the Bishop of Ely, *N. and Q.*, 5th S., XII, Oct. 18, 1879.) It is often seen in America. Cf. "Eleänore," 124.

43 42. **Fields**: So Virgil, *Aen.*, vi, 724, "campos liquentis"; and viii, 695, "arva Neptunia."

43 44. **Our island home**: Ithaca, the "little isle" of l. 124.

43 51. **Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes**: The scansion of this line has been superfluously discussed. The key is found in the edition of 1842, which reads, "Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes." But perceiving that stupidly exact persons, in order to make the line perfectly iambic, would persist in reading "tired" as an ugly dissyllable, "ti-red," Tennyson struck out the *e* and returned to the original reading "tir'd." The word has a long drawling sound which corresponds to the sense. The lengthened quantity makes up for the missing syllable. Cf. Moschus, i, 3, 4, and Virgil, *Ecl.*, v, 45.

44 66. **Slumber's holy balm**: Cf. *Macbeth*, ii, 2, 36.

44 82. **Hath no toil**: Cf. *Matt.*, vi, 28.

45 84, 85. **Hateful**, etc.: Cf. Virgil, *Aen.*, iv, 451: "taedet caeli convexa tueri."

45 86, 87. **Cf. Bion, v, 11–15.**

45 95. **Climbing:** Cf. *Othello*, ii, 1, 189, and, with the passage that follows, Moschus, v, 4–13.

45 102. **Amber light:** Milton's phrase, "L'Al.," 61.

45 108, 109. **Lend our hearts,** etc.: Tennyson borrowed this from his sonnet, "Check every outflash, every ruder sally," published in *The Englishman's Magazine*, October 1831:

> Give up wholly
> Thy spirit to mild-minded melancholy.

45 111. **Those** (1842). In 1833: *the.*

45 111–113. The beauty of sorrow has seldom been so beautifully expressed as in these three lines. L. 113 is a fine development of Horace's "pulvis et umbra sumus." (*Odes*, iv, 7, 16.)

46 114–132. This stanza was added in 1842. It lends a new sense of human interest to the poem.

46 120–123. Probably suggested by *Od.*, i, 325 ff.

46 131. **By:** substituted in 1863 for *with* (1842).

46 132. **Pilot-stars:** Odysseus steers in *Od.*, v, 270–277, with his eye upon the Great Bear, the Pleiades, and Boötes. Cf. Milton, "Comus," 341.

46 133. In 1833: *Or, propt on lavish beds of amaranth and moly.* **Amaranth and moly:** classical flowers, used by Milton (*Par. Lost*, iii, 352, "Comus," 636). Amaranth means in Greek "unfading"; it was applied by Pliny to a purple flower which could be revived indefinitely if dipped in water. (*Nat. Hist.*, xxi, 23.) Cf. "Romney's Remorse," 106. For moly see *Od.*, x, 305, "It was black at the root, but the flower was like to milk. Moly the gods call it, but it is hard for mortal men to dig; howbeit with the gods all things are possible."

46 135. **Eyelid.** From 1833 to 1851 *eyelids.* See above on 14.

47 141. **Watch:** Before 1851: *hear.*

47 142. **Acanthus:** bear's breech, or brank-ursine, mentioned by Virgil (*Aen.*, i, 649) and Milton (*Par. Lost*, iv, 696).

47 145. **Barren** replaced *flowery* in 1851.

47 150. **We have had enough of action, and of motion we,** etc.

> We have had enough of motion,
> Weariness and wild alarm,
> Tossing on the tossing ocean,
> Where the tuskèd seahorse walloweth
> In a stripe of grassgreen calm,

At noon tide beneath the lea;
And the monstrous narwhale swalloweth
His foamfountains in the sea.
Long enough the winedark wave our weary bark did carry.
This is lovelier and sweeter,
Men of Ithaca, this is meeter,
In a hollow rosy vale to tarry,
Like a dreamy Lotos-eater, a delirious Lotos-eater!
We will eat the Lotos, sweet
As the yellow honeycomb,
In the valley some, and some
On the ancient heights divine;
And no more roam,
On the loud hoar foam,
To the melancholy home
At the limit of the brine,
The little isle of Ithaca, beneath the day's decline.
We'll lift no more the shattered oar,
No more unfurl the straining sail;
With the blissful Lotoseaters pale
We will abide in the golden vale
Of the Lotos-land, till the Lotos fail;
We will not wander more.
Hark! how sweet the horned ewes bleat
On the solitary steeps,
And the merry lizard leaps,
And the foamwhite waters pour;
And the dark pine weeps,
And the lithe vine creeps,
And the heavy melon sleeps
On the level of the shore:
Oh! islanders of Ithaca, we will not wander more.
Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the ocean, and rowing with the oar.
Oh! islanders of Ithaca, we will return no more.

These lines closed the poem in 1833, and excited the ridicule of Lockhart. A comparison with the present version, adopted in 1842, shows the nature and extent of Tennyson's growth during these "ten years of silence." The earlier version is more realistic in manner; details like "the tuskèd seahorse," "a stripe of grassgreen calm," "the yellow honeycomb," "the horned ewes," "the merry lizard," "the lithe vine," "the foamwhite waters," were painted out-of-doors *en plein air*. But the landscape of the later version is "composed" and coloured by the

poet's fancy. The rhythm is more perfect, less eccentric, and closer fitted to the meaning. The style is more condensed and expressive; the same effect is produced with fewer strokes. Compare l. 154 with the twenty-five lines of description in the first edition. The impression of luxurious forgetfulness is quite as well conveyed by the single phrase "In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined." But the great gain is in the depth and breadth of the poet's human sympathy, that feeling for the brotherhood of man which Tennyson for the first time clearly voiced in his poems of 1842. This is revealed here by the insertion of the significant comparison of the indolent, self-indulgent life of the Lotos-eaters to the existence of the idle, egotistic gods of Lucretius. Compare the lines on "the younger kindlier Gods" (129 ff.) in "Demeter and Persephone."

47 156. **For they lie beside their nectar,** etc.: This passage (as also "Lucretius," 104–110) is expanded from Lucretius, *De Rer. Nat.*, iii, 18–24. Parallels are suggested with Lucian, *Icaromenippus*, ch. xxv to end, and Goethe, *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, iv, 5, 55 ff., "Sie aber, sie bleiben," etc.

48 170. **Asphodel:** a plant of the lily kind, made an immortal flower by the poets, and said by Homer to cover the Elysian meads. (*Od.*, xi, 539.) Cf. "Demeter and Persephone," last line, and Milton, *Par. Lost*, ix, 1040. In English the word has been transformed into daffodil.

ISABEL (Page 48)

Printed in 1830. The title of this poem, like that of the next, may have been suggested by *Measure for Measure*, whose heroine Isabella is Shakespeare's supreme type of chastity. It is the least musical and the most stately of the portraits of women which appeared in *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* and the *Poems* of 1833 ("Lilian," "Isabel," "Madeline," "Adeline," "Eleänore," "Rosalind," "Margaret," and "Kate"). See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 323. The original of the portrait was Tennyson's mother, Elizabeth Fytche (1781–1865), whom Edward Fitzgerald called "one of the most innocent and tender-hearted ladies I ever saw," and of whom Charles Tennyson Turner said, "All there is of good and kind in any of us came from her tender heart." She is further described in *The Princess*, vii, 298–312, and in Charles Tennyson Turner's "My Mother."

The metre is five-stress iambic, rhyming irregularly. The occurrence of long vowels where short ones would naturally be expected makes the movement meditatively slow and in some cases difficult.

48 1–5. Cf. Shelley, *Revolt of Islam* (Dedication, st. xi): —

> "And, through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
> A lamp of vestal fire burning internally."

48 5. **Dispread**: spread out. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.*, iv, 7, st. 40.

48 6. **Madonna-wise**: i.e., with hair parted in the middle, and smoothed over the brow, as in the Sistine Madonna.

48 8. **Summer calm**: This is contrasted with "Madeline," 2, "No tranced summer calm is thine."

48 12. **Lowlihead**: humility. Perhaps Tennyson invented the word.

49 13. **Intuitive decision**: Tennyson wrote in 1833: — "My mother . . . is one of the most angelic natures on God's earth, always doing good as it were by a sort of intuition." (*Mem.*, I, 101.)

49 16, 17. Cf. 2 *Cor.*, iii, 3, "not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart"; *Prov.*, iii, 3; and Shakespeare, *Sonnet* cxxii, 1, 2: —

> "Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
> Full character'd with lasting memory."

The phrase is, however, as old as Aeschylus. (*Prometheus Bound*, 789: *ἦν ἐγγράφου σὺ μνήμοσιν δέλτοις φρενῶν*, — "This do thou engrave on the mindful tablets of thine heart." Cf. *Eumenides*, 275.)

49 16. **Marriage** (1842): *Wifehood* (1830), changed perhaps because it had been used already in l. 12, perhaps because it was less simple.

49 17. **Blanched** replaced in 1842 *blenchéd*, which carried a connotation of fear.

49 40. **Charity**: love; as in the Authorized Version of 1 *Cor.*, xiii. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 250.

MARIANA (Page 50)

This poem was first printed in 1830. The subject is taken from Shakespeare's suggestion, in *Measure for Measure*, of a lady to whom the villain Angelo had been betrothed, but whom he had deserted, and who still waited for him at her lonely house in the country. (See iii, 1, 216–281; iv, 1, 1–9.) Tennyson transferred the scene to Lincolnshire, without locating it in any particular house. (Cf. *Mem.*, I, 4: "The Moated Grange is an imaginary house in the fen; I never so much as dreamed of Baumber's farm as the abode of Mariana.") In the volume of 1833 he published another variation on the same theme, called "Mariana in the South," in which the local colour is taken from the country between Narbonne and Perpignan. Both of these pieces belong to the

order of Landscape-poetry: the objects described are natural and in their proper places; but they are seen through the medium of a human emotion, which heightens the effect of loneliness and monotony. (*The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 67.) In the precise and delicate truth with which the details of the background are brought out, they are distinctly pre-Raphaelite, though written twenty years before the publication of *The Germ*.

The poem is in regular iambic verse of four stresses, a metre modelled on the French rhyming couplet of eight syllables. (R. M. Alden, *English Verse*, pp. 160 ff.) The stanza is composed of two quatrains (the first with interwoven, the second with close, rhyme), and a burthen of four lines in common metre (four stresses to the first and third, and three stresses to the second and fourth). There is an extra syllable, for imitative effect, in l. 50. Observe the subtle changes in the burthen, especially in the last stanza.

50 4. **That held the pear to the gable-wall**: The reading of 1830 was, *That held the peach to the gardenwall*. Bayard Taylor in 1877 quoted the poet as saying to a fellow-author (perhaps Taylor himself, who visited Farringford in 1857) that this was not characteristic of the scenery he had in mind, but that he could not change it because it had been published so long. (*International Review*, IV, 402.) Yet *pear* came in 1863, and *gable-wall* in 1872.

50 8. **Grange**: a large, isolated farm-house.

50 13, 14. Cf. the fragment of Helvius Cinna's *Smyrna*, quoted by Servius on *Georgics*, i, 288: —

> "Te matutinus flentem conspexit Eous,
> Et flentem paullo vidit post Hesperus idem."

50 15. **The sweet heaven**: Shakespeare's expression. (*Hamlet*, iii, 3, 45.) Cf. "Pelleas and Ettarre," 500.

50 18. **Trance**: charm with a spell of silence.

50 20. Cf. "A Fragment" (1831): "Looking athwart the burning flats."

50 25. From *Measure for Measure*, iv, 1, 35: "Upon the heavy middle of the night." Cf. Sappho, fragment 52: —

> δέδυκε μὲν ἀ σελάννα
> καὶ Πληίαδες, μέσαι δὲ
> νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὤρα,
> ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω. —

50 26. **She heard the night-fowl crow:** This is perhaps the cry of the water-fowl flying over in the night. The crowing of the cock is mentioned in the next line.

51 31. **Gray-eyed morn:** Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 3, 1: "The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night." Also, iii, 5, 19; Milton, "Lyc.," 26; and Tourneur, *The Atheist's Tragedy*, i, 3, "The gray-eyed morning."

51 40. **Marish-mosses:** Cf. note on "The Dying Swan," 18.

51 41. **A poplar:** not the Lombardy poplar, but the white poplar (*Populus alba*), the leaves of which are silvery on the under-side and in constant motion. Cf. *In Mem.*, lxxii, 3: "blasts that blow the poplar white"; and Cowper, *The Task*, i, 310:—

"And poplar that with silver lines his leaf."

51 43. **Mark:** *Dark* was the reading until 1845.

51 54. **Wild winds bound within their cell:** See Virgil, *Aen.*, i, 52–54.

52 62 ff. Cf. "Guinevere," 69 ff.

52 63. **In** took the place in 1851 of *i'*. The line had been ridiculed by Bulwer-Lytton in *The New Timon* (1845). This change indicates Tennyson's habit of removing apparent affectations and awkward elisions from his early work. Contrast, in this respect, Browning's habit.

52 64. Cf. *Maud*, I, vi, 70, "the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse."

52 78. **Thick-moted sunbeam:** Cf. Chaucer, "Wyf of Bathes Tale," 868, "As thikke as motes in the sonne beem"; and Milton, "Il Pen.," 7, 8.

52 80. In 1830: *Downsloped was westering in his bower.* Cf. "Lycidas," 31:—

"The star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel."

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN (Page 53)

Printed in 1833, and repeatedly revised in successive editions. It is alluded to toward the end of 1831 by Hallam, who thought that it "should be published soon, for it would establish the poet at once in general reputation." (*Mem.*, I, 82.) The inspiration came avowedly from Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, in which Love and Alcestis appear

to the poet in a dream and, in punishment for the despite he had done to ladies in *The Romaunt of the Rose* and *Troilus and Criseyde*, lay this command upon him: —

> "Thou shalt, whyl that thou livest, yeer by yere,
> The moste party of thy lyve spende
> In making of a glorious Legende
> Of Gode Wemen, maidenes and wyves,
> That were trewe in lovinge al hir lyves;
> And telle of false men that hem bitrayen."

Whereupon awaking the poet immediately applies himself to tell the stories of Cleopatra, Thisbe, Dido, Hypsipyle, Medea, Lucretia, Ariadne, Philomela, Phyllis, and Hypermnestra. A similar poem, which preserves the framework of a vision, is Petrarch's *Trionfo d'Amore*. Tennyson's innovation is the dramatic manner in which he presents the legends, by allowing the characters to reveal themselves in speech.

The poem is written in iambic quatrains with interwoven rhyme. The first three lines have five stresses each, and the fourth has three stresses. It is therefore one of those "broken staves" which came into fashion in English poetry during the latter half of the sixteenth century (Guest's *History of English Rhythms*, ed. W. W. Skeat, p. 573), and in which relief from the monotony of stanzas with equal lines is obtained by reducing the number of accents in one or more of the lines, usually the last. In "A Dream of Fair Women" the regularity of the rhythm is varied also by the overflow from one stanza to another in eighteen instances. There are fourteen approximate rhymes (18–20, 46–48, 65–67, 117–119, 133–135, 138–140, 150–152, 194–196, 206–208, 209–211, 214–216, 221–223, 253–255, 262–264), two echo rhymes (245–247, 274–276), one lame rhyme (22–24) and one assonant rhyme (125–127), out of 144. A fine effect is occasionally brought about by transposing the stress in the third bar, as, e.g., in l. 21.

The "Dream" was originally introduced by the following stanzas: —

> As when a man, that sails in a balloon,
> Downlooking sees the solid shining ground
> Stream from beneath him in the broad blue noon, —
> Tilth, hamlet, mead and mound:
>
> And takes his flags and waves them to the mob,
> That shouts below, all faces turned to where
> Glows rubylike the far-up crimson globe,
> Filled with a finer air:

So, lifted high, the Poet at his will
Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all,
Higher thro' secret splendours mounting still,
Selfpoised, nor fears to fall,

Hearing apart the echoes of his fame.
While I spoke thus, the seedsman, memory,
Sowed my deepfurrowed thought with many a name,
Whose glory will not die.

Fitzgerald thought these lines in Tennyson's "best style: no fretful epithet, nor a word too much." (*Letters*, Dec. 7, 1832.) But as he himself pointed out, "they make a perfect poem by themselves without affecting the 'dream.'" And besides being irrelevant, they are strangely prosaic; an inflated balloon would make a poor substitute for Pegasus.

53 3. **The morning-star of song**: Cf. Denham, "On Mr. Abraham Cowley: his Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets," 1, 2: —

"Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far."

And see Hallam's *Remains*, p. 133.

53 5. **Dan**: master, OF abbreviation of Latin *dominus*. In *Becket*, John of Salisbury is called Dan John. Spenser first applied it to Chaucer. (*F. Q.*, iv, 2, st. 32.) "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled." Cf. vii, 7, st. 9.

53 16. After this in 1833 came these two stanzas: —

In every land I thought that, more or less,
The stronger sterner nature overbore
The softer, uncontrolled by gentleness
And selfish evermore:

And whether there were any means whereby
In some far aftertime, the gentler mind
Might reassume its just and full degree
Of rule among mankind.

They are interesting as an early approach to the theme of *The Princess*, but they, too, delayed the progress of the poem.

53 18. **The hollow dark**: From *Paradise Lost*, ii, 953.

53 23. **Pass'd** (1842) replaced *screamed* (1833). The poet's art had become more restrained.

54 27. **Tortoise**: in Roman warfare, the covering made by a close body of soldiers, who interlocked their shields above their heads; Latin, *testudo*. So Dryden, *Aeneid*, ii, 601.

54 33–36: See Dickens's letter in Forster's *Life*, Aug. 7, 1842: "I have been reading Tennyson all this morning on the seashore. . . . Who else could conjure up such a close to the extraordinary and, as Landor would say, 'most wonderful' series of pictures in the 'Dream of Fair Women' as

Squadrons and squares, etc.?"

54 43, 44. Cf. the Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*, 43–45.

55 54. **An old wood**: "the image of the past," as Palgrave says, like Dante's "selva oscura." (*Inf.*, i, 2.) **Fresh-wash'd in coolest dew**: Milton, "L' Al.," 22, "Fresh-blown roses washed in dew."

55 56. **Shook**: Cf. "Of old sat Freedom," 3, and *In Mem.*, Epilogue, 31, "The star that shook."

55 67. **Gross darkness**: *Isaiah*, lx, 2.

55 69–70. **Growths — arms**: The 1833 reading was: —

Clasping jasmine turned
Its twinèd arms.

The change (1842) makes the line more musical and less redundant.

55 71. **Lush**: luxuriant. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, ii, 1, 52.

55 76. **Lawn**: glade, or open place in a forest, as in *Paradise Lost*, iv, 252.

55 77–80. Cf. the "Song" in the 1833 volume: —

Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth and buried time?
The cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

The pansy affected Wordsworth in this way. ("Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," 55.)

56 84. **End of time**: See *Rev.* x, 6.

56 85. **A lady**: Helen, wife of Menelaus, beguiled away by Paris, son of Priam; the cause of the Trojan War.

56 87. **Divinely tall**: Cf. l. 102. To the Greek, stature was the invariable accompaniment of beauty, and a mark of the Olympian deities. See Aristotle, *Nic. Eth.*, iv, 3, § 2: "Beauty exists only with good stature; for little persons may be pretty and well proportioned, but cannot be beautiful." Cf. *Rhetoric*, i, 5, 6; *Homeric Hymn to Apollo*, 198; *Odyssey*, xiii, 289, *et passim*; Xenophon, *Cyropaedia*, v, 1, 5. In "The Mystic" (1830) Tennyson had called the hours "Daughters of time, divinely tall."

56 97, 98. Cf. *Iliad*, iii, 156–158; and Marlowe, *Faustus*, sc. xvii, 31–32 (Temple Edition): —

> "No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued
> With ten years' war the rape of such a queen."

These are all admirable instances of "description by effect."

56 101. **She**: Iphigenia. Artemis, offended at Agamemnon for killing a sacred hind, took revenge by becalming the Greek fleet which had gathered at Aulis, on the Bœotian coast, to sail against Troy. Calchas the seer declared that the goddess could be appeased only by the sacrifice of the king's daughter, Iphigenia. The heroes present at the sacrifice thought that she was actually killed, and the incident is so described by Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 183–248, and Lucretius, i, 84–100. Tennyson seems to have had these authors in mind, at least in his first version of the passage. But the Greek legend also tells us that at the moment of sacrifice, Artemis substituted a hind for the maiden, and carried her off in a cloud to the land of the Tauri. See Euripides, *Iphigenia at Aulis*, *passim*, esp. 1544–1589. **Averse**: like Dido, in the *Aeneid* (iv, 362; vi, 469).

56 104. For Iphigenia's hatred of Helen, see Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, 356.

56 106. Until 1884 the line read, *Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears*. **Iron years**: Alluding to the grimness of the "Iron Age." Cf. Dryden, *Virgil's Pastorals*, ix, 16, "these hard iron times."

56 107. Cf. Euripides, *Iphigenia at Aulis*, 1547–1550: "But when king Agamemnon saw the maiden on her way to the grove to be sacrificed, he gave one groan, and, turning away his face, let the tears burst from his eyes, as he held his robe before them." There was a famous painting of the scene by Timanthes, to which Cicero refers in his *Orator*, 79. The incident is alluded to in *Becket*, iii, 3, 84.

57 113–116. Until 1853 these lines read: —

> The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
> The temples and the people and the shore.
> One drew a sharp knife thro' my tender throat
> Slowly, — and nothing more.

Lockhart said of this: "What touching simplicity — what pathetic resignation — he cut my throat — '*nothing more!*' One might indeed ask, 'what more she would have?'" The emendation is one of Tennyson's best. The ridiculous suggestion is removed, the story is told so as not to contradict flatly the legend that Iphigenia was saved,

and the brilliant metonymy of "the bright death," and the failing consciousness implied in the change from the first to the third person reveal a master-hand. With "the bright death" compare the Latin use of *mors* for "deadly weapon." (Silius Italicus, ix, 368, 9, "per pectora saevas Exceptat mortes"; Statius, *Thebaid*, vi, 792, "mille caret lapsas circum cava tempora mortes"; Lucan, vii, 517.)

57 118–120. Cf. *Iliad*, iii, 173, 174. Gladstone makes Helen a type of almost Christian repentance. (*Juventus Mundi*, p. 508.)

57 126. **One:** Cleopatra, about whom Tennyson as a boy had written some verses in *Poems by Two Brothers*. Thomas Love Peacock (*Gryll Grange*, ch. xxiii) found fault with the description in l. 127, on the ground that it fitted "the Queen of Bambo," and not a pure Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. But why should the line mean more than that Cleopatra was a brunette? (Cf. l. 158.) Or, if more is meant, then Shakespeare is responsible for her appearance as well as her character. (*Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 5, 28: "me That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black.")

57 128. **Brow-bound:** So Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, ii, 2, 102.

57 130. **Change:** Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 2, 240, 241.

57 132–134. Cf. *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Rowley, Dekker, and Ford, ii, 2.

> "You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
> To make it ebb or flow into my face,
> As your looks change."

58 139. **Cæsar:** not Julius, whom she did tame, but Octavius.

58 141–156. In place of these four stanzas the editions of 1833 and 1842 have: —

> "By him great Pompey dwarfs and suffers pain,
> A mortal man before immortal Mars;
> The glories of great Julius lapse and wane,
> And shrink from suns to stars.
>
> "That man, of all the men I ever knew,
> Most touched my fancy. O! what days and nights
> We had in Egypt, ever reaping new
> Harvest of ripe delights,
>
> "Realmdraining revels! Life was one long feast.
> What wit! what words! what sweet words, only made
> Less sweet by the kiss that broke 'em, liking best
> To be so richly stayed!

"What dainty strifes, when fresh from war's alarms,
My Hercules, my gallant Antony,
My mailèd captain leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die!

"And in those arms he died: I heard my name
Sigh'd forth with life: then I shook off all fear:
Oh what a little snake stole Cæsar's fame!
What else was left? look here!"

(With that she tore her robe, etc.

Ll. 141–144 were introduced in 1843; ll. 145–148 in 1845, reading in 1843:—

What nights we had in Egypt! I could hit
His humours while I crossed them: O the life
I led him, and the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife.

Ll. 149–153 came in 1843; ll. 154, 155 in 1845, the 1843 version being—

Sigh'd forth with life I had no further fear,
O what a little worm stole Cæsar's fame!

The way in which Tennyson wrote and rewrote this passage affords excellent opportunity for the study of his poetical and critical methods. The result of all the polishing is to make the art seem too premeditated, but this is compensated by the increased passion and concentration, the local truth imparted by such words as "Nilus," "Libyan Sun," and "Canopus," the subtle suggestion of character in "Bacchus," etc.

58 141. **Rode sublime**: from Milton, *Par. Lost*, vi, 771, or Gray, "Progress of Poesy," 95.

58 145, 146. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 4, 5; ii, 2, 182; ii, 5, 21.

58 146. **Canopus**: Alpha Argo, a star of the southern hemisphere, only half a magnitude fainter than Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. Pliny notes that it is conspicuous at Alexandria. (*Nat. Hist.*, ii, 71.) Cf. Manilius, *Astronomica*, i, 216, 217 ("Nusquam invenies fulgere Canopum Donec Niliacas per pontum veneris oras"), and Lucan viii, 181.

58 150. **Hercules**: Antony claimed to be descended from Hercules, and imitated him in his dress. See Plutarch, *Life of Antonius*, 4, and cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 3, 84; iv, 12, 44.

58 151, 152. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 8, 13–16; iv, 15, 18–21, 38–40. **Bacchus**: Plutarch says (*Ant.*, 25, 60) that he was called "the new Bacchus" because he followed the god in his ways.

58 155. **The other**: Octavius.

58 161 ff. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i, 37, 31.

59 165. **Voice, a lyre**: See Plutarch, *Ant.*, 27, "Her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her."

59 166. **Struck**: In 1833 and 1842: *Touched.*

59 177. **Undazzled**: recovered from its dazed condition; a verb of Tennyson's coinage.

59 178. **Some one**: Jephtha's daughter, for whose story (*Judges*, xi, 26–40) Tennyson had a predilection. (*The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 257.) Cf. "Aylmer's Field," 280, and "The Flight," 26; also, Byron's "Jephtha's Daughter."

59 179. **Crested bird**: So also Ovid of the cock, "cristatus ales." (*Fasti*, i, 455.)

60 211. **Threefold cord**: Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, iv, 12.

60 213 ff. In *Judges*, xi, 38, Jephtha's daughter retires to the mountains with her companions to bewail her virginity, for it was a shame to the Hebrew woman if she died without a man-child. See *Genesis*, xxx, 23; *Luke*, i, 25.

61 222. **From**: 1833–1851: *in.*

61 225. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, i, 34, 5, 6:—

> "Diespiter
> Igni corusco nubila dividens."

Tennyson uses the same expression of a sound in *Maud*, i, 1, 16.

61 226. **The everlasting hills**: Cf. *Genesis*, xlix, 26.

61 238. **Hip and thigh**: Cf. *Judges*, xv, 8.

61 243. **Thridding**: threading. Cf. *Princess*, iv, 242; *In Mem.*, xcvii, 21. **Boskage**: thicket. Spelled "boscage" in "Sir John Oldcastle," 122.

62 251. **Rosamond**: the mistress of Henry II. See the Ballad (1611) in Percy's *Reliques*, and Tennyson's romantic drama, *Becket*. Her story is thus told in the *Chronicle* of John Stow (1580): "Rosamund the fayre daughter of Walter, lord Clifford, . . . (poisoned by queen Eleanor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A.D. 1176] where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like a knot in a garden, called a Maze; but it was commonly said that lastly

the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after."

62 259. **Fulvia**: Antony's first wife and the object of Cleopatra's fierce jealousy (*Antony and Cleopatra*, i, scs. 1, 2, 3) is substituted by her for Eleanor of Aquitaine, the wife of Rosamond's royal lover.

62 263. **The captain of my dreams**: Venus, the morning star. "The goddess of love and beauty may well enough be called the *captain* — the leader or inspirer — of the poet's dream of fair women." (Rolfe, confirmed by Tennyson.)

62 266, 267. In 1833: —

> Ere I saw her, that in her latest trance
> Clasped her dead father's heart, or Joan of Arc.

Her: Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, and one of the most learned and delightful ladies of her age. When her father was executed (1535), his head was displayed on London Bridge. Stapleton (1588) says that it was privately purchased by Margaret within a month of its exposure, and preserved in spices till her death in 1544, when it was buried with her in Chelsea Church. Modern historians question the truth of this. See *The Life of Blessed Thomas More*, by Father T. E. Bridgett, pp. 435 ff.

62 269. **Her**: Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I of England. The story here alluded to is now generally discredited, though defended by Sir Edward Creasy. (*History of England*, I, 378.) It is first noticed, as a mere report, by Ptolomæus Lucensis (d. 1327?) in his Ecclesiastical History, and is told by the Spaniard Sanctius (d. 1470?) in a commentary on Roderigo Toletus. At the siege of Acre (1272) Edward was stabbed in the arm by a secret agent of the Old Man of the Mountains. The wound began to mortify, and it was feared that the dagger had been poisoned. The foreign historians above mentioned say that Eleanor immediately applied her lips to the spot and sucked the blood until the surgeons were ready. The English chroniclers, on the contrary, assert that it was necessary to carry her from the room, so wild did she become at the crisis. See Camden's *Remains*, Strickland's *English Queens*, and *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Sir Walter Scott adapted the incident to the plot of *The Talisman* (ch. xxi).

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE (Page 63)

Published in 1842, but partly if not wholly written in 1830. (*Mem.*, II, 122.) Some verses were handed about at Cambridge, says Edward Fitzgerald. (*Mem.*, I, 59.) The incident which forms the theme of this fragment is the one referred to so often in the *Idylls*, Lancelot's escort of Guinevere to her wedding with King Arthur. (See "The Coming of Arthur," 446–451, "Balin and Balan," 264–268, "Merlin and Vivien," 134, "Guinevere," 377–397.) This is an innovation of Tennyson's, for, in Malory, iii, 1, Merlin is the envoy. It would seem that the poet had intended to tell the whole tragedy of Guinevere, as he did that of Elaine in "The Lady of Shalott," but found the story too long and intricate for a ballad. For the scenery and costume, cf. Malory, xviii, 25, *How true love is likened to summer*, and xix, 1, *How Queen Guenever rode a-Maying with certain knights of the Round Table and clad all in green;* also, in the *Idylls*, "Merlin and Vivien," 85–95, and "Guinevere," 21–23.

The metre is iambic four-stressed. The stress is frequently transposed at the beginning of the line. The last line of the stanza has but three stresses; it rhymes with the fifth line; the first four lines rhyme together, and the sixth, seventh, and eighth. Notice the variations from this form in "The Lady of Shalott." In l. 34, "warblings" is trisyllabic, according to a practice not uncommon in Shakespeare. (Cf. "tacklings," in 3 *Henry VI*, v, 4, 18.)

63 8. **Elm-tree** (1853). 1842–1851: *linden.* The English elm is a more towering tree than the linden.

63 10. **The linnet piped his song:** Cf. *In Mem.*, xxi, 24.

64 20. **Launcelot:** Elsewhere in Tennyson "Lancelot," though "Launcelot" occurred in the original print of "The Lady of Shalott," and three times in *Enid and Nimuë* (1857). See Jones, *Growth of the Idylls*, p. 63.

64 30. **In mosses mixt** (1853). 1842–1850: *On mosses thick.* 1851: *In mosses thick.* The revised phrase is truer: the violets were interspersed.

64 31. **Pastern:** the part of the foot between the fetlock-joint and the coronet of the hoof.

64 32. **And fleeter now** (1853). 1842–1851: *And now more fleet.*

64 33 ff. This is either a reminiscence of Carlyle, or else Carlyle and Tennyson had a common source. Cf. *Essay on Goethe's Helena*

(1828): — "Sorry are we that we cannot follow him through these fine warblings and trippings on the light fantastic toe: to our ears there is a quick, pure, small-toned music in them, as perhaps of elfin-bells when the Queen of Faery rides by moonlight."

THE LADY OF SHALOTT (Page 65)

This poem is mentioned in the *Memoir*, I, 82, and apparently belongs to 1831. It was published in 1833, and practically rewritten for the reprint of 1842. The story of Lancelot and Elaine (cf. the Idyll of that name, and Malory, xviii, 9–20) is here treated lyrically and mystically. According to Palgrave, the source was "an Italian romance upon the Donna di Scalotta, in which Camelot, unlike the Celtic tradition, was placed near the sea." This romance may be safely identified with novella lxxxi of the famous *Cento Novelle Antiche* (Gualteruzzi's edition), 'Quì conta come la Damigella di Scalot morì per amore di Lancialotto de Lac,' which fulfils the condition of the situation of Camelot, mentions the Lady's crown and girdle (as in the first version), and speaks of the barons and knights running out of the palace and standing mute with astonishment at the strange vessel. (See *Modern Language Notes*, December 1902.) This story was referred to as the 'Lady of Scalot' in Dunlop's *History of Fiction* (1814), ch. vii, and was translated by Thomas Roscoe in his *Italian Novelists* (1825), I, pp. 45, 46. Tennyson may possibly have seen Roscoe's translation. Some suggestions surely came from Spenser. The key to the allegory, says Hallam Tennyson (*Mem.*, I, 116), is in ll. 69–72. The poet gave the following interpretation to Canon Ainger: "The new-born love for something, for some one in the wide world from which she has been so long secluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities." See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 323. Almost every characteristic of the pre-Raphaelite poetry is here foreshadowed.

The metre is a variation on that of "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," effected by making the rhyme-words of the fifth and ninth lines constant in all the stanzas, with a pause after the fifth. See Schipper, *Englische Metrik*, II, 598. The short syllable before the first stress is frequently omitted, e.g., in ll. 7, 19, 20, 21, 39, etc. In some verses the movement is distinctly changed to the trochaic, e.g., 10–17, 28–36, 144–148. Echo rhymes: 105–107, 145–148. False rhyme: 105–106.

65 3. **Wold**: down, or open tract of rolling land.

65 5. **Camelot**: the legendary capital of Arthur's kingdom, sometimes identified with Queen-Camel in Somerset. See introductory note.

65 6–9. In 1833 these lines read: —

> The yellowleavèd waterlily,
> The greensheathèd daffodilly,
> Tremble in the water chilly,
> Round about Shalott.

The daffodil is not a water plant.

65 9. **Shalott**: apparently Tennyson's softening of the Italian form of Astolat. Escalot is the French form. (See the *Prose Lancelot*, pt. iv.) According to Malory (xviii, 8) it is the modern Guildford in Surrey, though Rhŷs thinks it was Alclut, the old Welsh name for the rock of Dumbarton in the Clyde. (*The Arthurian Legend*, p. 393.)

65 10–12. In 1833: —

> — aspens shiver.
> The sunbeam-showers break and quiver
> In the stream that runneth ever, etc.

65 10. **Willows whiten**: The silvery underside of the leaves is turned by the wind. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 322. **Aspens quiver**: Cf. "A Farewell," 10; "Lancelot and Elaine," 522.

65 11, 12. These lines describe exactly the effect of light puffs of air on flowing water. Cf. Homer's μέλαινα φρίξ (*Iliad*, xxi, 126), Virgil's "inhorruit unda tenebris" (*Aen.*, iii, 195), and Horace's "aspera Nigris aequora ventis" (*Odes*, i, 5, 6). For **dusk** as a verb, cf. Chaucer, "Knightes Tale," 1948, "Dusked hise eyen two."

66 19, 36. These two stanzas originally stood: —

> Underneath the bearded barley,
> The reaper, reaping late and early,
> Hears her ever chanting cheerly,
> Like an angel, singing clearly,
> O'er the stream of Camelot.
> Piling the sheaves in furrows airy,
> Beneath the moon, the reaper weary
> Listening whispers, "'t is the fairy
> Lady of Shalott."
>
> The little isle is all inrailed
> With a rose-fence, and overtrailed
> With roses: by the marge unhailed
> The shallop flitteth silkensailed,
> Skimming down to Camelot.

A pearlgarland winds her head:
She leaneth on a velvet bed,
Full royally apparellèd,
The Lady of Shalott.

The revision of the third stanza (the fourth in 1833) shows typically Tennyson's increasing interest in the things of the mind over the things of sense. Instead of a luscious description of garden and apparel, he gives us the contrast between the outer world of activity and the Lady's self-centred solitude.

66 22. **Silken-sail'd:** Cf. "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," 2.

66 37–40. In 1833:—

No time hath she to sport and play:
A charmèd web she weaves alway.
A curse is on her, if she stay
Her weaving, either night or day, etc.

The web and the mirror (l. 46) are in no other known version of the story of Lancelot and Elaine. The former is represented in the Idyll (7–12) by the case which Elaine embroiders for Lancelot's shield,—developed by Tennyson from Malory's simple words (xviii, 14), "It is in my chamber, covered with a case."

66 43. **And so** in 1842 replaced *Therefore* (1833).

66 44. **And little** in 1842 replaced *Therefore no* (1833).

66, 67 46–52. In 1833:—

She lives with little joy or fear.
Over the water, running near,
The sheepbell tinkles in her ear.
Before her hangs a mirror clear,
Reflecting towered Camelot.
And, as the mazy web she whirls,
She sees the surly, etc.

The revised form makes the symbolism plainer. The Lady is living in a dream-world, busied with her own thoughts. A mirror was used in tapestry-making to enable the weaver to see the effect of the stitches, but this mirror has greater virtue. Compare the story of the magic mirror made by Merlin, which imaged all the world, and in which Britomart saw the knight for whose love she nearly died. (*Faerie Queene*, iii, 2, 17–26.) And see W. S. Kennedy in *Poet Lore*, X, 492.

67 56. **Pad:** a road horse.

67 66. **For often,** etc.: The visions of human sorrow and love pass before her. She begins to feel that a dream-life cannot satisfy the heart.

67 68. **Went to** in 1842 replaced *came from* (1833).

68 78. **A red-cross knight,** etc.: Probably a reminiscence of Spenser's hero, for Lancelot's escutcheon is nowhere else so represented. In "Lancelot and Elaine," 659, he carries blue shield-lions. This entire portrait should be compared for beauty and minuteness with that of Prince Arthur in the *Faerie Queene*, i, 7, st. 29–33. **For ever:** So Keats of the pictured figures in his "Ode on a Grecian Urn," 20, "For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"

68 86. **To** in 1842 replaced *from* (1833). So also in ll. 95, 104. The change has in mind Lancelot's appearance at Camelot at the end.

68 98. **Bearded:** having a train or tail. Cf. Randolph, *Muses' Looking-Glass*, ii, 2: "Let fooles gaze At bearded starres."

68 99. **Still** in 1842 replaced *green* (1833), a bit of false colour: at night the green would not be visible.

68 103. **His coal-black curls:** In the old romances his hair is yellow, like fine gold. See *The Celtic Element in the Lady of Shalott.* (*Poet Lore*, IV, 411.)

68 107. In 1833: "*Tirra lirra, tirra lirra.*" "Lirra" made a bad rhyme. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3, 9, "The lark that tirra-lirra chants."

69 111. **Water-lily** in 1842 replaced *waterflower* (1833).

69 114–116. Love shatters the world of "maiden meditation," and proves a fatal curse, because it is unrequited.

69 118–121. An illustration of what Ruskin calls "the pathetic fallacy" (*Modern Painters*, vol. III, pt. IV, ch. xii), meaning thereby the fancied sympathy of Nature with human feeling. But the consciousness of this sympathy, at least as an element in our imaginative vision of Nature, marks the greatest poets. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ix, 1002; Shakespeare, *Sonnet* xxxiii.

69 123–126. In 1833:—

> Outside the isle a shallow boat
> Beneath a willow lay afloat,
> Below the carven stern she wrote,
> THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

69 127–132. In 1833 this stanza was the third in Part IV, coming after the description of costume.

With a steady, stony glance —
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Beholding all his own mischance,
Mute, with a glassy countenance —
She looked down to Camelot.
It was the closing, etc.

69, 70 136–144. This was compressed in 1842, with great advance in poetic dignity, from two stanzas, the second and fourth respectively of Part IV in 1833: —

A cloudwhite crown of pearl she dight.
All raimented in snowy white
That loosely flew (her zone in sight,
Clasped with one blinding diamond bright,)
Her wide eyes fixed on Camelot,
Though the squally eastwind keenly
Blew, with folded arms serenely
By the water stood the queenly
Lady of Shalott.
. . . . . .
As when to sailors while they roam,
By creeks and outfalls far from home,
Rising and dropping with the foam,
From dying swans wild warblings come,
Blown shoreward; so to Camelot
Still, etc.

In l. 143, *singing* replaced *chanting*, and *last* replaced *death*.

70 145–148. In 1833: —

A longdrawn carol, mournful, holy,
She chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her eyes were darkened wholly,
And her smooth face sharpened slowly, etc.

On the last line, cf. "Death of the Old Year," 46.

70 156–162. In 1833: —

A pale, pale corpse she floated by,
Deadcold between the houses high,
Dead into towered Camelot.
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
To the plankèd wharfage came:
Below the stern they read her name,
"The Lady of Shalott."

This stanza (like the others) was changed to the present form in 1842, with the exception of l. 157, which, from 1842 to and including 1853, had *A corse* for *Dead-pale.*

70, 71 164–171. In 1833: —

> They crossed themselves, their stars they blest,
> Knight, minstrel, abbot, squire and guest.
> There lay a parchment on her breast,
> That puzzled more than all the rest,
> The wellfed wits at Camelot.
> "*The web was woven curiously,*
> *The charm is broken utterly,*
> *Draw near and fear not—this is I,*
> *The Lady of Shalott.*"

This conclusion was incongruously amusing and bewildering. The parchment corresponded to the letter which, in "Lancelot and Elaine," 1262, the king finds in her hand. In the present form, l. 168 is the only direct parallel with the Idyll. (Cf. l. 1260.) The reintroduction of Lancelot deepens the pathos. The note, at the end, of regret for dead beauty is very much in the manner of Rossetti.

THE MAY QUEEN (Page 71)

The first two parts appeared in 1833. The "Conclusion" was added in 1842. In it the pathos of the situation is perhaps carried too far. Still, the general public has said with Carlyle, "Oh! but that's tender and true." (*Mem.*, II, 234.) The scenery is Lincolnshire, and the language that of the Lincolnshire peasant refined, almost to the exclusion of dialect, for the uses of poetry. Compare Wordsworth's pastoral manner. (Lyall, *Tennyson*, p. 119.) A may-pole dance was held at Horncastle, the early home of Lady Tennyson, up to fifty years ago. (J. C. Walters, *In Tennyson Land*, p. 24.)

The metre is that of the old rhymed Septenary (as seen, e.g., in Byron's "There's not a joy the world can give"), with many variations. (Gummere, p. 182 ff.) Thirty-two lines have but six stresses; l. 41 has eight, unless the initial "So" is quite extra-metrical. The transposed stress is common in the fourth bar (e.g., l. 3), and the fourth-line refrain of Part I has this "trochaic substitution" in both the fourth bar and the fifth. Sometimes (e.g., in 46, 49, 95) the light syllable of the fourth

bar is omitted, being compensated by a pause. Extra-syllables are numerous (e.g., l. 39). The regular place of the cæsural pause — after the fourth bar — is by no means rigorously adhered to. This rapid couplet is perhaps better adapted to the gaiety of Part I than to the sadness of Parts II and III, but the metre is one that lends itself, with singular flexibility, to all kinds of emotion. There are two approximate rhymes: 77–78, 153–154.

71 2. **Glad** replaced in 1842 *blythe*.

71 14. **Robin,** the original reading, was replaced by *Robert* in 1842, but restored in 1843.

72 30. **Cuckoo-flowers:** a name given to various wild flowers in bloom when the cuckoo sings; here the Lady's Smock (*Cardamine pratensis*), common in meadows. At Somersby they are "just scarce enough to make children care to gather them." (Rawnsley, p. 19.) Cf. "Margaret," 8, and "The Miller's Daughter" (1833 version), "the silver-paly cuckoo flower."

72 31. **Marsh-marigold:** the common name for *Caltha palustris*, which has golden flowers.

73 52. **The blossom on** in 1842 replaced *The may upon* (1833). "May" belongs specifically to the flower of the hawthorn. (Cf. "Guinevere," 22.) The blackthorn is in blossom at the end of April and the first of May.

73 56. **Charles's Wain:** the Great Bear.

74 62. **The tufted plover:** the green plover or peewit (*Vanellus cristatus*) has a mobile crest, and its shrill cry is often heard on moonlit nights in spring.

74 72. **Oat-grass:** Several oat-like grasses are so called; here probably *Avena pratensis*. **Sword-grass:** *Phalaris arundinacea;* or perhaps *Poa aquatica*, which has very sharp-edged leaves, is here intended.

74 73. **You** in 1842, here and elsewhere in the poem, replaced *Ye*.

74 78. **And forgive me ere I go** replaced in 1850 *upon my cheek and brow*, to the detriment of the rhyme.

75 93. **Before the day is born** replaced in 1842 *when it begins to dawn*, to the improvement of the rhyme.

76 106. **His will be done:** Cf. *Matt.*, vi, 10.

76 107, 108. Replaced in 1843:—

> But still it can't be long, mother, before I find release;
> And that good man, the clergyman, he preaches words of peace.

76 113. From 1842 to 1848: *He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin.* In 1850: *He taught me all the mercy, for show'd he me all the sin.* Present reading in 1851.

76 114. See *Matt.*, xxv, 1–13.

76 117. **Death-watch**: an insect which makes a noise like the ticking of a watch, supposed by the superstitious to portend death.

76 118. **When the night and morning meet**: Collins compares David Mallet's "William and Margaret," 1, 2:—

> "'T was at the silent, solemn hour,
> When night and morning meet."

77 134. **Come** in 1889 replaced *comes;* one of Tennyson's last corrections.

77 142. **A** was inserted in 1875.

77 146. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 325.

77 156. Quoted from *Job*, iii, 17. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 251.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL (Page 78)

Published in *Ballads* (1880). This true story was called to Tennyson's attention by Mary Gladstone, daughter of the Prime Minister, says the *Memoir* (II, 253). It seems probable that the poet also saw the narrative as it appeared, under the title *Alice's Christmas Day*, either in *St. Cyprian's Banner* (December 1872) or in *New and Old* (III, 289–291), two parochial magazines. (See *N. and Q.*, Sixth Series, III, p. 85.) According to Tennyson, "the two children are the only characters, in this little dramatic poem, taken from life." But *Alice's Christmas Day* is told by "Sister Lydia," a nurse strikingly like the one in the poem, and the characters of the two doctors are dimly suggested. The poet shows his genius as much in what he omits and changes as in what he adopts and develops. Some of the points of likeness and unlikeness are noted below. Palgrave says, "This is the most absolutely pathetic poem known to me."

The flexible measure inclines towards the anapæstic; it has six accents, and from thirteen to eighteen syllables to the line. The strophes vary in length from two to sixteen lines. The rhymes are in couplets, and none of them is defective. Cf. "Rizpah."

78 1–10. The fact that this is a dramatic lyric and that the narrator speaks in character was, at first, missed by some readers of the poem,

who interpreted it as Tennyson's personal attack upon modern surgery. See *Mem.*, II, 498.

78 9, 10. This allusion to the anti-vivisection agitation shows how closely Tennyson's poetry reflects the feelings of the age. Cf. *The Princess*, iii, 293. Compare Browning's opinion in "Tray" and "Arcades Ambo." **Oorali**: a virulent poison (the aqueous extract of *Strychnos toxifera*) from South America, which destroys the power of motion without affecting sensation; spelled also curari, ourari, wouraly, etc.

79 23 ff. Tennyson believes in the progress of humanity, but thinks the goal is far away. Cf. "Locksley Hall," 137, 138, *The Princess*, Conclusion, 77–79, *In Memoriam*, Epilogue, 143, 144, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," *passim*, "The Dawn," "The Making of Man," etc.

79 26. See *Matt.*, xxv, 40.

79 28 ff. Tennyson's poetic version of the following commonplace passage: "I soon grew very fond of most of the children, but among them all I think little Alice most won my love; she was so young and weak to bear the terrible pain she suffered, and she was so sweet and patient under it; no one ever heard her say a cross or fretful word." (*New and Old*, III, p. 289.)

79 30. **A sensitive plant**: a leguminous plant (*Mimosa pudica*, or *M. sensitiva*), the leaves of which close at the slightest touch.

80 37. **Spirits in prison**: Cf. 1 *Peter*, iii, 19.

80 50. See *Matt.*, xix, 14. In the original it is the Hospital chaplain who tells her that the Lord Jesus loves little children. The change allows compression and the hint of a moral.

81 56. In Mary Gladstone's letter this expedient is suggested by "Annie" as here, but in *New and Old* it comes from Emmie [Alice] herself: "Suddenly Alice exclaimed, 'Polly! [i.e. Annie] what shall we do, we have forgotten one thing! If our Blessed Lord comes to help me to-morrow, how *will* He know which is Alice among so many children? . . . . I know what I will do, Polly; when I go to sleep I will leave my arm hanging down out of bed, and I will tell Him that it is the little girl with her arm hanging down who wants Him to help her, and then He will know, and will not let the doctors hurt me'" (p. 290).

81 64. Nature here reëchoes the human feeling.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (Page 82)

Early on Oct. 25, 1854, the Crimean war having been about a month in progress, the Russian army advanced to threaten Balaclava, the allies' base of supplies. Their cavalry was checked by the charge of the Heavy Brigade up the Causeway Heights, which divide in two the plain above the town. (See the next poem.) At about eleven o'clock the Light Brigade, consisting of the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, the 8th and 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers, and numbering 673 men, was ordered to charge a Russian battery at the opposite end of the northern section of the valley, a mile and a half away. The order was evidently an error, and the blame was at first laid upon Captain Nolan, who delivered the message from headquarters to the commander of the cavalry division, Lord Lucan; but Kinglake gives the weight of responsibility to Lucan himself. The charge was made with the most splendid gallantry, only 195 men surviving. (A. W. Kinglake, *The Invasion of the Crimea*, Harper & Bros., 1875, II, pp. 478–586.) Tennyson said, in a footnote to the original publication, that his poem "was written after reading the first report of the '*Times*' correspondent, where only 607 sabres are mentioned as having taken part in the charge." This report was printed on Nov. 14, 1854; the main source of suggestion was, however, an editorial in the same paper on the day before: "The whole brigade advanced at a trot for more than a mile, down a valley, with a murderous flank fire of Minié muskets and shells from hills on both sides. It charged batteries, took guns, sabred the gunners, and charged the Russian cavalry beyond; but, . . . being attacked by cavalry in front and rear, it had to cut its way through them, and return through the same cavalry and the same fire. . . . The British soldier will do his duty, even to certain death, and is not paralyzed by feeling that he is the victim of some hideous blunder. Whatever the case of the common soldier, and however little he might know the full horrors of his position till death had done its work all around him, the officers who led him on . . . knew well what they were about. . . . Splendid as the event was on the Alma, yet that rugged ascent . . . was scarcely so glorious as the progress of the cavalry through and through that valley of death, with a murderous fire, not only in front, but on both sides, above, and even in the rear."

The poem was written in a few minutes on Dec. 2, 1854. (*Mem.*, I, 381.) It was first printed in *The Examiner* on December 9, in seven

strophes, of which the first, fourth, sixth, and seventh are the same as the present I (first four lines), III, V, and VI, respectively. Its second strophe is as follows: —

Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
  Some one had blunder'd.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
'Take the guns,' Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

The present l. 10 was originally *No man was there dismay'd*, but the rest of the third strophe was the same as the present II. The fifth was the same as IV, except that *all at once* originally stood for *as they turn'd* (l. 28), and

With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;

was the original reading of ll. 33–36. In l. 45, *Those* stood originally for *They*, and in l. 46 *from* for *thro'*.

At the criticism of some friends, it was revised and printed in *Maud, and Other Poems*, 1855, as follows: —

1

Half a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Charge," was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

2

(Same as the present III)

3

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Fiercely the line they broke;
Strong was the sabre-stroke;
Making an army reel
Shaken and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

4

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
They that had struck so well
Rode thro' the jaws of Death,
Half a league back again,
Up from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

Honour the brave and bold!
Long shall the tale be told,
Yea, when our babes are old
How they rode onward.

This version met with great disfavour because of its omission of "the Light Brigade" and "Some one had blunder'd," which, as Ruskin said, was "precisely the most tragical line in the poem"; and when Tennyson, in August 1855, heard that the soldiers before Sebastopol were enthusiastic over the original ballad, he restored it, with a few changes, had a thousand copies printed on a separate quarto sheet, and sent them out to the Crimea with his compliments. This, the final form, was reprinted in the second edition of *Maud* (1856). Tennyson said, "It is not a poem on which I pique myself." (*Mem.*, I, 385–388; 409, 411.)

The metre is irregular. The general movement is trochaic and dactylic with three stresses to the longer lines and two stresses to the wheels or short lines. The rhyme "hundred" — "onward" — "thunder'd," etc., is a serious defect. The metrical prototype in English is Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt." Tennyson, however, said that he

did not take the cadence from that poem, but derived it by repeating to himself "Some one had blundered," a phrase in *The Times*. (Rawnsley, p. 139.) After a most careful search this famous expression has not come to light; the nearest parallel to be found was "some hideous blunder" in the passage quoted above.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA (Page 84)

Published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1882, and included in the *Tiresias* volume of 1885, with a "Prologue, to General Hamley," and an "Epilogue," justifying the praise of martial deeds. The poem celebrates an exploit even more remarkable, though less famous, than the charge of the Light Brigade. Tennyson drew his material from A. W. Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea* (vol. II, pp. 393–478), with probable reference also to the account in *The London Times* of Nov. 14, 1854. With great skill he has compressed Kinglake's minute narrative, and yet followed faithfully the military manœuvres, even to particular phrases of description: e.g., "The sky-line was broken by squadrons of horse" (cf. l. 5, original version); "There was many an English spectator who . . . long remembered the pang that he felt when he lost sight of Scarlett's 'three hundred.' To such a one the dark-mantled squadrons overcasting his sight of the redcoats were as seas where a ship had gone down" (ll. 36–43); "While his right arm was busy with the labour of sword against swords, he could so use his bridle-hand as to be fastening its grip upon the long-coated men of a milder race, and tearing them out of their saddles" (ll. 52–55). The following note was appended to the poem: —

> The 'three hundred' of the 'Heavy Brigade' who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the 2nd squadron of Inniskillings, the remainder of the 'Heavy Brigade' subsequently dashing up to their support.
>
> The 'three' were Scarlett's aide-de-camp, Elliot, and the trumpeter and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.

The verse is an irregular triple cadence, handled with great freedom and ranging from the full sweep of the anapæstic to the incisiveness of the dactylic. The transition from one to the other is marked in l. 35. Tennyson himself preferred the rhythmical effect to that of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." His reading brought out the

heavy trampling of the horses "up the hill" (ll. 11, 24, 63), and the shock of the assault (26–34). In strophes i and iv one rhyme is repeated at intervals throughout, and so binds into closer unity. Strophe III opens with three bursting unrhymed lines, followed by four all rhyming together. L. 8 has an internal rhyme. There is but one approximate rhyme: 46–48.

84 5. **Arose in** replaced in 1885 *broke in on* (1882).

85 14, 15. In 1882:—

> Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
> Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,
> With a wing, etc.

How this could be was rather puzzling without a full knowledge of the manœuvres.

85 16. In 1882: *But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dash'd up alone.*

85 18. In 1882: *And he wheel'd his sabre, he held his own.*

85 20, 21. In 1882, one line: *And the three that were nearest him follow'd with force.*

86 44. **Whispering** replaced in 1885 *muttering.*

86 45. **Of Scarlett's Brigade** replaced in 1885 *the Heavy Brigade.* Cf. *The Times*: "'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man."

86 46, 47. Not in the 1882 edition.

86 49. **Forest of lances**: The phrase is in *The Times.*

86 60. Not in the 1882 edition.

86 62. **Foeman** replaced in 1885 *Russian.*

86 64. **And** was not in the 1882 edition.

86 66. **And all the Brigade** replaced in 1885 *the Heavy Brigade,* probably to make clear that not only 'the three hundred' are meant, but also the men who succoured them.

THE REVENGE (Page 87)

Written, probably, in 1873. The first line had been in Tennyson's desk for years, but he finally finished the poem in a day or two. (*Mem.*, II, 142.) Published in *The Nineteenth Century*, March 1878, with the present title, and in *Ballads*, 1880. The material was collected for the poet by Sir Clements Markham, Secretary of the Hakluyt Society. The

original sources may be found in Arber's *Reprints*, 1871, viz., Sir Walter Raleigh's *A Report of the Truth of the fight about the Isles of Açores*, etc. (1591), Gervase Markham's poem, *The Most Honorable Tragedie of Sir Richard Grinuile, Knight* (1595), and Jan Huygen van Linschoten's *Discours of Voyages* (1596–1598). Tennyson used also Froude's account. ("England's Forgotten Worthies," in *Short Studies*, I.) Besides these, the story has been stirringly told, in verse by W. J. Linton ("Great Odds at Sea," 1859) and Gerald Massey ("Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight," 1860?), and in prose by Bacon (*Considerations Touching a War with Spain*, 1624) and R. L. Stevenson (*The English Admirals*). Tennyson, as usual, has worked many of the graphic details of his sources into swift and spirited music. He has added the dramatic dialogue. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 325. Carlyle said when he heard the poem, "Eh! Alfred, you have got the grip of it," and Stevenson calls it "one of the noblest ballads in the English language." It should be compared and contrasted with Browning's "Hervé Riel" and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic."

Sir Richard Grenville was one of the sea-dogs who made the west counties famous in the naval annals of England during the sixteenth century. He was a stern man, but high-minded and full of undaunted courage. An idealized picture of his life is given in Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* In 1585 he led out to Virginia the first English colony. In 1588 he had charge of the defence of Devon and Cornwall against the Spanish.

Three years later he was put in command of the *Revenge*, one of the crack ships of its class, of 500 tons burden and a crew of 250 men. The *Revenge* was notoriously unlucky, but had carried the flag of Drake in the Channel fights against the Armada. Under Lord Thomas Howard, Grenville was sent to the Azores to intercept the annual treasure fleet returning to Spain from the West Indies. The Spanish king despatched in turn against the English a powerful fleet of fifty-three war-ships, crowded with soldiers. The Earl of Cumberland, who was coasting Portugal, sent a warning to Howard as he lay at anchor on the north side of Flores. But the pinnace which carried the message had hardly arrived when the fleet was at hand. The Lord Admiral with five of the six queen's ships got away. Grenville, delaying to bring his sick on board, was cut off from the rest of the squadron. Instead of attempting to escape by doubling on the enemy, he tried to pass through the whole Spanish fleet. Then followed the great fight, the naval Thermopylæ of England, "memorable even beyond credit, and

to the height of some heroical fable," as Bacon says, which is here glorified in imperishable verse.

The free movement of the metre follows every turn of narration and description. The normal line is the six-stress (Tennyson's favourite ballad-measure), frequently halved by a pause and a middle rhyme (e.g., l. 20). The last strophe is composed almost altogether in an anapæstic cadence of five stresses, a metre slow and deliberate. It has been admirably analyzed by Mr. Sidney Colvin. (*Macmillan's Magazine*, January 1881.)

87 1. **Flores**: the most westerly of the Azores. Both words sound the *e*, as in Spanish. **Bideford** (l. 17) is a trisyllable, and **Seville** (l. 30) is accented on the first syllable.

88 26. **Tell us now** replaced in 1880 *let us know* (1878), for the rhyme's sake.

88 31. Froude: "To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy."

88 39 ff. Raleigh (the main source; he was Grenville's cousin):— "The great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes . . . so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and fiue hundreth tuns. . . . The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side . . . After the *Reuenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. . . . But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Reuenge*, . . . shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, vtterly misliking hir first entertainment." The phrase "the wombe of Phillip" is in Markham, who also speaks of the ship's "mountain hugenes."

89 57. According to Bacon, only fifteen ships were actually engaged with the *Revenge*.

89 58. Froude: "Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, . . . washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery."

89 61. **Some were sunk**: Two were sunk by the side of the *Revenge;* one withdrew to the harbour of St. Michael's and went down there; a fourth was beached to save her men.

89 62. **God of battles**: Cf. *Psalm* xxiv, 8; and *Harold*, v. 1, 325.

90 65. **Short summer night**: The battle began at three in the afternoon on August 31, O.S. (or September 10, N.S.), 1591, and lasted for fifteen hours. Raleigh: "He was neuer so wounded as that hee forsooke the vpper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being

shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgion wounded to death."

90 71–73. Froude: "The ship . . . was settling slowly in the sea; the vast fleet of the Spaniards lying round her, like dogs around a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony."

90 76 ff. Raleigh: "All the powder of the *Reuenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt . . . the mastes all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut a sunder."

90 82 ff. Raleigh: "[Sir Richard] commanded the maister Gunner . . . to split and sinke the shippe. . . . And perswaded the companie, or as many as he could induce, to yeelde themselues vnto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so manie enimies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne liues for a few houres, or a few daies."

91 101 ff. Linschoten: "Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a ioyfull and quiet mind, for that I haue ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, yat hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my soule most ioyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leaue behinde it an euerlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bounde to doe."

91 108. **Devil:** The Spaniards, says Linschoten, told stories of his crushing wine glasses in his teeth and swallowing them, and when the great storm fell upon them, "they verily thought that as he had a deuilish faith and religion, and therefore ye deuils loued him, so hee presently sunke into the bottome of the sea, and downe into Hell, where he raysed vp all the deuilles to the reuenge of his death."

92 112. **From the lands they had ruin'd:** Raleigh says that the storm arose from the west and north-west; so the "lands" are in the New World. Nature wreaks poetic justice.

92 114. **That evening:** Tennyson has shortened the time for the sake of dramatic unity. Raleigh says that Sir Richard died "the second or third day," and that the storm arose "a fewe daies after the fight was ended."

92 116. Out of one hundred and forty sail, only thirty-two ever reached a Spanish harbour. The *Revenge* went down under the rocks of St. Michael's, the most easterly of the islands.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER (Page 92)

Begun, and perhaps finished, in 1833 (*Mem.*, I, 130); published in 1842. English idyls, more or less akin to Tennyson's, had been written by Southey and Wordsworth, but the influences upon "The Gardener's Daughter" are the poetry of Theocritus (Idyl vii; Stedman, p. 29), Goethe's "Amor als Landschaftsmaler," and the painting of Titian. The story is slight and unreal, but the story is not the main thing, as the sub-title indicates. Tennyson said: "The centre of the poem, that passage describing the girl [ll. 124–139], must be full and rich. The poem is so, to a fault, especially the descriptions of nature, for the lover is an artist, but, this being so, the central picture must hold its place." A prologue called "The Ante-Chamber," describing a portrait of Eustace, was never printed with the poem because it was already overornamented. (*Mem.*, I, 197–200.)

The blank verse is in Tennyson's earlier manner, fluent and liquid, without the vigour and dignity of the *Idylls of the King*. There are 78 run-on lines (or 28+%; about the same as in *King Lear*), and 5 *quasi* feminine endings. L. 251 has a feminine syllable before the cæsura. For details about pauses and substitutions, see Mayor, p. 208.

93 12, 13. **All grace Summ'd up and closed in little:** Cf. *Paradise Lost*, viii, 473, and *The Princess*, ii, 20, 21.

93 28. **More black than ashbuds,** etc.: One of Tennyson's most celebrated descriptive touches. See Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, ch. iv. Cf. "The Swallow's Message," 14, 15. The ash is preëminently the Lincolnshire tree.

93 37 ff. The locality is the vale of the Witham, and the "minster" is Lincoln Cathedral.

94 46. **The large lime feathers low:** The lime gives out many branches close to the ground, with a light fringe of leafage. Cf. *The Princess*, iv, 5, and "Enoch Arden," 67, 68.

94 47. Cf. Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale," v:—"The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

95 73 ff. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 68.

95 77. **Smelt of the coming summer:** Cf. Theocritus, vii, 143, *πάντ' ὤσδεν θέρεος μάλα πίονος.*

95 84. **The steer forgot to graze:** Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.*, viii, 2, "Immemor herbarum . . . iuvenca," and Horace, *Odes*, i, 15, 29–30.

95 87 ff. Cf. Theocritus, vii, 138–141, and Spenser, "Epithalamion," 80–84.

95 93. Tennyson told Rawnsley (p. 101) that this was the line on which he prided himself most. "I believe," he said, "that I was the first to describe the ouzel's note as a flute note."

95 94. **Redcap:** provincial for "goldfinch." (*Mem.*, I, 451.)

96 110. **Gave:** opened (French *donner*). Cf. *The Princess*, Prologue, 93, and i, 226.

96 116. **Garden-glasses:** bell glasses used for covering the plants.

96 132, 133. An allusion to the myth that traces of the fairies' feet remain visible in "greener circles" on the grass, long after their dances. See *The Tempest*, v, 1, 37, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's edition, 1849), ii, 480. These circles are made by the growth of certain fungi (*Marasmius oreades*).

96 136. **Hebe:** goddess of eternal youth, cup-bearer of Olympus.

98 167. **The Titianic Flora:** This picture is in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It is painted with a dazzling brightness, and represents a maiden giving a handful of roses, jessamines, and violets to a lover, who is not seen.

98 181. Collins compares Theocritus, xv, 103 ff.

98 188, 189. **A Dutch love For tulips:** The cultivation of tulips became a "tulipomania" in Holland towards the end of the seventeenth century (see Dumas's *La Tulipe Noire*), and continues to be most popular there.

99 202–208. The *Memoir* (I, 198) says that these lines were originally:—

> Her beauty grew: till drawn in narrowing arcs
> The southing Autumn touch'd with sallower gleams
> The granges on the fallows. At that time,
> Tired of the noisy town I wander'd there;
> The bell toll'd four; and by the time I reach'd
> The Wicket-gate, I found her by herself.

Fitzgerald pointed out that the autumn landscape was taken from Titian's "Three Ages," now in possession of Lord Ellesmere, and the lines were probably revised in consequence.

99 204. **The covenant of a God,** etc.: Cf. *Isaiah*, lv, 3.

100 230. **Faltering:** From 1842 to 1850 *lisping*.

100 248, 249. One night in the spring of 1831 Tennyson "saw the moonlight reflected in a nightingale's eye, as she was singing in the

hedgerow"; her voice vibrated with such passion that he wrote of "The leaves," etc. (*Mem.*, I, 79.)

101 263. **The baby, Sleep**: Cf. Shelley, *Queen Mab*, i, 40:—

> "On their lids . . .
> The baby Sleep is pillowed."

DORA (Page 101)

Fitzgerald saw "Dora" in 1835 (*Mem.*, I, 151); first published in 1842, with this note, "The Idyl of 'Dora' was partly suggested by one of Miss Mitford's pastorals." The pastoral referred to is "Dora Creswell" in *Our Village*. Tennyson changed the names, developed the character of Dora, who is a mere child in the original story, and worked out a new conclusion, for with Miss Mitford the farmer falls at once into his niece's gentle snare. The poet comments, "'Dora,' being the tale of a nobly simple country girl, had to be told in the simplest possible poetical language, and therefore was one of the poems which gave most trouble." (*Mem.*, I, 196.) It is quite "un-Tennysonian," belonging to that pure order of art which marks the *Book of Ruth* and many of Wordsworth's poems (e.g., "Michael," and the episode of "Margaret," in *The Excursion*, Bk. I). Wordsworth said, "Mr. Tennyson, I have been endeavouring all my life to write a pastoral like your 'Dora' and have not succeeded."

The blank verse is singularly plain and perfect, in the Dorian mode. The proportion of end-stopt lines to run-on is about 3 to 1. In Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" they are about equal. There is but one feminine ending. The majority of the words are monosyllables. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 326. There is a remarkable effect in the repetition of ll. 76, 77 in 106, 107. There is not a simile, nor a word used in an unfamiliar sense, in the poem.

102 26–31. The reading in 1842 was:—

> Look to't,
> Consider: take a month to think, and give
> An answer to my wish; or by the Lord
> That made me, you shall pack, and nevermore
> Darken my doors again." And William heard,
> And answer'd something madly; bit his lips, etc.

ŒNONE (PAGE 107)

The descriptions of scenery belong to the Pyrenees, not Mt. Ida, and were partly written in the Valley of Cauteretz, 1830. (*Mem.*, I, 55.) Published in 1833, and much altered since. The story, taken from various sources (Ovid, *Heroides*, v; Euripides, *Iphigenia at Aulis*, 1290–1309, *Andromache*, 274–308; Lucian, *Dial. Mar.*, v, *Dial. Deor.*, xx; Apuleius, *Met.*, x, 30–32, etc.), needs no explanation. The poem may owe a little at the beginning to Beattie's "Judgment of Paris," with which Tennyson was doubtless familiar through his mother. (See Rawnsley, p. 225.) The speech of Pallas, in sentiment a deliberate anachronism, is a noble statement of his own philosophy of life.

The blank verse is noteworthy for the use of a burthen to increase the musical effect, a device caught from the Sicilian idyllists. (Cf. Theocritus, i, ii; Moschus, iii. See Stedman, p. 213.) Observe that it occurs in three forms (22–23, 52, and 203), and the first form falls almost naturally into a lyrical arrangement: —

> O mother Ida,
> Many-fountain'd Ida,
> Dear mother Ida,
> Harken ere I die.

There are more run-on lines and feminine endings than usual, though some have been removed by revision (82 run-on lines, 16 feminine endings in 264 lines, now; 94 run-on lines, 19 feminine endings in 256 lines, in 1833). The present form shows also a smoother verse, and a freer diversifying of the pause. L. 177 has an awkward transposition of the stress in the last bar. See Mayor's tables, p. 208.

107 1–21. In 1833 the reading was: —

> There is a dale in Ida, lovelier
> Than any in old Ionia, beautiful
> With emerald slopes of sunny sward, that lean
> Above the loud glenriver, which hath worn
> A path thro' steepdown granite walls below
> Mantled with flowering tendriltwine. In front
> The cedarshadowy valleys open wide.
> Far-seen, high over all the Godbuilt wall
> And many a snowycolumned range divine,
> Mounted with awful sculptures — men and Gods,
> The work of Gods — bright on the darkblue sky
> The windy citadel of Ilion

Shone, like the crown of Troas. Hither came
Mournful Œnone wandering forlorn
Of Paris, once her playmate. Round her neck,
Her neck all marblewhite and marblecold,
Floated her hair or seemed to float in rest.
She, leaning on a vine-entwinèd stone,
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-shadow
Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

The revision of *Œnone* began almost immediately after its publication. (*Mem.*, I, 145; Fitzgerald, *Letters*, p. 21.) The verse in this opening passage is now stronger, the landscape painted with more imagination, simplicity, and directness. For a careful study of the text see Stopford Brooke, pp. 113 ff.

107 10. **Gargarus**: the highest peak of Mt. Ida. It is impossible to tell whether Tennyson has authority for this form of the name. In Homer, it is always in the dative or accusative singular without the article, so that one cannot determine the nominative. In Lucian, *Dial. Deor.*, xx, 5, the singular is neuter; so elsewhere. A town on the mountain, named ἡ Γάργαρος, is mentioned by Quintus Smyrnæus, x, 90.

107 16. **Paris**: the son of Priam, king of Troas, brought up among the shepherds of Mt. Ida, and there wedded to Œnone. "Once her playmate" may have been suggested by Ovid, *Heroides*, v, 157, "Tecumque fui puerilibus annis."

107 19. **A fragment**, i.e., of stone, as the 1833 version shows. Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 1416, "Among the tumbled fragments of the hills."

107 22. **Many-fountain'd Ida**: the regular Homeric epithet. (*Il.*, xiv, 157, etc).

107 24. Added in 1842. It is a translation of Callimachus (*Lavacrum Palladis*, 72).

107 26. Cf. Theocritus, vii, 22, Ἄνλικα δὴ καὶ σαῦρος ἐν αἱμασιαῖσι καθεύδει.

108 27. In 1833, three lines: —

Sleeps like a shadow, and the scarletwinged
Cicala in the noonday leapeth not
Along the water-rounded granite-rock, etc.;

with this footnote: "In the Pyrenees, where part of this poem was written, I saw a very beautiful species of Cicala, which had scarlet wings spotted with black. Probably nothing of the kind exists in

Mount Ida." From 1842 to (but not including) 1884 the line read "Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps." This was false to Nature, for the cicala does not sleep at noonday.

108 29. Cf. Theocritus, ii, 38–41.

108 30. Cf. 2 *Henry VI*, ii, 3, 17, "Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief."

108 37. **River-God:** Cebren, a small river of the Troad. (Apollodorus, iii, 12, 6.)

108 40. Cf. note on "Tithonus," 62.

108 46. Not in 1833 edition.

108 49. Cf. *Iliad*, iii, 39 Δύσπαρι, εἶδος ἄριστε.

108 51. **Simois:** a small tributary of the Scamander, rising in Mt. Ida. **Reedy:** Homeric epithet for a river. Cf. *Il.*, iv, 383.

108, 109 53–58. In 1833:—

> I sate alone: the goldensandalled morn
> Rosehued the scornful hills: I sate alone
> With downdropt eyes: whitebreasted like a star
> Fronting the dawn he came: a leopard skin
> From his white shoulder drooped: his sunny hair, etc.

109 57. **A leopard skin:** As in *Iliad*, iii, 17.

109 60. The iridescence on the foam sparkles as the wind stirs it.

109 61, 62. In 1833:—

> and I called out,
> "Welcome, Apollo, welcome home Apollo,
> Apollo, my Apollo, loved Apollo."

Surely this was a lame and impotent conclusion; but cf. Keats, *Hyperion*, ii, 293–295.

109 64–67. In 1833:—

> He, mildly smiling, in his milkwhite palm
> Close-held a golden apple, lightningbright
> With changeful flashes, dropt with dew of Heaven
> Ambrosially smelling. From his lip,
> Curved crimson, the fullflowing, etc.

109 65. **Hesperian:** The Hesperides were the daughters of Atlas, and guarded a tree of golden apples in the far-famed gardens of the west.

109 67. **River of speech:** Cf. Cicero, *Acad.*, ii, 38, 119, "flumen orationis."

109 69. **My** in 1842 replaced *mine*.

109, 110 71–87. **Would seem,** etc. In 1833:—

in aftertime may **breed**
Deep evilwilledness of heaven and sere
Heartburning toward hallowed Ilion;
And all the colour of my afterlife
Will be the shadow of today. Today
Here and Pallas and the floating grace
Of laughterloving Aphrodite meet
In manyfolded Ida to receive
This meed of beauty, she to whom my hand
Award the palm. Within the green hillside,
Under yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Is an ingoing grotto, strown with spar
And ivymatted at the mouth, wherein
Thou unbeholden may'st behold, unheard, etc.

The revision takes from Paris a knowledge of the ruin to be wrought to Ilium (which was out of character), and from the natural description its distracting minuteness.

109 74. **Married brows:** eyebrows that meet, still considered a beauty in the East; Greek *σύνοφρυς*. (Theocritus, viii, 72; Anacreont., xv, 16; Ovid, *Ars Amat.*, iii, 201.)

109 79. **Peleus:** a mythical king of Thessaly, father of Achilles. At his marriage with the sea-nymph Thetis the gods were present with their gifts.

109 81. **Light-foot Iris:** Homer's epithet. Iris was the messenger of the gods, the mistress of the rainbow.

109 82, 83. **By common voice Elected umpire:** Cf. Lucian, *Dial. Deor.*, xx, 1, 2.

110 91–97. **Sides,** etc. In 1833:—

hills.
They came—all three—the Olympian goddesses:
Naked they came to the smoothswarded bower,
Lustrous with lilyflower, violeteyed
Both white and blue, with lotetree-fruit thickset,
Shadowed with singing pine; and all the while,
Above, the overwandering ivy, etc.

One of these lines was perhaps the most violent cacophony that Tennyson ever committed.

110 94 ff. Imitated from Homer, *Il.*, xiv, 347–349. Cf. also Hesiod, *Theog.*, 195, and "Demeter and Persephone," 48–51.

110 95. **Amaracus:** an aromatic plant, the dittany of Crete.

110 100. Following this in 1833 came:—

> On the treetops a golden glorious cloud
> Leaned, slowly dropping down ambrosial dew.
> How beautiful they were, too beautiful
> To look upon! but Paris was to me
> More lovelier than all the world beside.
>
> O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
> First spake the imperial Olympian
> With archèd eyebrow smiling sovranly,
> Fulleyèd Here. She to Paris made, etc.

110 102. **Peacock**: sacred to Herè, perhaps as symbolical of the starry heavens.

110 103, 104. From *Iliad*, xiv, 350, 351.

110 107, 108. **The Gods Rise up**: As in *Iliad*, xv, 84–86.

110 113. In 1833: *Or upland glebe wealthy in oil and wine.*

110 114. "**Honour,**" she said, "**and homage**" replaced in 1842 *Honour and homage, tribute*, etc.

110 116. **Beneath** in 1842 replaced *below*, because of "sha*dow*ing" in the same line.

111 123–125. In 1833:—

> Alliance and allegiance evermore.
> Such boon from me Heaven's Queen to thee kingborn, etc.

111 127. **Power** in 1842 replaced *this*, a weak ending.

111 129. **Quiet seats**: Lucretius's "sedes quietae" (iii, 18). See note on "The Lotos-Eaters," 156.

111 131. After this, in 1833:—

> The changeless calm of undisputed right,
> The highest height and topmost strength of power.

111 135. **Spirit** in 1842 replaced *heart*, which rhymed with "apart" in the next line.

111 137. **O'erthwarted**: The spear leaned across her body and over one shoulder.

111 143. This line in 1842 replaced three:—

> Are the three hinges of the gates of Life,
> That open into power, everyway
> Without horizon, bound or shadow or cloud.

The first of these was excellent, but it had to be cut out for the sake of compression.

111 145. **Would** replaced in 1842 *Will*.

111 147. Cf. Cicero, *De Fin.*, 2, 45.

112 150–164. In 1833: —

> Not as men value gold because it tricks
> And blazons outward Life with ornament,
> But rather as the miser, for itself.
> Good for selfgood doth half destroy selfgood.
> The means and end, like two coiled snakes, infect
> Each other, bound in one with hateful love.
> So both into the fountain and the stream
> A drop of poison falls. Come hearken to me,
> And look upon me and consider me,
> So shalt thou find me fairest, so endurance,
> Like to an athlete's arm, shall still become
> Sinewed with motion, till thine active will
> (As the dark body of the Sun robed round
> With his own ever-emanating lights)
> Be flooded o'er with her own effluences,
> And thereby grow to freedom.'
>
> " Here she ceased, etc.

112 151. **Sequel of guerdon**: i.e., a reward to follow your choice of me.

112 160. **A life of shocks**: Cf. *In Mem.*, cxviii, 24, 25. It is such a life that Robert Browning praises, but Browning does not conceive of it as acting under the control of law. See Dowden, " Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning," in *Studies in Literature*.

112 162. **And the full-grown will,** etc.: That is, the will, perfectly disciplined, will become its own law, which is the highest kind of freedom. Cf. second collect, Morning Prayer, in the Episcopal *Book of Common Prayer*, " O God . . . whose service is perfect freedom."

112 165. **And I cried** replaced in 1842 *I cried out*.

112 167. **Hearing would not hear**: Cf. Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, 448, κλύοντες οὐκ ἤκουον.

112 170. **Idalian**: so called from Idalium, a town in Cyprus, sacred to her. **Beautiful** replaced in 1842 *oceanborn*, a regrettable change from the specific to the general. The picture should be compared with that of the newly-risen Aphrodite in *The Princess*, vii, 148–154.

112 171. **Paphian**: At the city of Paphos in Cyprus Aphrodite set foot on land after her birth amid the waves, and it became the centre of her worship. Tennyson seems to be drawing on the Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 59 ff.

112 172. **Backward** in 1842 replaced *upward*. Cf. "Mariana in the South" (1833 version, st. 2):—

> She . . .
> From her warm brow and bosom down
> Through rosy taper fingers drew
> Her streaming curls of deepest brown.

112 173. **Deep** in 1842 replaced *dark*. The colour of Aphrodite's hair was changed to conform to tradition.

112 174–176. In 1833:—

> Fragrant and thick, and on her head upbound
> In a purple band: below her lucid neck
> Shone ivorylike, and from the ground her foot
> Gleamed rosywhite, etc.

113 183. **Wife**: Helen, the "Greek woman" of l. 257. See note, "Dream of Fair Women," 85.

113 184–186. In 1833, two lines:—

> I only saw my Paris raise his arm:
> I only saw great Here's angry eyes.

113 195. **Pards**: Mentioned as inhabiting Ida in the Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 71.

113 203. In 1833: *Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.* So also in 252.

113 205. **Tall dark** reversed the order of the words in 1833.

113 206. In 1833:—

> —gorge, or lower down
> Filling greengulphèd Ida, all between, etc.

114 216–225. Added in 1842.

114 220. **The Abominable**: Eris, goddess of Discord, who took this revenge for not being invited, with the other deities, to the wedding. Hesiod calls her στυγερή (*Theog.*, 226).

114 226. In 1833: *Oh! mother Ida, hearken ere I die.*

115 241. In 1833: *Yet, mother Ida, hear me ere I die.*

115 242. **Fiery thoughts**: Parthenius (*Erot.*, iv) says that Œnone was gifted with prophecy and the art of healing. She warned Paris that he would be wounded and that she alone could cure him. When he came to her, she avenged her desertion by refusing his cry for help. Later, repenting, she rushed to his aid, but finding him dead, threw herself upon his funeral pyre. This is doubtless the course of events which

Œnone here dimly foresees. Tennyson has told the conclusion of the legend in "The Death of Œnone," 1892 (based upon Quintus Smyrnæus, x). Cf. William Morris, "The Death of Paris," in *The Earthly Paradise.*

115 249–251. In 1833, one line: *Ere it is born. I will not die alone.*

115 250. **Child**: According to the later form of the story, Œnone had a child by Paris named Corythus, killed by his father, who was jealous of Helen's tenderness toward him. See Parthenius, *Erot.*, xxxiv, and W. S. Landor's "Corythos."

115 259. **Cassandra**: Priam's daughter, to whom Apollo gave the gift of prophecy, with the condition that no one should believe her. **A fire**: Cf. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 1256 ff., and Schiller's ballad, "Kassandra," st. 5, "Eine Fackel seh' ich glühen," etc.

115 264. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, iv, 2, 32:—

> "The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
> The earth of flaming sulphur."

ULYSSES (Page 116)

Tennyson said, "'Ulysses' was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death [Sept. 15, 1833], and gave my feelings about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memoriam*." (*Mem.*, I, 196.) Published in 1842, with the text as it now stands. It is a character-piece of the reflective order. (See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 327.) The reading of this poem and "Locksley Hall" is said to have determined Sir Robert Peel to give Tennyson a pension in 1845. (Wemyss Reid, *Life of Lord Houghton*, I, 297.) The inspiration came from Dante, *Inf.*, xxvi, 90–120, where Ulysses addresses the Poets in the Eighth Bolgia:—"When I departed from Circe, . . . neither fondness for my son, nor piety for my old father, nor the due love that should have made Penelope glad, could overcome within me the ardour that I had to gain experience of the world, and of the vices of men, and of their valour. But I put forth on the deep, open sea, with one vessel only, and with that little company by which I had not been deserted. . . . I and my companions were old and slow when we came to that narrow strait where Hercules set up his bounds, to the end that man may not put out beyond. . . . 'O brothers,' said I, 'who through a hundred thousand perils have reached the West, to

this so little vigil of your senses that remains be ye unwilling to deny the experience, following the sun, of the world that hath no people. Consider ye your origin; ye were not made to live as brutes, but for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge." (Translation of C. E. Norton.) Dante was probably ignorant of the Homeric narrative, in which Odysseus after leaving Circe descends into Hades, and ultimately returns to Ithaca (but see Lyall, p. 41), and his story, as far as we know, is his own invention. Tennyson departs from Dante in transferring the scene to Ithaca, and from Homer, among many things, in bringing the companions of Ulysses safely home from their wanderings after the siege of Troy. In short, Tennyson's conception is partly classical, partly mediæval, partly modern and personal, and so it represents the spirit of men, of whatever time, who have been led on by an indomitable desire for knowledge. Contrast the mood of "The Lotos-Eaters."

The blank verse is of rare excellence, stately and yet flexible (note the varied pauses in 13–17, 44–50, and the running-on of the verse in 3, 8, 9, 10, 19, 24, 30, 39, 47, 55, 58, 65, 69). The style is forcible without excess, and condensed without obscurity (notice 4, 6, 11, 16–17, 24, 30–33, 65–70). The metaphors are simple and large ("All experience is an arch," "Life piled on life," "the baths of all the western stars," etc.). The proportion of end-stopt to run-on lines is about 2 to 1. In Shakespeare's later style it is about 3 to 2. In *Paradise Lost*, i, it is about 4 to 3.

116 7. **Life to the lees:** Cf. *Macbeth*, ii, 3, 100.

116 10. **The rainy Hyades:** Virgil's "pluvias Hyades" (*Aen.*, i, 744), a group of seven stars in the constellation Taurus, called "rainy" because their setting in April and November was for the ancients a sure presage of wet weather.

116 13, 14. From *Odyssey*, i, 1–3. Cf. Horace, *Ars Poet.*, 141, 142.

116 16. **Delight of battle:** a translation of Attila's phrase at the battle of Châlons, "certaminis gaudia." (Jordanis, *De Origine Getarum*, xxxix.)

116 17. **Windy Troy:** Homer's Ἴλιος ἠνεμόεσσα. (*Il.*, xii, 115, etc.)

116 18. **A part:** Cf. *Aeneid*, ii, 6, "Quorum pars magna fui"; also, "Aylmer's Field," 12, and Byron, *Childe Harold*, iii, st. 72:—

> "I live not in myself, but I become
> Portion of that around me."

116 20, 21. Cf. *Aeneid*, iii, 496.

116 22. Ulysses says in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3, 152:—

> "To have done is to hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery."

And see "Love thou thy land," 41, 42.

116 24. **Life piled on life:** A sonnet assigned to 1828–1830, printed in the *Memoir*, I, 59, contains this metaphor, and manifests the aspiration of Ulysses thus early in Tennyson's life.

117 31. Cf. "The Voyage," sts. viii, ix; "Merlin and The Gleam."

117 33. **Telemachus:** the only son of Ulysses and Penelope, the charge of Pallas and a type of youthful discretion. He is the hero of Fénelon's *Télémaque*.

117 45. Mr. Herbert Paul (*The Nineteenth Century*, March 1893) points out that the Homeric mariner never set sail at twilight if he could help it. But Tennyson chose the evening because it harmonized with the closing venture of Ulysses's life. For classical analogues to the address which follows, see *Odyssey*, xii, 206–216; *Aeneid*, i, 198–207; Horace, *Odes*, i, 7, 25–32.

117 58, 59. Cf. the recurring line of the *Odyssey* (iv, 580, etc.): ἐξῆς δ' ἐξόμενοι πολιὴν ἅλα τύπτον ἐρετμοῖς.

117 60, 61. **The baths of all the western stars:** Cf. *Odyssey*, v, 275; also, Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," *ad fin.*, "From whose floor the new-bathed stars Emerge."

117, 118 62–64. "These lines do not make me weep, but there is in me what would fill whole Lachrymatories as I read." (Carlyle to Tennyson, *Mem.*, I, 214.)

118 63. **The Happy Isles:** The Islands of the Blest gradually became identified with the Elysian Fields as the abode of just men after death. They were supposed to lie beyond the Pillars of Hercules (the strait of Gibraltar); and so the name "Fortunatae Insulae" was applied to the Canary and Madeira Islands, when they were discovered. Cf. "Tiresias," 162 ff.

118 64. **Achilles,** in *Odyssey*, xi, 467 ff., is seen by Odysseus in Hades; but many later writers assign him to the "Happy Isles" (e.g., Pindar, *Ol.*, ii, 142; Plato, *Symp.*, 179 E, 180 B, etc.).

118 69. **Strong in will:** Tennyson's favourite doctrine of the unconquerable will. Cf. "Will," 1 ff.; "Early Sonnets," iii, 1.

TITHONUS (Page 118)

Begun about 1835, and finished in 1859 in order that it might be published by Thackeray in the *Cornhill Magazine*, February 1860; reprinted in *Enoch Arden, etc.*, 1864. (*Mem.*, I, 443, 459.) The poem is a dramatic monologue of Tithonus, the husband of Eos (Dawn), at whose request he has obtained from the gods immortality, but not eternal youth, so that he gradually withers away. His story is mentioned in "The Grasshopper" (in *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, 1830). The main source of the myth and the poem is the Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 218–239. The grief attributed by Tennyson to Dawn is not classical. Cf. the fate of the struldbrugs in *Gulliver's Travels*, pt. iii, ch. x. Mr. Stephen Phillips illustrates ll. 28–31 in his poem "Marpessa."

The style is steady and strong, being intentionally restrained. There are but 18 run-on lines, and no feminine endings.

118 1. **The woods decay** replaced in 1864 *Ay me! ay me!* which made a weak beginning and was better left to l. 50.

118 4. **Swan:** Aristotle (*Hist. An.*, 9, 12, p. 615 a 33) calls swans εὔγηροι, i.e., enjoying a green old age. They have been known to live to the age of fifty.

118 7. Cf. the *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 227: — ναῖε παρ' Ὠκεανοῖο ῥοῆς ἐπὶ πείρασι γαίης.

118 18. **Hours:** the goddesses who cause all things to come into being, ripen, and decay at the appointed time. They are made attendants of Eos by Quintus Smyrnæus (i, 50; ii, 594, 658). Cf. *Paradise Lost*, vi, 3, and the celebrated picture by Guido Reni in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome.

119 29. **Kindly:** Rolfe interprets "natural" as in "the kindly fruits of the earth," in the *Book of Common Prayer*.

119 39. **The** replaced in 1864 *that*. The **team** are the steeds Lampus and Phaëthon, which drew Dawn's chariot up to Olympus to proclaim the coming of day. (See *Odyssey*, xxiii, 246.)

119 42. Cf. Catullus, lxiii, 41, "[Sol] Pepulitque noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus." Collins compares Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, pt. II, i, 1, 107, 108: —

> "For see, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
> Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves."

119 49. Collins compares the couplet of Agathon quoted by Aristotle, *Nic. Eth.*, vi, 2, "Of this alone is even God deprived — to make

undone whatsoever hath been done." But it is a general principle of classical mythology, as illustrated by the legend of Cassandra.

120 62, 63. Apollo built the walls of Troy for King Laomedon, the father of Tithonus, to the music of his lyre, just as Amphion aided in the building of Thebes. (Ovid, *Heroides*, xvi, 180.) Cf. *Paradise Lost*, i, 710 ff.; "Œnone," 39–41; "Tiresias," 96; "Gareth and Lynette," 254–258.

120 71. **Barrows:** burial mounds. Cf. "Enoch Arden," 7 and 439.

120 75. **Earth in earth:** Cf. Stephen Hawes, *Pastime of Pleasure*, xlv, "When earth in earth hath ta'en his corrupt taste."

LUCRETIUS (Page 121)

Written in 1865; printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, May 1868, in *Every Saturday* (New York), May 2, 1868, and in *The Holy Grail, etc.*, 1869. Tennyson's story of the death of Lucretius is based upon two passages in St. Jerome. (1) Addition to the Eusebian Chronicle (under 94 B.C.): — "Titus Lucretius poeta nascitur, qui postea amatorio poculo in furorem versus, cum aliquot libros per intervalla insaniae conscripsisset, . . . propria se manu interfecit anno aetatis xliiii." (2) *Epist.* xxxvi, *Ad Rufin.*, ch. 23: — "Livia virum suum interfecit, quem nimis odiit: Lucillia suum, quem nimis amavit. Illa sponte miscuit aconitum: haec decepta, furorem propinavit pro amoris poculo." Later writers connected (2) with Lucretius on circumstantial evidence. Tennyson represents the great Latin poet as uttering the doctrines of the *De Rerum Natura* for the most part with a clear mind, but occasionally haunted with visions of madness. Essays by Professor Jebb (*Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1868) and Katharine Allen (*Poet Lore*, XI, 529) are helpful in studying the relation of Tennyson to Lucretius.

John Addington Symonds calls this "perhaps the most splendid of all Tennyson's essays in blank verse, and the most gorgeously coloured piece of unrhymed English since Milton." The large number of polysyllables, indeed, impart a Miltonic fulness of sound. (See, e.g., ll. 30, 40, 156–159.) There are 7 feminine endings and 86 run-on lines.

121 6. **Pacings in the field:** Cf. *De Rer. Nat.*, iv, 459.

121 7. **To greet him with a kiss:** Cf. *De Rer. Nat.*, iii, 894 ff.

121 12, 13. **These three hundred scrolls Left by the Teacher:** Diogenes Laërtius, x, 17, attributes three hundred scrolls to Epicurus.

121 29 ff. Cf. simile in *De Rer. Nat.*, i, 280 ff.

122 36–43. Tennyson here presents Lucretius's view of the incessant disintegration and recombination of the atomic elements of the world

(See *De Rer. Nat.*, i, 988 ff, 1102–1110; ii, 1052–1066, etc.) The more modern idea of the atomic theory is given in *The Princess*, ii, 101–104.

122 40. **Ruining**: Cf. *Par. Lost*, vi, 868, "Hell saw Heaven ruining from Heaven." **Inane**: Cf. Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, iii, at end, "Pinnacled dim in the intense inane."

122 44. **The dog,** etc.: This is taken from *De Rer. Nat.*, iv, 991–994, where the poet speaks of dogs and other animals repeating in dreams their waking actions.

122 47. **Sylla**: dictator of Rome B.C. 81–79, who massacred thousands during and after his war with Marius, and who retired from public affairs to live a life of debauchery. The epithet "mulberry-faced" (l. 54) is from a skit preserved in Plutarch's *Life of Sulla*, ii, *συκάμινόν ἐσθ' ὁ Σύλλας ἀλφίτῳ πεπασμένον.*

122 50. **Dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth**: See Ovid, *Met.*, iii, 1 ff. The dragon was slain by Cadmus, and warriors sprang up where he sowed its teeth.

122 52. **Hetairai**: courtesans. (Greek, *ἑταῖραι.*)

123 70. **Proœmion**: the proem (i, 1–49) to the *De Rer. Nat.*, which extols Venus. For Lucretius's appreciation of his own work, see i, 923; iv, 1.

123 79. **Calm**: This view of ideal tranquillity (which recurs in 110, 217, 265) is expressed in *De Rer. Nat.*, ii, 1 ff.

123 82. **Mavors**: Mars, the god of war. This form is used by Lucretius in i, 32.

123 88. **The Trojan**: Anchises. Cf. Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 68 ff.

123 89. **Hunter**: Adonis, loved of Venus, killed by a wound from a boar. See Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis.*

123 91. **Apple-arbiter**: Paris. See "Œnone."

124 93. **The great Sicilian**: Empedocles (flourished c. 450 B.C.), the philosopher of Agrigentum, praised by Lucretius, i, 716–733. A fragment of his, in Hippolytus, *Refutatio Haeresium*, vii, 31, which probably began the last book of his poem, has: — *ἄμβροτε Μοῦσα . . . νῦν αὖτε παρίστασο*, Καλλιόπεια, *κ.τ.λ.*

124 94. **Calliope**: muse of epic poetry.

124 95. **Kypris**: a name for Aphrodite from the island of Cyprus, which was the centre of her worship. (See note, "Œnone," l. 171.)

124 97–102. Tennyson has in mind *De Rer. Nat.*, i, 6–20, 252–264.

124 104–110. This is from Lucretius (iii, 18–22. Cf. ii, 645–651, v, 82 ff.), who borrowed it in turn from *Odyssey*, vi, 42–46. Cf. "The Lotos-Eaters," 155 ff; "Œnone," 128–131; "Morte d'Arthur," 260 ff.

124 114. The obvious inconsistency between the existence of gods and a thorough-going mechanical theory of the universe, Lucretius, in his poem, does not face or seem to appreciate.

124 116. **My master held**: The reference is to Epicurus's letter to Menœceus (Diogenes Laërtius, x, 27). Lucretius discusses the grounds of belief in v, 1161–1193.

124 118. Translated from iii, 3, 4. Cf. v, 55, 56.

124 119. **Memmius**: C. Memmius Gemellus, to whom *De Rerum Natura* is dedicated.

125 125. **Delius**: surname of Apollo, from Delos, the island where he was born.

125 126. **Hyperíon**: properly a Titan, father of the sun-god Helios; here, however, as often in Homer, used for Helios himself. (See, e.g., *Il.*, xix, 398.) Shakespeare, Spenser, Gray, and Keats throw the accent wrongly on the second syllable. The epithet "all-seeing" is from *Od.*, xii, 323. In *Od.*, xii, 382, 383, 394–396, Homer tells how the Sun, incensed at the slaughter of his sacred oxen, made the skins creep and the flesh bellow.

125 137, 138. Cf. *De Rer. Nat.*, ii, 576, 577, v, 223.

125 142, 143. Cf. iii, 900–911.

125 147. **Plato where he says**: The passage is in the *Phaedo*, 61 A–62 C. Cicero quotes and interprets it as Tennyson does, in *De Senectute*, 73.

126 165. **Idols**: an allusion to the "simulacra," or films, which Lucretius says are constantly streaming from all surfaces, flying to and fro in the air, and deceiving us awake and asleep. (iv, 30 ff.)

126 177 ff. Probably suggested by *De Rer. Nat.*, vi, 175 ff.

126 182. **Picus and Faunus**: ancient gods of Latium. The allusion is to Ovid's tale (*Fasti*, iii, 289–328) of how King Numa captured them drowsy-drunk in the Aventine grove, in order to force them to reveal a way of averting Jove's thunder.

127 188–191. In *Macmillan's Magazine* these lines stand: —

> And here an Oread, and this way she runs
> Before the rest, etc.

Every Saturday has the omitted passage in full. Perhaps Tennyson thought at first that it was too Swinburnian for the British public, though not for the Americans; but more likely a prudish editor was to blame.

127 193. **Proved**: In *De Rer. Nat.*, ii, 700 ff., and v, 878 ff.

127 210–212. Cf. ii, 7–13.

127 213. Suggested by ii, 29–33, or v, 1392 ff.

128 223–225. See i, 933–950; iv, 8–25.

128 235. **Her:** Lucretia, wife of Collatinus, who, when dishonoured by Sextus Tarquinius, stabbed herself, and so roused the people to expel the kings. (See Livy, i, 57–59.) Cf. Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece*.

128 241. **The Commonwealth, which breaks:** Lucretius died probably in 55 B.C., when the First Triumvirate had absorbed all the power, and the Republic was moribund.

128 243. **The womb and tomb of all:** Cf. *De Rer. Nat.*, v, 258–260; ii, 999, and Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii, 911.

128 245. **Blind beginnings:** Lucretius's "primordia caeca," i, 1110, etc.

128 250. Cf. v, 95.

129 256. From v, 311.

129 257. **Atom and void:** See i, 1008 ff.

129 259. **A truth,** etc.: Lucretius by many arguments seeks to prove the mortality of the soul and the non-existence of a world of the dead. See iii, 978 ff., and Munro's note on l. 1011.

129 260. **Ixionian wheel:** Ixion was punished for casting a lustful eye on Juno, by being fastened to an ever-revolving fiery wheel in Hades.

129 262. So Lucretius balances "mortal" and "immortal" in iii, 869.

129 273. **Thus — thus:** The words mark the stabs, as in Dido's dying speech, "Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras." (*Aeneid*, iv, 660.)

129 280. In the magazines this line was, *What matters? All is over: Fare thee well!* Tennyson transformed a weak conclusion into one that is highly tragic and pregnant with character.

ST. AGNES' EVE (PAGE 130)

This mystical poem, which was written by 1834 (*Mem.*, I, 142), appeared in *The Keepsake*, 1837, and was reprinted in 1842. Before 1857 the title was "St. Agnes," but it is not possible that Tennyson ever meant the child-saint who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian to be the subject of his poem. Rather it is supposed to be spoken by a nun who embodies her spirit, on the eve of January 21, St. Agnes' Day. On that night, according to the ancient legend, a pure maiden, fasting, may hope to have a vision of her future husband. (Brand, *Pop. Ant.*, I, 34–38.) Here it is the Heavenly Bridegroom that the maiden longs to see. Contrast the sentiment of this piece with "The Eve of

St. Agnes" by Keats; compare the nun with Percivale's sister in "The Holy Grail."

Each stanza is composed of three quatrains of the common metre, with interwoven rhyme, unified by a single thought. The ordinary rapidity of the verse-form is reduced at first by making many of the unstressed syllables long in quantity. See Professor A. S. Cook's article on the poem in *Poet Lore*, III, 10.

130 3, 4. Cf. Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," st. i:—

> "His frosted breath,
> Like pious incense from a censer old,
> Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death."

130 12. **In** in 1842 replaced *on* (1837).

130 16. **Argent round**: the silver moon at the full.

130 17. Cf. *Rev.*, vii, 9.

130 19, 20. Cf. 2 *Cor.*, v, 1, and "The Deserted House," 12.

130 23, 24. Cf. *Rev.*, iii, 5; xix, 7, 8. In the legend of St. Agnes she is miraculously clothed with a white vesture.

130 28. **Strows** in 1842 replaced *strews* (1837).

131 31. **Heavenly Bridegroom**: Cf. *Isaiah*, lxii, 5; *Matt.*, xxv, 1–13. The latter, Professor Cook notes, is the Gospel for St. Agnes' Day. When the saint was urged to marry a Roman noble, she exclaimed, says the *Golden Legend*, "Go from me, and know that I am loved of another lover, which hath fianced me by his faith. I will have none other spouse but him."

131 32. In 1837: *To wash me pure from sin.*

131 35. **Shining sea**: Cf. *Rev.*, xv, 2.

SIR GALAHAD (Page 131)

Written by 1834 (*Mem.*, I, 139), and printed in 1842. The character in the poem is the counterpart in manhood of the nun in "St. Agnes' Eve." Galahad was the saintly hero who gradually took the place of Percivale in the later legends of the Holy Grail. (Alfred Nutt, *The Legend of the Holy Grail*, 67, 93.) Malory gives his history in Books xi–xvii, and Tennyson in "The Holy Grail." The Grail, originally a resuscitation vessel in Celtic mythology, became, under churchly influence, the cup from which our Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and in which His blood was caught by Joseph of Arimathea, during or after the crucifixion (Nutt, 70, 185, 224); it was visible only to the pure in

heart, and "symbolises the union of man with the divine." (Maccallum, *Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story*, 74.) The word is derived from med. Lat. *gradālis*, a bowl. Tennyson's poem should be compared with William Morris's "Sir Galahad," in *The Defence of Guenevere*.

The metre is in general the same as that of "St. Agnes' Eve," but with two subtle and most effective variations: ll. 6, 10, 12 in each stanza are lengthened from three to four stresses; and l. 9 is left unrhymed, while l. 11 takes an internal rhyme. The versification is singularly perfect, and there is but one approximate rhyme (61–63).

131 11, 12. Cf. "The Holy Grail," 346–349.

132 27–36. Possibly suggested by Malory, xiii, 17 and 18. (Cf. xvii, 9 and 12.)

132 31. The seats in the choir and chancel are empty and the doors are wide open.

132 38. **Magic bark**: Cf. Malory, xvi, 17; xvii, 2, 13, 14 and 21; "The Holy Grail," 514, 799; *Faerie Queene*, ii, 6, 5.

132 41–48. Cf. "The Holy Grail," 108–123, 472–476.

132 51. There was an old superstition that the cock crows all the night before Christmas to drive away evil spirits. See *Hamlet*, i, 1, 158–164.

133 53. **Leads**: roofs covered with sheets of lead.

133 54. **Springs**: From 1842 to 1851 the reading was *spins*.

133 69–72. This experience, which Tennyson had passed through himself (See on "The Ancient Sage," 229), is, in "The Holy Grail," 907–915, transferred to King Arthur.

NORTHERN FARMER. OLD STYLE. (PAGE 134)

This dialect poem, a study of humourous Lincolnshire character, was written in February 1861 (*Mem.*, I, 471), and published in *Enoch Arden, etc.*, 1864. Tennyson said, "Roden Noel calls these two poems [i.e., the two "Northern Farmers"] 'photographs,' but they are imaginative. The first is founded on the dying words of a farm-bailiff, as reported to me by a great uncle of mine when verging upon 80, — 'God A'mighty little knows what He 's about, a-taking me [l. 45]. An' Squire will be so mad an' all' [l. 47]. I conjectured the man from that one saying." (*Mem.*, II, 9.) The manner of man here depicted is already extinct, and the dialect is rapidly dying out. Of the dialect notes appended, some are given by Tennyson, some by Palgrave. The spelling of words has been greatly altered since the original publication.

The metre is practically the same as that of "In the Children's Hospital," but here the lines are regularly arranged in quatrains.

134 1. **'Asta beän**: hast thou been. **Liggin'**: lying.

134 3. **Moänt 'a**: may not have.

134 7. **Point**: pint.

134 10. **You**: Pronounce *ou* as in *hour*. **'Issén**: himself.

134 11. **Towd**: told. **Hond**: hand.

134 13. **Larn'd a ma' beä**: learned he may be.

134 14. **A cast oop**: he brought up against me. **Barne**: child.

134 16. **Raäte**: the poor tax.

135 18. **Buzzard-clock**: cockchafer. Cf. "Sonnet to J. M. K.," "The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone."

135 23. **'Siver**: however.

135 27. **Summun**: David. See *Psalm* cxvi, 11.

135 28. **Stubb'd**: broken up for cultivation.

135 30. **Boggle**: bogie, ghost.

135 31. **Butter-bump**: bittern.

135 32. **Raäved an' rembled**: tore up and threw away.

135 33. **Keäper's it wur**: it was the gamekeeper's ghost.

135 34. **'Enemies**: anemones.

136 35. **Toäner**: one or other.

136 36. **At 'soize**: at the assizes.

136 37. **Dubbut**: do but.

136 40. **Fourscoor**: Pronounce *ou* as in *hour*. **Yows**: ewes. **Seeäd**: clover.

136 42. **Ta-year**: this year. **Thruff**: through.

136 43. **'Ud nobbut**: would only.

136 48. **Michaelmas**: September 29.

136 49. In 1864 the line read: *A mowt a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'aäpoth o' sense.*

136 52. **Cauve**: calve. **Hoälms**: holms, low flat land on the banks of a stream.

137 53. **Quoloty**: quality, the gentry.

137 54. **Thessén**: themselves. **Sewer-loy**: surely.

137 58. **Howd**: hold.

137 60. **Naw, nor** replaced *Noither*, the original reading.

137 61. **Kittle**: boiler. The steam threshing-machine was introduced in Lincolnshire in 1848. This dates approximately the passing of the "old-style" farmer.

137 62. **Huzzin' an' maäzin'**: worrying and astonishing.

137 63. **Thaw** replaced *an'*, the original reading.

137 64. **Sin'** replaced *gin* (1864).

137 65. **Atta:** art thou.

137 66. **'Toättler:** teetotaler. **A 's hallus i' the owd taäle:** is always telling the same story.

137 67. **Floy:** fly.

137 68. **If** replaced *gin* (1864).

NORTHERN FARMER. NEW STYLE. (PAGE 138)

This poem, published in *The Holy Grail* volume of 1869, is a self-portrait of the independent farmer of large holdings who succeeded the old-style manager. It grew out of a single sentence which Tennyson had heard was a favourite saying of a rich neighbour, "When I canters my 'erse along the ramper (highway) I 'ears proputty, proputty, proputty." (*Mem.*, II, 9.) The dialect is nearly the same as in the preceding poem, only a little less pronounced, but the characters are very different. The verse is identical, with a delightful bit of onomatopœia in l. 2, etc. Tennyson read this poem aloud with immense humour and with the broadest accent.

138 1. **'Erse:** horse.

138 7. **To weeäk:** this week.

138 14. **Gells:** girls.

139 15. **Wot 's a beauty? — the flower as blaws:** Cf. *Isaiah*, xxviii, 1; *Psalm* ciii, 15; and Burns's "Hey for a lass wi' a tocher," a song which the farmer would have sung had he been Scotch, "Your beauty 's a flower in the morning that blows."

139 17. **Stunt:** obstinate.

139 24. **As 'ant nowt:** that has nothing.

139 25. **Weänt 'a:** will not have.

139 26. **Addle:** earn.

139 27. **Git hissén clear** was, in 1869, *git naw 'igher*. The change was made for the sake of the rhyme, when *shire* in the next line became *shere*.

139 30. **Shut on:** clear of.

139 31. When once a sheep gets on its back, it must lie so, until some one turns it on all-fours. **I' the grip:** in the draining ditch.

139 32. **Far-welter'd:** or fow-weltered, said of a sheep lying on its back.

140 38. **Burn:** born.

140 39. **Mays nowt:** makes nothing.

140 40. **The bees is as fell as owt:** the flies are as fierce as anything.

140 41. **Esh:** ash.

140 45–48. Says honest Wilkin Flammock in Scott's *Betrothed*, ch. xxvi, "He that is poor will murder his father for money. I hate poor people, and I would the devil had every man who cannot keep himself by the work of his own hand."

140 52. **Tued an' moil'd:** tugged and drudged.

141 53. **Beck:** brook.

141 54. **Feyther run oop:** i.e., his land ran up.

141 55. **Brig:** bridge.

LOCKSLEY HALL (Page 141)

Printed in 1842. Tennyson said, "'Locksley Hall' is an imaginary place (tho' the coast is Lincolnshire) and the hero is imaginary. The whole poem represents young life, its good side, its deficiencies, and its yearnings." (*Mem.*, I, 195.) The sequel, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886), shows the same character interpreting the story of Amy and her husband, no longer with youthful jealousy, but with mature friendship, and at the same time, in his views of human progress, giving way to those "moods of despondency which are caused by the decreased energy of life." (*Mem.*, II, 329.) See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, 280–293.

The suggestion came partly from Sir William Jones's prose version of the *Moallakát*, the seven Arabic poems which were written in the sixth and seventh centuries A.D., and which were traditionally — and, in all probability, falsely — represented as having been suspended on the Kaaba at Mecca. Five of these (viz., the poems of Amriolkais, Tarafa, Zohair, Lebeid, and Antara) begin with the lamentation of a lover over the abandoned home of a fair one. The resemblance of the first to "Locksley Hall" is indicated in the "Argument" which Sir William Jones prefixed to his translation: — "The poet, after the manner of his countrymen, supposes himself accompanied on a journey by a company of friends; and, as they pass near a place, where his mistress had lately dwelled, but from which her tribe was then removed, he desires them to stop awhile, that he might indulge the painful pleasure of weeping over the deserted remains of her tent," etc. It concludes with a picture of a great storm. See E. Koeppel, "Tennysoniana," in *Englische Studien*, XXVIII, 400–406. Koeppel thinks that

Tennyson may have imitated the metre of the Arabic original; so also Lyall, p. 50.

The metre is eight-stress trochaic rhymed couplets. The light syllable of the eighth bar is omitted. The strong beat on the first syllable of each bar, the prolonged lines, the final syllables standing alone and bearing the full emphasis of the rhyme, give a buoyant, spirited, galloping motion to the verse. Note that the couplets cannot be arranged as quatrains with lines of eight and seven syllables, and alternate rhymes. We can do it with the first three couplets; but with the fourth it becomes difficult, and when we come to the eighth it is clearly absurd. The normal scheme of the verse is given in the first line: the pause, or cæsura, comes at the end of the fourth bar; the last word is a long monosyllable. Variations in the pause are as follows:—

a. Middle of 4th bar; strong emphasis on syllable before pause: 16, 31, 33, 42, 50, 58, 59, 60, 61, 68, 70, 73, 78, 79, 88, 89, 92, 100, 112, 120, 128, 129, 132, 135, 147, 151, 170, 171, 183, 189.

b. End of 3d bar; used generally when the second section of the verse has the present participle and a prolonged movement: 46, 85, 144, 161, 164, 172.

c. End of 5th bar: 7, 97, 113, 160.

d. Middle of 3d bar; same effect as *a*: 21, 34, 62, 118.

e. End of 2d bar; same effect as *b*: 45, 49, 69.

f. Middle of 2d bar: 27, 64.

g. Double pause: 34, *d*, and normal; 153, normal, and *c*; 194, normal, and end of 6th bar.

h. Triple pause; marked emphasis: 23, middle of 2d bar, normal, and middle of 5th bar; 193, *f*, *a*, and middle of 5th bar.

There are 97 rhymes; the following are approximate: 63–64, 67–68, 71–72, 91–92, 101–102, 117–118, 155–156, 179–180. This is in the proportion of one in twelve. Comparing it with couplet-poems by other masters of English verse, we find that Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* has one defective rhyme in seven; Shelley's "Lines among the Euganean Hills," one in six; and Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," one in nine. Perfect accuracy of rhyme is, of course, not essential to excellence in English poetry. Tennyson ranks high in this branch of technique, though not so high as Milton or Pope.

The style, in contrast with "Mariana" or "The Lady of Shalott," is aggressively modern; full of allusions to recent discoveries in astronomy,

electricity, sociology; yet it does not lose the romantic feeling; it is individual, passionate, heightened and coloured by emotion. The language is very tropical. The following instances may be taken as representative. *Simile:* 10, 13, 20, 70, 114, 135, 140, 152, 180. *Metaphor:* 12, 24, 27, 42, 65, 76, 100, 133, 134, 146. *Allegory:* 31–34, 121–128. *Personification:* 100, 108, 130, 130, 143, 178. *Irony:* 51–55. *Hyperbole:* 56, 66, 133, 180.

141 3. **All around it** replaced in 1843 *round the gables.*

141 4. **Dreary gleams . . . flying:** rays of sunlight struggling through the flying clouds. The construction is absolute, "while dreary gleams . . . fly," etc. (See *Mem.*, II, 93.)

141 5. **In the distance:** the original and final reading. *Half in ruin* is the reading in the *Selection* of 1865.

141 8. **Sloping:** The word is generally used to describe a line; Tennyson frequently uses it to describe a movement. Cf. "Mariana," 80.

141 9. Cf. *Moallakát*, Amriolkais, 23: "It was the hour when the Pleiads appeared in the firmament, like the folds of a silken sash variously decked with gems."

142 14. **Closed:** inclosed. Cf. "Gardener's Daughter," 13.

142 17–20. Cf. *Pervigilium Veneris*, 2, 3:—

> "Ver novum, ver iam canorum; vere natus orbis est,
> Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites."

142 18. **Lapwing:** *Vanellus cristatus*, the "tufted plover" of "The May Queen," 62.

142 19. **Iris:** The rainbow colours on the dove's neck are brighter in the mating season.

142 26. A very imperfect line metrically.

143 31, 32. Cf. Goethe's epigram, "Zeitmass," and W. R. Spencer's "To the Lady Anne Hamilton":—

> "And who with clear account remarks
> The ebbing of his glass,
> When all the sands are diamond sparks
> That dazzle as they pass."

143 33, 34. Tennyson told Phillips Brooks that this was his best simile (*sic*). (*Mem.*, II, 296.) His doctrine of love is that when it is true it conquers selfishness. Cf. *Maud*, I, xviii, 40–44; II, ii, 74–83.

143 37. **The stately ships:** Cf. "Break, break, break," 9.

143 38. Cf. *The Princess*, vii, 143, and Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, iv, "When soul meets soul on lovers' lips." Parsons also cites Schiller's *Die Räuber*, iii, 1:—

> "Seine Küsse — paradiesisch Fühlen!
> . . . . . .
> Stürzten, flogen, rasten Geist und Geist zusammen,
> Lippen, Wangen brannten, zitterten, —
> Seele rann in Seele."

After this follow in the original MS. the two couplets which later became the nucleus of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (13–16).

143 43. **Decline:** lower thyself. Cf. *Hamlet*, i, 5, 50.

145 68. **The many-winter'd crow:** Cf. Horace, *Odes*, iii, 17, 13, "annosa cornix," and Shakespeare, "The Phœnix and the Turtle," 17, "thou treble-dated crow." But the crow here is the rook, the poet preferring to adopt the provincial name rather than use "rook" twice in the same sentence. (See his letter quoted by Watts in *The Nineteenth Century*, May 1893.)

145 75. **The poet:** Many poets have expressed the thought, but Dante is meant (*Inf.*, v, 121–123):—

> "Nessun maggior dolore,
> che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> nella miseria."

Dante took it from Boethius, lib. ii, prosa 4.

145 79. **Like a dog, he hunts in dreams:** See "Lucrètius," 44 ff., and note.

146 104. **The winds are laid with sound:** alluding to the once prevalent belief that the discharge of ordnance during a battle repels the regular currents of air. See Cooper's *Two Admirals*, ch. xxvii.

147 121. **Argosies:** merchant vessels; originally the large and richly freighted ships of Ragusa.

148 129. **Common sense of most:** Cf. *Idylls*, — "To the Queen," 61, "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," 32.

148 133. **Out of joint:** Cf. *Hamlet*, i, 5, 189.

148 135, 136. Cf. Thos. Pringle, *Narrative of a Residence in South Africa* (1834, p. 39), which Tennyson read in 1837: "About midnight we were suddenly roused by the roar of a lion close to our tents. It was so loud and tremendous that for a moment I actually thought a

thunder-storm had burst upon us. . . . We roused up the half-extinguished fire to a roaring blaze," etc. Tennyson turns the incident into a simile of the dangerous growth of democracy, felt in the discontent which preceded the Revolution of 1848.

148 138. **Process of the suns**: passage of time.

148 141. **Knowledge . . . Wisdom**: For the distinction cf. "Love and Duty," 23–25; *In Mem.*, cxiv; Cowper's *Task*, vi, 88–97.

148 142. **The individual withers**: The revolution at the close of the eighteenth century asserted chiefly individual liberty; that in the second quarter of the nineteenth was an assertion of the rights of the community against the evils of individualism. The social movement had begun.

149 150. **Motions**: impulses, as often in Shakespeare.

149 153. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, iv, 2, 36–48.

149 155. **Mahratta-battle**: The Mahrattas are the inhabitants of Maharashtra, a district of central and western India. They fought the English in 1775–1778, in 1803, and in 1816–1818. Perhaps the second war, in which Wellesley (Wellington) was the English general, is here meant.

149 160. After this in the first, unpublished edition of the poem:—

> All about a summer ocean, leagues on leagues of golden calm,
> And within melodious waters rolling round the knolls of palm.

The couplet is singularly beautiful, but was omitted lest the poem should be clogged with description.

150 162. **Swings** was substituted for *droops* in 1851. Note the effectiveness of verbs of motion.

151 180. **Joshua's moon in Ajalon**: Cf. *Josh.*, x, 12.

151 181. **Beacons** (from O.E. *bēacn*, a sign): kindles a signal for advance. Cf. Browning, *Paracelsus*, "Some one truth would dimly beacon me . . . Into assured light."

151 182. **Great world** replaced in 1843 *peoples*. "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830), I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night and there was such a vast crowd round the train at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line." (Tennyson in *Mem.*, I, 195.)

151 183. **Globe** replaced in 1843 *world*, because of the change in 182.

151 185. **Mother-Age (for mine I knew not)**: Never having known his own mother, he calls upon the spirit of the age (the *Zeitgeist*) to comfort him with promises of progress.

151 186. **Weigh the sun**: Probably refers to the experiments carried out by Francis Baily (1838–1842) for determining the mean density of the earth, and so also the weight of the sun.

151 191. **Holt**: small wood or grove (O.E.).

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE (Page 152)

Written in 1833; published in 1842. It is a dramatic lyric of much *verve*, and won instant popularity because current republican sympathies were expressed in it with personal passion and rhetorical force.

The poem is written in eight-line stanzas of four-stress iambic verse. The rhymes are alternate. The fifth line of each stanza (except the last) takes an internal rhyme; this quickens the movement and enlivens the scorn. The repeated apostrophe serves for refrain.

152 23. Scrivelsby Court, the seat of the Marmions, near Somersby, has a lion-guarded entrance-gate. (Napier, p. 98.) Cf. "Enoch Arden," 98; *Maud*, I, xiv, 7; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 213.

153 27. **Branching limes**: Cf. "The Gardener's Daughter," 46.

153 51. **The gardener Adam**: the original and final reading; in 1845 and for thirty years after, *The grand old gardener* — which was ambiguous. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 256.

153 54. Cf. "Winifreda" (in Percy's *Reliques*), "And to be noble, we 'll be good"; also, Juvenal, *Sat.* viii, 20, "Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."

154 56. **Norman blood**: Tennyson himself was of Norman descent.

SELECTIONS FROM MAUD; A MONODRAMA (Page 155)

Part II, Section IV, was written as early as 1834 (*Mem.*, I, 139), and was published in 1837 in *The Tribute*, a volume made up by Lord Northampton for the aid of a sick clergyman. (See Wemyss Reid, *Life of Lord Houghton*, I, 177–181.) At the suggestion of Sir John Simeon, the poet undertook to write a story around this fragment, and *Maud* gradually grew out of the endeavour. (*Mem.*, I, 379.) This was at Farringford in 1854 and 1855, and the poem was published in the latter year. The second edition (1856) contains many changes and additions.

The theme is the conquest of selfishness by love. The unnamed hero is a lonely morbid young man, tainted with hereditary insanity,

whose vision distorts all nature and humanity. Against his will he falls in love with Maud, the daughter of the man whom he considers the cause of all his wrongs, but this resisted passion becomes in time the redeeming power of his life. Forced into a duel, he kills Maud's brother, and flies to Brittany. The news of Maud's death drives him mad. He is finally restored under the influence of her love and the noble emotions kindled by the Crimean War. *Maud* is, as Tennyson called it, a "monodrama": it is distinguished from other dramas by the circumstance that "different phases of passion in one person take the place of different characters." Each section is a stage in the hero's development. Only those are given here which are distinct lyrics. Tennyson was fond of reading *Maud* aloud in a sort of rhythmical chant. (*Mem.*, I, 395–398; *The Poetry of Tennyson*, 121–128.)

Part I

V (Page 155)

Unwilling love is awakened by the "clarion call" of Maud's voice. The verse is a free measure of three, four, or five stresses to the line, with the rhymes irregularly arranged. Tennyson prided himself on the flexible rhythms of *Maud* (*Mem.*, I, 341), but the rule-of-thumb critics found them difficult to scan.

155 1. **Cedar tree:** Under a cedar at Swainston, Sir John Simeon's place near Farringford, much of *Maud* is said to have been written.

155 5. **Like a trumpet's call:** Cf. Sidney, *Defense of Poesie* (Athenæum Press edition, p. 29). "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

155 14. Cf. I, xxii, 41, and *The Princess*, iii, 340.

XI (Page 156)

This section expresses the hero's longing for love. "For thrilling effect these deprecatory stanzas must be admitted to stand almost alone in the annals of poetry." (R. J. Mann, *Maud Vindicated*, p. 30.) A fac-simile of the original MS. is given in *Mem.*, I, 392. Each stanza consists of a quatrain of three-stress iambic verse, with interwoven rhyme, followed by a burthen of which the second line changes. The feminine rhyme of 9–11 introduces a subtle and pathetic variation.

156 5. **Come what come may:** so Shakespeare in *Macbeth*, i, 3, 146.

XII (Page 156)

An interview with Maud. The birds are partisans of the characters: the caw of the rooks in the Hall garden (1–4; 25–28) summons Maud to the suitor whom her brother favours; but the little songsters of the lover's woods exult in her presence (9–12).

The quatrains have an irregular rhythm and alternate double rhymes, one of which is very poor (10–12).

157 11. **Here, here, here:** Cf. "The Throstle," 13.

157 17. As he had done in I, iv, 16, 17.

157 23, 24. The underside of the English daisy has crimson florets. These are upturned by the passing foot. Cf. *In Mem.*, lxxii, 11, 12.

158 30. **King Charley snarling.** In 1855: *King Charles is snarling*, which had too many sibilants. "King Charley" is, of course, a spaniel.

XVII (Page 158)

The consciousness that his love is returned gives a roseate tinge to all the world. The measure is three-stress trochaic, the light syllable of the last foot omitted. The twenty-eight lines are woven together by alternate rhymes and repeated words. Ll. 5–8 are repeated at the end of the poem.

158 12. **Over glowing** was substituted in 1872 for *O'er the blowing.*

XVIII (Page 159)

Tennyson's note is, "Happy. The sigh in the cedar branches seems to chime in with [the lover's] own yearning." (*Mem.*, I, 404.) His voice would break down when he read this section, because the intensity of joy approaches sadness. In Mayor's opinion (p. 136) it is "perhaps the most perfect example of the flowing richness of Tennyson's rhythm." The metre rises and falls, expands and contracts, with a freedom of accent, cadence, and rhyme, which seems lawless, but is really obedient to inner command of feeling. The general movement is iambic.

159 8. A celebrated description, perfect in tone-colour, of the sound made by the wind among laurel leaves. Laurels line the walks at Farringford. (Napier, p. 175.)

159 12. **Gates of Heaven:** Cf. *Rev.*, xxi, 21.

160 21. **Honey'd rain:** Cf. "Lycidas," 140, "honeyed showers."

160 27. **The thornless garden**: See *Genesis*, iii, 18.

160 32 ff. I.e., I am happier now than when I thought the ignorance of the common labourer a better lot than the knowledge, taught by modern science, of an all but infinite universe governed by mechanical laws, without intelligence or love for man.

160 36. **A sad astrology**: "modern astronomy, for of old astrology was thought to sympathize with and rule man's fate." (Tennyson's note, given to his son. *Mem.*, I, 404.)

160 40. Cf. *Psalm* viii, 3, 4; Lucretius, *De Rer. Nat.*, v, 1204 ff.; *In Mem.*, iii; "Despair," 15–20; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 201–204; "Vastness."

161 53. "The central idea [of *Maud*], the holy power of Love." (Tennyson's note.)

161 55 ff. I.e., the idea of death and separation intensifies love. So, the drinker's pleasure is made more importunate by the fear that all pleasure ends with this life. Cf. "The Ancient Sage," 17. "Let us eat and drink, for to morrow we die" is the staple sentiment of convivial songs. But Tennyson is thinking also of immortality as the crown of love. (Cf. *In Mem.*, xxxv.)

161 58. **Loving** replaced in 1884 *lover's*. The poet did not wish to leave it doubtful whether the lover or the kiss was long.

161 60. **Dusky strand**: "image from the coloured line sometimes woven into ropes." (Palgrave.)

161, 162 62–85. In this strophe, out of 194 words, 164 are monosyllables.

161 68. **False death**: sleep. Cf. *In Mem.*, lxviii, 2, and *Cymbeline*, ii, 2, 31, "O sleep, thou ape of death."

162 74. **My ownest** replaced in 1872 *and ownest*.

XXII (Page 162)

The dawn-song of the hero in the Hall garden, where Maud has promised to meet him after "a grand political dinner" and dance. His passion transforms and informs nature. Ruskin cited it as an "exquisite" instance of the pathetic fallacy, but the fallacy is itself true to the lover's character. Compare the garden-song in *The Princess*, where the flowers sleep, as here they wake, in sympathy.

The metre is curiously anticipated in Dryden's "Song of a Scholar and his Mistress." (Globe, p. 385.) The lines, of anapæstic cadence, are grouped in stanzas of six or eight lines, with interwoven rhyme.

In stanzas i, ii, x, and xi, three-stress lines prevail. From iii to ix lines of four stresses and three stresses regularly alternate. Every device is brought into service: onomatopœia, 13–16; alliteration, 25, 63–66; subtle repetition, 9–12, 69–71; internal rhyme, 27.

162 6. **Rose is** replaced in 1872 *roses*.

162 8. **The planet of Love**: Venus. Cf. "A Dream of Fair Women," 263.

164 41, 42. Cf. Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. II, Canto i, 571:—

> "Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
> The primrose and the violet."

164 45. **Acacia**: the North American locust-tree, with sweet-scented white flowers, grown as an ornamental tree in England.

164 48. **Pimpernel**: *Anagallis arvensis*, of the primrose family. **Dozed** probably refers to the closing of its little scarlet flowers; so, perhaps, the larkspur "listens" (65), because of its ear-like hoods.

164 56. **Lily and rose**: Cf. *Becket*, v, 2, 140–142, "The Ancient Sage," 159–161.

Part II

II (Page 165)

On the coast of Brittany, after the duel with Maud's brother. "The shell undestroyed amid the storm perhaps symbolizes to him his own first and highest nature preserved amid the storms of passion." (Tennyson's note.)

The metre is irregular; each line (except 14 and 19) has three stresses.

165 11, 12. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2, 43, 44.

III (Page 166)

This little lyric, added in 1856, contains in quintessence the tragedy of death and imminent madness. It was one of Tennyson's seven favourite "songs of the deeper kind." The metre is three- and four-stress iambic. Noticeable are the extra-syllables in l. 8.

IV (Page 167)

The Tribute version is printed here, because the *Maud* version loses by extraction from the context. Tennyson agreed with Jowett that it

was "the most touching of his works" (*Mem.*, II, 466), and Swinburne called it "the poem of deepest charm and fullest delight of pathos and melody ever written even by Mr. Tennyson." (*The Academy*, Jan. 29, 1876.)

Strophes v–vii and xi–xvi are in trochaic four-stress verse. The others are irregular, with three-stress lines acting as wheels. The rhymes follow no fixed plan. Many lines are left unrhymed. L. 45 has an internal rhyme.

167 13–16. Cf. Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, iv, 2, 27–30: —

> "O, that it were possible we might
> But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
> From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
> I never shall know here."

168 33. **Shuddering dawn**: Collins compares Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, pt. I, iii, 1, 1, "Is not yon gleam the shuddering morn."

169 68. He does not wish his remembrance of her, as he knew her in the old happy days, to be confused by a phantom with all the horrors of the grave.

169 69. Cf. *In Mem.*, xcii, 1–3.

169 71. Cf. *In Mem.*, xciii, 5–8.

170 90. **A phantom of the mind**: an image formed by the voluntary exercise of memory, of which her real Spirit (71) in heaven is the Archetype (107). With this is contrasted the involuntary and ghastly hallucination projected by his diseased brain (69, 70, 83, 84).

RIZPAH (Page 171)

This dramatic lyric appeared in *Ballads*, 1880. Mr. A. C. Swinburne says that if all the rest of the author's works were destroyed, this alone would at once place him among the first of the world's poets. (*Miscellanies*, p. 221.) Mr. E. C. Stedman says, "The passion and lyrical might of Rizpah never have been excelled by the author, nor, I think, by any other poet of his day." (*Victorian Poets*, p. 420.)

The poem is a study of maternal love under these conditions: (1) ignorance, (2) cruel injustice of the law, (3) madness, which unseats the reason but not the mother-instinct. An old peasant woman tells a lady visitor, who has come to pray with her, the story of her only boy who was hanged in chains for highway robbery, according to the English law, which was in force down to 1783. This story Tennyson

saw in a penny magazine called *Old Brighton*, lent him by his neighbour at Farringford, Mrs. Brotherton. (*Mem.*, II, 249–251.) A certain Phœbe Hessel "obtained such information as led to the arrest and conviction of Rooke and Howell for robbing the mail, a circumstance which made a considerable sensation at the close of the last century. They were gibbeted on the spot where the robbery was committed, and there is an affecting story connected with the body of Rooke. When the elements had caused the clothes and flesh to decay, his aged mother, night after night, in all weathers, and the more tempestuous the weather the more frequent the visits, made a sacred pilgrimage to the lonely spot on the Downs, and it was noticed that on her return she always brought something away with her in her apron. Upon being watched it was discovered that the bones of the hanging man were the objects of her search, and as the wind and rain scattered them on the ground she conveyed them to her home. There she kept them, and, when the gibbet was stripped of its horrid burden, in the dead silence of the night she interred them in the hallowed enclosure of Old Shoreham Churchyard. What a sad story of a Brighton Rizpah!" For the title, see 2 *Samuel*, xxi, 8–10. (*The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 260.)

The metre is in general the same as that of "In the Children's Hospital." There are no false or approximate rhymes. The style is what Wordsworth called "the language of common life."

171 4. **Downs:** bare, undulating, chalk uplands.

171 11. Here, for the first time, she notices her visitor.

171 12. **As the tree falls,** etc.: Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, xi, 3.

173 38. The gallows stood on the coast. Mr. Stopford Brooke remarks on "the dreadful shame, struck into that splendid line." (*Tennyson*, p. 446.)

174 51. **Flesh of my flesh:** Cf. *Genesis*, ii, 23. The intensity of this stanza is not surpassed by anything in literature; it is a cry out of the heart of life.

174 54. **Side:** The word is used in the same sense by Milton ("Comus," 1009), and Shelley (Dedication of *The Revolt of Islam*, ix).

174 57. **Trumpet of judgment:** Cf. 1 *Thessalonians*, iv, 16.

175 62. **Full of compassion,** etc.: Cf. *Psalm* lxxxvi, 15.

175 65. **The black cap:** The English judge puts on a black cap when about to pass sentence of death upon a prisoner.

175 66. Cf. *Matthew*, xix, 30, xx, 16; *Mark*, x, 31; *Luke*, xiii, 30.

THE PRINCESS, BOOK VII (Page 177)

For details regarding date of composition and publication see the introductory note to "Songs from The Princess" (p. 319). The main drift of the story of the poem to the beginning of Book vii is as follows: — The unnamed Northern Prince who acts as narrator has been betrothed, since childhood, to the Southern Princess Ida, and has worshipped her afar off as a boy's ideal. When the time comes for the compact to be fulfilled, the Princess declines to wed, for she has founded a university where women are to be educated in complete seclusion from men. The Prince, with two companions, disguises himself as a girl student and gains admission to the college. By a humourous contretemps they are detected and thrust forth in ignominy, though the Prince has found an opportunity to save Ida's life. Meanwhile the Prince's father has invested the college with an army, and the three huge warrior brothers of the Princess have come to her defence. They resolve to settle the dispute by a combat of fifty on a side. In this tourney the Prince's party is defeated, and he and many others are wounded. Ida, touched by pity for the Prince and his anxious father, surrenders her proud purpose, and throws open the college doors to the wounded of both armies. Here Book vii begins.

The Princess is called "A Medley," partly because of its manner of narration — each Book being told professedly by a different person; partly because of its confusing anachronisms, its commingling of mediæval and modern customs and ideas; partly because of its varying tones — now serious, now mock-heroic, and so "moving in a strange diagonal." In Book vii the mixture of half-jest gives place to almost entire earnestness.

"It is true," said Tennyson (*Mem.*, I, 251), "that some of the blank verse in this poem is among the best I ever wrote"; he cited vii, 20–26, 330–342. But he did not regard it as among his best poems. This Book, being mainly conversational and offering few opportunities for imitative effects, is marked by comparative regularity. An extra, or feminine, syllable before the cæsura is found in ll. 10, 11, 111. The transposed stress is frequent at the beginning of the line; it occurs in the third bar in 34, 209, 230, 247, 280, 289, 290, etc.; in the fourth bar in 210, 229, etc. L. 290 shows the rare case of a paragraph ending on the first syllable of a line, which thus receives a very heavy emphasis. **Cf.** 100. The chief beauty of the verse arises from the simple flow of

melodious words and the harmonious variation of the pauses. Note the onomatopœia in 89, and the repetition in 80–97.

177 19. **Void was her use**: her life was emptied of its old habits and occupations. Cf. "Aylmer's Field," 566, "her charitable use."

177, 178 20 ff. This splendid simile was roughly sketched from "a coming storm seen from the top of Snowdon." (Tennyson's letter to Dawson.) Cf. *Iliad*, iv, 275–279.

178 36. Added, with many other similar passages, in the Fourth Edition, 1851. Cf. i, 14–18:—

> Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows what:
> On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
> And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
> I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,
> And feel myself the shadow of a dream.

"His too emotional temperament was intended from an artistic point of view to emphasize his comparative want of power." (*Mem.*, I, 251.) The added passages heighten also the unreality and improbability of the story. Cf. iii, 169; iv, 538, 548; v, 467.

178 37. **Quite** in 1851 replaced *Lay*, which had followed directly upon *but I* (l. 35).

179 107 ff. **On one side,** etc.: The Lex Oppia, passed in B.C. 215, provided that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a parti-coloured dress, or ride in a carriage in the city or within a mile of it except during public religious ceremonies. Twenty years later, the occasion of the law having passed with the conclusion of the war, the women made a popular demonstration for its repeal. Marcus Porcius Cato, the consul, spoke against them, but they won their point. See Livy, xxxiv, 1–8.

179 109, 110. **They cramm'd The forum**: Cf. Livy, xxxiv, 1, "Matronae . . . omnis vias urbis aditusque in forum obsidebant."

179 111. **Dwarf-like.** In 1847, 1848: *little*. The stronger adjective emphasizes the humourous contrast with "Titanic" (l. 109). Cato was not a notably small man, and on this occasion he certainly did not "cower," but the decorators of the college exaggerated their themes to show the superiority of women. Cf. ii, 64 ff.; iii, 330 ff.; iv, 207.

179 111 ff. **On the other side,** etc.: See Appian, *B. C.*, iv, 32–34. In 43 B.C. the Second Triumvirate published an edict requiring 1400 of the richest women to make a valuation of their property, and to furnish for the service of the war against Brutus and Cassius such portion

as should be required of each. The women forced their way to the tribunal of the triumvirs in the forum, and Hortensia, the daughter of the famous orator, spoke on their behalf.

179 119. In 1847, 1848, there were two lines here: —

> Sad phantoms conjured out of circumstance,
> Ghosts of the fading brain, they seem'd; nor more, etc.

In 1850, *Strange* replaced *Sad*. The present reading was adopted in 1851, save that *seem as* stood then for *look like*.

180 122. **Seem'd.** Before 1851: *show'd*.

180 140–143. In 1847: —

> She stoop'd; and with a great shock of the heart
> Our mouths met: out of languor leapt a cry,
> Crown'd Passion from the brinks of death, and up
> Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,
> And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips.

In 1848, *Crown'd* was replaced by *Leapt*. The final reading has greater compression but less passion. L. 142 was added in 1851; the rest dates from 1850. Cf. "Locksley Hall," 38.

180, 181 148 ff. **That other,** etc.: This lovely picture of the new-born Aphrodite, which is expanded by the poet to undramatic length, is based upon the shorter Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 3–11.

181 152. Cf. "The Palace of Art," 1833 version, st. xv: —

> Or Venus in a snowy shell alone,
> Deepshadowed in the glassy brine,
> Moonlike glowed double on the blue, and shone
> A naked shape divine.

181 153. **Her Graces**: See the longer *Hymn*, 61. In the shorter one, it is the Hours who await to robe her.

181 160. Here the Princess reads the "Serenade" and the "Small Sweet Idyl," which, in this edition, are found on pp. 13, 14.

181 221, 222. **Sought . . . knowledge**: the real defect of the Princess's scheme of education. Cf. i, 134: —

> Knowledge, so my daughter held,
> Was all in all.

182 234–237. "When the dawn of love in the Princess's heart is beginning, the early dawn of nature to which he compares it was never

more fully or more tenderly imagined than in these lines of lovely simplicity." (Brooke, *Tennyson*, p. 160.)

182 244. **Bond or free**: Cf. 1 *Cor.*, xii, 13.

182 245. **Lethe**: the river of oblivion in Hades (*Aeneid*, vi, 748–751; "Two Voices," 350; *In Mem.*, xliv, 10); here, the period of forgetfulness before birth.

182 248. Generally interpreted as "Controls all the children of the earth" (as we say, "young America"), but this is not in line with the context. Perhaps it is better to paraphrase thus: "Sustains this lovely world, still in the dawn of its development." Cf. "Conclusion," 77: —

> This fine old world of ours is but a child
> Yet in the go-cart.

182 250–256. In 1847 and 1848: —

> How shall men grow? We two will serve them both
> In aiding her, strip off, as in us lies,
> (Our place is much) the parasitic forms
> That seem to keep her up but drag her down —
> Will leave her field to burgeon and to bloom
> From all within her, make herself her own," etc.

The revised form of the first line emphasizes the main teaching of *The Princess*, and the whole passage is now smoother in verse and less encumbered in construction.

182 255. **Burgeon**: bud; an old word revived by Scott in *The Lady of the Lake*, ii, st. 19. Cf. *In Mem.*, cxv, 2.

183 261. **His** in 1850 replaced *whose*.

183 265, 266. Cf. "Geraint and Enid," 866; *In Mem.*, cix, 17; and "On One who Affected an Effeminate Manner."

183 268. Replaced, in 1850, *More as the double-natured Poet each.*

183 270. This simile is turned into a metaphor in "The Ring," 24–26, and *The Foresters*, iii, 1, *ad fin.*

183 271. **The skirts of Time**: the outskirts of the future.

183, 184 282–290. These lines express Tennyson's deepest conviction on the relation of the sexes. (*Mem.*, I, 249.)

183 283, 284. Cf. Plato, *Symposium*, 189–196.

184 298 ff. Tennyson here, as in "Isabel," describes his own mother. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii, 546–559; Wordsworth, "She was a Phantom of Delight," and *The Prelude*, v, 257–293; Lowell, "My Love."

184 313. In 1847 and 1848: *Said Ida, "so unlike, so all unlike —*

184 315–317. **I . . . self:** inserted in 1851. See note on 36.

184, 185 319, 320. Between these lines stood, in 1847 and 1848: "Or some mysterious or magnetic touch."

185 323. **Pranks of saucy boyhood:** his invasion of the college in the guise of a girl.

185 327–329. **My doubts are dead** in 1851 replaced *doubt me no more.* The next two lines were added in the same year.

185 335. **Is morn to more:** In 1847–1850: *I scarce believe.*

185 337. **Weeds.** In 1847, 1848: *flowers.* 1850: *leaves.* The changes were made to bring the simile into conformity to truth, though they leave the passage slightly less musical.

GUINEVERE (Page 186)

Begun in July 1857, ll. 575–577 being first written. In January 1858 "The Parting of Arthur and Guinevere" was finished. The song "Too late" was written on March 8, and on March 15 the poem was finally completed. (*Mem.*, I, 419, 424.) It was published with three other poems in 1859, under the title *Idylls of the King.* On the meaning of "Idyll," see *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 161. Subsequently the series was enlarged until it contained twelve parts, of which "Guinevere" is the eleventh. Tennyson considered it the most perfect. It presents the last scenes in the life of Queen Guinevere, whose guilty love for Lancelot, the greatest of Arthur's knights, is made by Tennyson the chief cause of the ruin of the Round Table. For poetic studies on the same subject, but with great diversity of treatment, see Thomas Hughes's Senecan tragedy, *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587); "The Defence of Guenevere" and "King Arthur's Tomb," by William Morris (1858); "Lanzelot and Genevra," by Wilhelm Hertz (1860); and "The Farewell of Ganore," by G. A. Simcox (1869).

With what a free hand Tennyson has recast the legendary material may be realized from a summary of Malory's *Morte Darthur*, Books xx and xxi. After the discovery of the lovers, the Queen is condemned to be burned, but Launcelot and his kin rescue her from the stake and carry her off to Joyous Gard. To this strong castle King Arthur lays siege. By command of the Pope Guenever is restored to her husband. Launcelot passes to his estates across the sea, and Arthur follows to wage a second war upon him. In his absence from the realm, Mordred usurps the throne. The King returns and fights the fatal battle in the

west, as related in "The Passing of Arthur." After Arthur's death, Guenever retires to the nunnery at Almesbury, where she has one last meeting with Launcelot. There is nothing to correspond with the final interview between Arthur and Guinevere (ll. 406 ff.).

The blank verse is in Tennyson's middle manner, more free and confident than his early style, and at the same time less loose and daring than the versification of the dramas. The stress is repeatedly thrown forward upon the first syllable of the bar. This happens most frequently in the first bar of the line (e.g., ll. 2, 3, 5); often in the third bar (e.g., 84, 278, 528); sometimes in the second (7, 344) or fourth (70, 180, 571); and even, rarely, in the fifth (432). Two of these trochaic bars occur in ll. 111, 363, 576, etc. Again, in many a bar, the stress is so slight as to become almost negligible, and we have almost a counterpart of the classical pyrrhic foot (⏑ ⏑); e.g., the second and fourth bars in l. 11. On the other hand, some bars bear two beats, after the analogy of the quantitative spondee (— —); e.g., the third bar in l. 4, or the fifth bar in l. 15. Tennyson said, "In a blank verse you can have from three up to eight beats." (*Mem.*, II, 14.)

There are about 133 run-on lines and 16 feminine endings. Tennyson's favourite place for the internal pause, or cæsura, is at the end of the second bar.

Repetition of phrases heightens the effect of unity (ll. 130, 161, 166 ff, 685; 212, 223; 395, 594). The style offers just a suggestion of archaism in the use of such words as "holp" (45), "scape" (345), "ensample" (487), and "scathe" (491).

186 2. **Almesbury**: Amesbury, in Wiltshire, about seven miles from Salisbury. The Benedictine nuns had a house there, and at one time many ladies of high rank retired within its walls. A monastery named after King Ambrosius was supposed to have occupied the same site in early British days.

186 10. In 1859, two lines: —

> Sir Modred; he the nearest to the King,
> His nephew, ever like a subtle beast, etc.

Sir Modred: in many of the old legends, the incestuous son of Arthur and his half-sister. Tennyson rejects this story, denies the relationship altogether (see l. 570, "The Passing of Arthur," 155), and lessens the importance and dignity of the part played by the traitorous knight in the tragedy. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 172. In the *Idylls* he is the son of Lot, King of Orkney, and of Bellicent, daughter of

Gorloïs and Ygerne. See on l. 286. He would thus be Arthur's nephew, were Arthur really the child of Ygerne and Uther; but Tennyson says that Arthur's birth was supernatural, and that a great wave washed him up at Merlin's feet. ("The Coming of Arthur," 365 ff.) For his character, cf. "The Coming of Arthur," 322; "Gareth and Lynette," 28–32, 409; "Pelleas and Ettarre," 597; "The Last Tournament," 166; "The Passing of Arthur," 165. This form of his name is from Geoffrey of Monmouth (*Hist. Brit.*, ix, 9).

186 15, 16. **Lords of the White Horse . . . Hengist:** Hengist, the leader of the Saxons, came into England with his brother Horsa in 449. Both names mean "horse," and there is a tradition that Hengist's standard was a white horse, representing the war charger of Woden. According to Tacitus (*Germania*, 10), white horses were held sacred by the Teutonic tribes, and remains of the white horses cut by the Saxons in the English chalk downs are still visible. Arthur was the reputed victor in twelve great battles over the Saxons. (Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 278–315; "Geraint and Enid," 935; "Holy Grail," 312.)

186 17. **The Table Round:** first mentioned in literature in Wace's *Roman de Brut* (1155). As a fellowship, it may have been suggested by the paladins of Charlemagne. As a table, it may indicate that Arthur's was the first court in Britain which sat at meals together, and its shape and properties may denote plenty or abundance. (Maccallum, p. 29; Rhŷs, p. 9.) In Malory, iii, 1, the table descends from Uther to Leodegrance, and from him to Arthur, and has seats for 150 knights; but in xiv, 2, where he is following a different source, the table is said to have been made by Merlin "in tokening of roundness of the world." In the *Roman de Merlin* (Hélie's), it is said to be the table at which the Last Supper was eaten.

186 28. **Enid** (pron. Ennid): the patient heroine of "The Marriage of Geraint" and "Geraint and Enid," two idylls based upon Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the old Welsh tale, "Geraint the Son of Erbin." **Vivien:** the beguiler of Merlin; envoy from King Mark of Cornwall to corrupt the court of Arthur. (See "Merlin and Vivien.") As Guinevere represents the inner, so Vivien, Modred, and the Saxons represent the outer forces at work to destroy the realm. Tennyson found this form of her name in Ellis, *Metr. Rom.*, I, 309, and it goes back to the French *Prose Lancelot.*

187 32. **Colewort:** cabbage.

187 40. **Scorn:** Cf. "The Poet," 3.

188 64. **The Powers:** Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," 106, and "The Palace of Art," 221 ff.

188 87. **Thine own land:** Benwick. See Malory, xx, 18: "Some men call it Bayonne, and some men call it Beaune, where the wine of Beaune is."

189 97, 98. **Vivien . . . Modred:** These words are not in the 1859 edition. They accentuate Vivien's complicity.

189 126. **Back to his land:** Lancelot dies a holy man. ("Lancelot and Elaine," 1418; Malory, xxi, 10.)

190 128. **Weald:** open country.

190 132. **The Raven:** the bird of ill omen. "Its supposed faculty of 'smelling death' formerly rendered its presence, or even its voice, ominous to all." (Dyer, *Eng. Folklore*, p. 78, quoted by Littledale.)

190 134, 135. Here, and in ll. 422–425, the poet marks the relation between the inward and outward forces of destruction.

190 147. **Housel:** administration of the Eucharist. Cf. Malory, xxi, 12 (Launcelot dying): "So when he was houseled and eneled." **Shrift:** confession and absolution.

191 163. **Ye** (1875) replaced *you* (1859).

191 166. The song is based upon the parable of the foolish virgins, *Matt.*, xxv, 1–13.

192 205. Cf. "Dedication" of the *Idylls*, 26: "That fierce light which beats upon a throne."

193 220. **Signs and miracles and wonders:** Cf. *Acts*, ii, 22.

193 234. **Lyonesse:** a mythical region near Cornwall, said to be now lying under forty fathoms of water between Land's End and the Scilly Isles. Tristram was born there, and there Arthur fought his great battle with Modred. See "The Passing of Arthur," 81–87. Tennyson sometimes spelled the name with one *n* and sometimes with two.

193 246. **Elves:** Perhaps Tennyson has in mind the famous passage at the beginning of the "Wyf of Bathes Tale."

194 257. Thus Tennyson brings out the contrast between the joy of Nature "before the coming of the sinful queen" and the symbolical mist and gloom now settling on the land.

194 258. **Camelot:** See note on "Lady of Shalott," 5.

194 261–264. Both the Grail (as in Malory, xiii, 7) and the Round Table (as in the old French *Roman de Merlin*) had the property of providing all kinds of delicious food. See Littledale, p. 31; Nutt, *Studies in the Legend of the Holy Grail*, pp. 75, 185.

194 265–267. Cf. Crofton Croker, *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland* (1825–1827), illustration to p. 73, and p. 82: "On advancing [Mr. MacCarthy] perceived a little figure, about six inches in height, seated astride upon the pipe of the oldest port in the place, and bearing a spigot upon his shoulder."

194 275. Malory says, simply and plainly (iii, 1), Merlin warned Arthur that Guinevere "was not wholesome for him to take to wife."

195 286. **Gorloïs**: duke of Cornwall and husband of Ygerne, who, when Gorloïs was killed, was forced to marry King Uther in shameful haste. The birth of Arthur was thus brought into question. (See Malory, i, 1–3; "The Coming of Arthur," 184 ff.) The name is from Geoffrey of Monmouth, viii, 19.

195 288–293. Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," 363–393.

195 289. **Bude and Bos** (Boscastle): small coast-towns of Cornwall, which Tennyson visited in 1848 to study his local colour. (*Mem.*, I, 274. Cf. I, 287, 460.) At Bude the waves are said to be larger than on any other part of the British coast.

195 292. **Tinta'gil**: three miles west of Boscastle; the home of Gorloïs and of Mark. Ruins of the castle are still pointed out, but it does not date from British times. Cf. "The Last Tournament," 504. "Dundagil" (1859) is a variant form. **Dark.** 1859: *wild.*

195 299. Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," 84 ff.

196 328, 329. For examples, see Malory, vii, 28; x, 71.

196 333, 334. Cf. *In Mem.*, cxi, 15, 16.

197 345. **The doom of fire**: everlasting punishment.

198 378–397. Cf. "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

198 382. **Retin'ue**: so accented in *The Princess*, iii, 179, "Aylmer's Field," 842, and always in Shakespeare and Milton.

198 385 ff. This is the scene described in "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

198 387, 388. Composed in the hyacinth wood at Farringford. (*Mem.*, II, 490.)

198 395. Geoffrey says of Arthur's father (viii, 17): "He was called Uther Pendragon, which in the British tongue signifies the dragon's head; the occasion of this appellation being Merlin's predicting, from the appearance of a dragon, that he should be king." A golden dragon was borne as Uther's standard in his wars. Pendragon is probably a title, like Pharaoh, *dragon* in Welsh meaning "leader in war," and *pen*, "head" or "chief."

198 400. **Where** (1875) replaced *when* (1859).

199 419. **One**: Leodogran, king of Cameliard. (Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," 1.)

199 423. **Red ruin**: This famous phrase occurs in Hazlitt, *The Fight* (1822), where one pugilist mauling another is said to make "a red ruin" of his cheek.

199 424. **Kindred**: referring to Modred, who, though no real relative of Arthur, the mysterious child of the sea, was generally considered such.

199 433–435. Cf. Malory, xx, 11: "God defend me, said Sir Launcelot, that ever I should encounter with the most noble king that made me knight."

200 457–480. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 333; Gladstone, *Gleanings of Past Years*, ii, 166.

200 462. Cf. "Morte d'Arthur," 235, and Malory, xiv, 2, *How Merlin likened the Round Table to the world.*

201 470. Not in edition of 1859. Cf. "The Coming of Arthur," 132; "Lancelot and Elaine," 143.

201 474–480. Cf. Chapman, *All Fooles*, i, 1, 105–110.

201 481. **Before** (1875) replaced *until* (1859).

201 485. **The sin of Tristram and Isolt**: See "The Last Tournament." Tristram, the most famous of the knights after Lancelot, guiltily loved Isolt, queen to Mark of Cornwall.

201 500. **Usk**: a river in South Wales and Monmouthshire, upon which, at Caerleon, Arthur often held court.

201, 202 501–504. Collins compares Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 414–426, and *King John*, iii, 4, 93–97.

202 509 ff. This is a striking instance of the way in which Tennyson infuses modern sentiment into mediæval material. The spirit of Malory is quite different. His King Arthur is grieved but little at the sin of the queen, and very much at the ruin of his chivalry which that sin entails. He is anxious to make peace with Launcelot, but is driven into war by Sir Gawaine. He takes Guenever back without shame, and the Pope, at the head of the Church and public opinion, stamps his action with approval (xx, 9–14).

202 524 ff. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 187.

203 535. **The doom of treason**: See Malory, xviii, 4, "The custom was such that time that all manner of shameful death was called treason." **The flaming death**: burning at the stake, to which she is actually condemned in Malory (xviii, 4, 6; xx, 7).

203, 204 550–577. See R. H. Hutton, *Literary Studies*, p. 416.

204 569–572. In 1859:—

> Where I must strike against my sister's son,
> Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights
> Once mine, and strike him dead, etc.

204 592. **As an angel's:** Cf. *Acts*, vi, 15.

204 594. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, i, 7, st. 31; "Lancelot and Elaine," 432 ff.

205 604. Littledale thinks the poet may have the Staubbach in mind.

205 623. **Defeat:** frustration.

206 631. Tennyson's emphasis of the power of repentance, in the *Idylls*, is commented upon in *Mem.*, II, 131.

206 642. **Yearn'd for.** 1859–1875: *wanted.* **Warmth and colour:** Cf. "Lancelot and Elaine," 134.

206 657. **Vail:** lower. Cf. *Hamlet*, i, 2, 70, "thy vailed lids."

MORTE D'ARTHUR (Page 208)

Written before October 1834. (*Mem.*, I, 138.) W. S. Landor saw it in MS. in 1837, and said, "It is more Homeric than any poem of our time, and rivals some of the noblest parts of the Odyssea." (Forster's *Life of Landor*, II, 323.) Published in 1842, with a framework called "The Epic," which playfully professes it to be the eleventh and sole-surviving part of a twelve-book poem, disparages its "faint Homeric echoes," and calls attention to its "hollow oes and aes, deep-chested music," and its "modern touches here and there." Though the first of Tennyson's Arthurian poems in blank verse, it was in time made the last of the *Idylls of the King*, being republished in 1869 as "The Passing of Arthur," with an introduction setting forth the events that follow the farewell to Guinevere: — In the fearful battle between Modred and Arthur, all the knights are slain on either side, save the two leaders and Sir Bedivere. King and traitor meet at last; Arthur is fatally wounded, but with the last stroke of Excalibur gives Modred his death.

The earliest account in literature of Modred's treachery, of the battle in the West, and of Arthur's withdrawal to Avalon to be cured of his wounds is in Geoffrey of Monmouth's romantic *Historia Regum Britanniae* (c. 1135). The story was amplified by the Anglo-Norman poet

Wace in his *Brut* (c. 1155), and further enlarged by the English priest Layamon in his *Brut* (c. 1200). Poems dealing with the same subject are the alliterative *Morte Arthur* (c. 1400) and the rhymed *Arthur* (first half of the fifteenth century), which have been published by the Early English Text Society, and the late ballad "King Arthur's Death" in Percy's *Reliques*.

The title and ground-work are from Malory (xxi, 5): — "My time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and *lightly bring you word again*. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones; and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword in the water. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my commandment; as thou art to me *lief and dear*, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wappe and waves wanne. Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, *I shall slay thee with mine own hands;* for thou wouldst for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might; and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so *shook it thrice and brandished*, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the

water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had *black hoods*, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king. And so he did softly; and there received him three queens with great mourning; and so they set them down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said: Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? alas, *this wound* on your head *hath caught over-much cold.* And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried: Ah my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in; for I will into the vale of Avilion to *heal me of my grievous wound:* and if thou hear never more of me, *pray for my soul.* But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest."

Interesting comments on the blank verse may be found in Stedman's *Victorian Poets*, p. 161, and in the *Browning Love-Letters*, I, 96. A full-mouthed melody is imparted by the preponderance of short Saxon words with long vowels. In the first twenty-five lines, out of 186 words, 148 are monosyllables and 160 are of English origin. Emerson (*History of the English Language*, p. 126) gives the following list of percentages of the native element in the diction of English poets: — Shakespeare 90%, Tennyson 88, Spenser 86, Milton 81, Pope 80. The estimates here made are obtained by counting each word, whether native or foreign, as often as it occurs. The proportion of run-on lines is about that of *King John* (1 in 6). Lines of especial metrical brilliancy are — 49 (Paronomasia); 65, 112; 70, 71; 136–141, especially 138, where the additional syllable expresses the rush of the sword; 179; 186–192 (note the alliteration and the vowel change from *a* to *o*).

208 1, 2. Malory says (xxi, 3) that the battle was fought near Salisbury, "on a Monday after Trinity Sunday"; Geoffrey (xi, 2) places it in Cornwall by the river Cambula. It is generally known as the battle of Camlan, which is assigned by the *Annales Cambriae* (? tenth century) to A.D. 537. (See *Mon. Hist. Brit.*, p. 830.) Tennyson,

in accord with the sympathetic seasons of the *Idylls*, makes it occur on December 21. ("Passing of Arthur," 90.)

208 6. **Bold:** Bedivere's constant epithet, from Malory, xxi, 6. He was the "first made of all the knights." (Cf. "Coming of Arthur," 173.) He is called by Geoffrey (ix, 11) "Bedver the butler," and by the English prose *Merlin* (xxxii, p. 661) "Bediuer the constable."

208 15, 16. Cf. Malory, xx, 9: "Now have I lost the fairest fellowship of noble knights that ever held Christian king together."

208 16, 17. **Such a sleep They sleep:** Cf. *Richard III*, v, 3, 164.

208 23. Cf. "Coming of Arthur," 418–423; Malory, xxi, 7. The belief that Arthur will return to redeem his people is said to be still current in Wales and Brittany.

208 27. **Excalibur:** Geoffrey's "Caliburn"; in the Welsh story of *Kulhwch and Olwen*, "Caletvwlch," which indicates a derivation meaning "voracious." See Malory, i, 25; "Coming of Arthur," 294–308. In the *Idylls* it stands, according to some interpretations, for the temporal power of the church. (*The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 193.)

209 31. **Samite:** a rich silk fabric, woven with gold or embroidered; originally one having a warp twisted of six threads (from Greek ἕξ, six, and μίτος, thread).

209 51. **Levels:** For the picturesque plural, like Latin "aequora ponti," see "Lover's Tale," iii, 4.

209 56. **Sparks.** 1842–1853: *studs*. The reason for the change is obvious and amusing.

209 60. A translation of Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv, 285, "Animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc."

210 80. **Lief:** beloved.

210 84. Added in 1853.

211 104. **Maiden of the Lake:** In the allegory of the *Idylls* she may represent Religion. Cf. "Coming of Arthur," 282–293; "Gareth and Lynette," 210–219; "Lancelot and Elaine," 1394–1400.

212 139. **Streamer:** Cf. Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, iv, 9,

> "Shifting like flashes darted forth
> By the red streamers of the north."

Northern morn: translation of *aurora borealis*. Cf. "The Talking Oak," 275, "the northern morning," and "Last Tournament," 478–482.

212 140. **Moving isles of winter:** icebergs.

213 155. **Three lives of mortal men:** a "faint Homeric echo" of the description of Nestor (*Il.*, i, 250–252).

213 170. **As in a picture:** Cf. the description of Iphigenia in Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 241, "She smote each of her sacrificers with a piteous glance from her eye, appearing as in a picture."

214 186. **Dry:** The use of this adjective to describe a sound is not noticed in the dictionaries. It is classical and seems to mean "grating, rasping." Cf. the use of *αὖος* by Homer (*Il.*, xii, 160), and *aridus* by Virgil (*Georg.*, i, 357). Wordsworth speaks of "the hard dry see-saw" of an ass's bray. ("Peter Bell," Pt. I.) In Tennyson it is common. (Cf. "The Voyage," 10; "Geraint and Enid," 461; "Last Tournament," 437.)

214 198. **Three Queens:** Malory says (xxi, 6) that "one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan le Fay; the other was the Queen of Northgalis; the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands." In the *Idylls* they are perhaps the Christian graces, Faith, Hope, and Charity. (Cf. "Coming of Arthur," 275–278; "Gareth and Lynette," 225.)

215 215. **Cuisses:** plate-armour for the front of the thighs. Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, iv, 1, 105.

215 216, 217. Cf. "Last Tournament," 661; *Maud*, I, xxii, 57.

215 222. Cf. Marlowe, *Edward II*, v, 5, 67–69:—

> "Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
> When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
> And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont."

215 232. Cf. *Matt.*, ii, 2, 11; "Holy Grail," 452.

215 242. Many parallels have been suggested, e.g., *Hamlet*, iv, 7, 118; *Coriolanus*, ii, 3, 125; Greene, *James IV*, v, 4, 65–68; "Will Waterproof," 201–205; but none are very close.

216 247–255. Tennyson said, "Prayer on our part is the highest aspiration of the soul" (*Mem.*, I, 324), and he told Miss Weld, "He can and does answer every earnest prayer, as I know from my own experience." (*Contemporary Review*, March 1893.) Cf. "Enoch Arden," 186–188, 614–616, 797–800; "The Higher Pantheism," 11, 12; *Harold*, iii, 2, 113–115; "Akbar's Dream," 7–12.

216 255. Cf. the sermon by J. C. Hare on *The Law of Self-Sacrifice*, preached in Trinity Chapel, Cambridge, at the annual commemoration on Dec. 16, 1829:—"This is the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator." Tennyson doubtless heard this sermon. But the figure of the earth being bound to heaven by a golden chain is a familiar one in literature, and perhaps

goes back to Homer, *Il.* viii, 19 ff. For other parallels see *The Faerie Queene*, ii, 7, 46; *Paradise Lost*, ii, 1051; Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, iii, 1024 f.; and Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, i, "According to the allegory of the poets . . . the highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair."

216 259. **Avilion:** the "fortunate isle" of the Celts, early identified with Glastonbury in Somerset, which the waters and swamps made into an island. The name means, by derivation, either "the place of apples" (Welsh *aval* or *afal* = apple), or more likely, Rhŷs thinks, "the place of Avallach," king of the dead (*Arthurian Legend*, ch. xiv). It is commonly and rightly said that the description which follows comes from Homer (*Od.*, iv, 566, vi, 43–45), or Lucretius (iii, 18–22), but the joys of a climatic paradise had been applied to Avilion long before Tennyson, by an anonymous Latin writer (quoted by Rhŷs, p. 335), and by Chrestien de Troyes in *Erec*, 1936–1939:—

> "En cele isle n'ot l'en tonoirre,
> Ne n'i chiet foudre ne tempeste,
> Ne boz ne serpenz n'i areste;
> N'i fait trop chaut, ne n'i iverne."

Cf. "Palace of Art," 107; "Gareth and Lynette," 492; and Morris's "Ogier the Dane."

213 262. **Deep-meadow'd:** Homer's *βαθύλειμος* (*Il.*, ix, 151).

216 263. From *Odyssey*, x, 195. **Summer sea:** Cf. Wordsworth, "Influence of Natural Objects," 63, "Till all was tranquil as a summer sea."

THE POET (PAGE 217)

Published in 1830. It is Tennyson's youthful interpretation of his mission in life. Its tone, its vague and crowded figures of speech, its visionary conception of Freedom and of the reforming power of the Poet, recall Shelley. A few years later, Tennyson would not have desired rites and forms to melt before his burning eyes, because he came to regard these things as historical necessities, to be altered or obliterated only when the slow process of time shows that they are outgrown. Cf. "You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease," "Love thou thy land," *In Mem.*, xxxiii, "Akbar's Dream," 119–143.

The poem is written in iambic quatrains with interwoven rhyme, the first and third lines having five stresses, the second line three, and

the fourth line two. Cf. "Palace of Art," "Dream of Fair Women," and "To Mary Boyle." The transposition of the stress in ll. 46, 51 is effective. There are three approximate rhymes: 17–19, 38–40, 53–55.

217 3, 4. Tennyson said that he meant, when he wrote the passage, that the poet is moved by a hatred for the quality of Hate, a contempt for Scorn, etc., but he thought "the quintessence of hate," etc., a much finer interpretation. (See S. D. Collingwood, *Life of Lewis Carroll*, p. 71.) For the latter meaning, however, the English idiom seems to require the plural (cf. "A Hebrew of the Hebrews"), though the singular may be justified in a subjective, not a partitive, genitive phrase.

217 7. Cf. *In Mem.*, Prologue, 15, 16; "De Profundis," 55, 56.

217 13. **Indian reeds**: blow pipes such as the South American Indians use for shooting arrows.

217 15. **Calpe**: Gibraltar. This and Mt. Abyla, in Africa, were the Pillars of Hercules, the conventional limit of Europe on the west, as the Caucasus (the mountain range between the Black and the Caspian Seas) was the limit to the east.

218 19. **The field flower**: the dandelion. Cf. "Aylmer's Field," 93; "Gareth and Lynette," 1002.

218 34. **One** in 1842 replaced *a* (1830).

219 45–47. In 1830: —

> And in the bordure of her robe was writ
> Wisdom, a name to shake
> Hoar anarchies, as with a thunderfit.

This peculiarly infelicitous word "thunderfit" is in "The Ancient Mariner," 69, and in Shelley's "Lines written among the Euganean Hills," 182.

219 54. **Whirl'd** in 1842 took the place of *hurled*. One does not "hurl" a sword.

THE POET'S SONG (Page 219)

Published in 1842. The Poet has the charm of Orpheus when he sings of the immortal future.

The metre is anapæstic, though many of the bars are iambic. Each stanza is composed of two quatrains with alternate rhyme. In the first stanza all the lines have four stresses, except the last, which has three; in the second stanza lines of three stresses regularly alternate with those of four.

219 8 Cf. James Hogg (The Ettrick Shepherd), *The Queen's Wake*, "Old David" (1813): —

> "The larks, that rose the dawn to greet,
> Drop lifeless at the singer's feet."

219 9. **Fly** replaced *bee* in 1889.

TO ———

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

(PAGE 220)

It is not known to whom this blank-verse dedication was addressed; perhaps it was Trench; more likely it was an imaginary person.

220 10–13. Cf. Cowper, "Expostulation," 634: —

> "Wisdom and Goodness are twin born, one heart
> Must hold both sisters, never seen apart."

220 16. **Howling in outer darkness:** Cf. *Matt.*, viii, 12.

220 17. **Common clay,** etc.: See *Genesis*, ii, 7.

THE PALACE OF ART (PAGE 221)

Composed in its first form as early as April 10, 1832. (*Mem.*, I, 85.) The poet notes, "Trench said to me, when we were at Trinity together, 'Tennyson, we cannot live in art.' 'The Palace of Art' is the embodiment of my own belief that the Godlike life is with man and for man." (*Mem.*, I, 118, 505.) The poem has been greatly altered since its publication in 1833. The various readings and the meaning of the poem are discussed quite fully in *The Poetry of Tennyson*, pp. 21–46. The allegory should be compared with George Herbert's "The World," the lesson with the Book of *Ecclesiastes*, ii, 1–11, and R. C. Trench's "The Prize of Song."

The metre is the same as that of Henry Vaughan's "They are all gone into the world of light!" and is another variation on the elegiac quatrain. (See introduction to "A Dream of Fair Women," p. 352.) The result of shortening the second line to four stresses and the fourth line to three stresses is to throw more enforcement upon the rhyming words of these lines than upon the rhyming words of the first and third,

by bringing them closer together. The additional weight upon the final word of the stanza gives it unity and compactness. (Corson, *Primer of English Verse*, p. 80.) The sense overflows from one stanza to another in twelve instances. There are eighteen approximate rhymes, two assonant rhymes (1-3, 86–88), and one echo-rhyme (61–63). *Hair — her* (98–100) can be described only as a defective echo-rhyme.

221 1–4. Cf. *Luke*, xii, 18, 19.

221 15, 16. Saturn casts its shadow on the broad belt of luminous matter by which it is encircled, and the shadow appears motionless, though the planet rotates on its axis in the short period of about ten hours.

222 30. **Verge**: horizon; as in "Tears, idle tears," 9.

223 58–60. These lines give a good definition of a work of Art: a perfect whole (unity), from living nature (verity), fitted to express a mood of the soul (significance).

223 61. **Arras**: a tapestry fabric woven with coloured figures, named from the French town where it was first made.

224 80. **Hoary to the wind**: The gray underside of the olive leaves is shown as the orchards are ruffled by the wind.

224 81. **Slags**: volcanic scoria.

224 85–88. This stanza is a landscape in the manner of Constable. **Softer than sleep** is Theocritus's ὕπνω μαλακώτερα (v, 51) and Virgil's "somno mollior" (*Ecl.*, vii, 45), already translated by Shelley in "Rosalind and Helen" (Globe Edition, p. 229) and in "Arethusa," 15.

224 93. We come now to legendary art.

224 99. **St. Cecily**: patron saint of music, and inventor of the organ (third century). *The Golden Legend* says that an angel watched her night and day, and crowned her purity with celestial roses. See Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II, 571. Cf. Dryden, "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day," 52–54:—

> "When to her organ vocal breath was given,
> An angel heard, and straight appeared
> Mistaking earth for heaven."

225 102. **Houris**: nymphs who, according to the Moslem faith, are to be the companions of the true believers in Paradise.

225 105. **Uther's deeply-wounded son**: King Arthur.

225 107. **Avalon**: See on "Morte d'Arthur," 259.

225 111. **The Ausonian king**: Numa Pompilius, who met the nymph Egeria in a grove near Rome, and was instructed by her in

regard to forms of worship. See Livy, i, 19, 21; Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv, st. cxv–cxix; *The Princess*, ii, 64. *Ausonia* is a poetic name for southern and central Italy.

225 113. **Engrail'd**: a term in heraldry, meaning "indented in curved lines."

225 115. **Cama,** or Camdeo: the Cupid of Brahmin mythology, portrayed as riding on a lory (parrot). His throne is mentioned in Sir William Jones's "Hymn to Camdeo." Cf. "Love," in *Poems by Two Brothers*.

225 117. **Europa**: princess of Phœnicia, whom Zeus, in the form of a bull, carried off to Crete. The picture is from Moschus, ii, 125–130.

225 121. **Ganymede**: a lovely Trojan boy, whom Zeus, in the form of an eagle, carried up to Olympus to be the cup-bearer of the gods. This stanza is taken as a symbol of Tennyson's art in the picture by Walker in the Library of Congress at Washington.

225 126. **Caucasian**: Indo-European. Blumenbach (c. 1800) said that the 'white' race came from the region of the Caucasus.

226 131. We come now to portraiture and historical art.

226 133. **Like a seraph**: Cf. Gray, of Milton, "Progress of Poesy," 95, 96:—

> "Nor second He, that rode sublime
> Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy."

226 134. Cf. "Sonnet to W. C. Macready," "Shakespeare's bland and universal eye."

226 135. **Grasp'd his song**: In the famous portrait of Dante by Giotto, the poet is represented as holding a book.

226 137. **The Ionian father**: Homer.

226 143. Cf. *Genesis*, xxviii, 12.

226, 227 145–157. Observe that while the portraits of the wise and great are hung on the walls or blazoned in the windows, the story of the people is told in mosaic on the floor, and trodden under foot. The "beast of burden" may be interpreted as slavery; the "tiger," rebellion; the "athlete," democracy; the "sick man," anarchy which is ripe for despotism.

227 161. **Oriels' coloured flame**: This and many other details of the lordly pleasure-house may have been suggested by Bacon's description of a "perfect palace" in his essay "Of Building."

227 164. **The first of those who know**: describes both Plato and Bacon. Dante (*Inf.*, iv, 131) applies the phrase to Aristotle, "il maestro di color che sanno."

227 171. **Memnon:** a colossal statue near Thebes (attributed to Memnon, son of Aurora, but really of Amenophis III), which was said to emit music at sunrise. Cf. *The Princess*, iii, 100, and "A Fragment."

228 183. **Night divine:** Cf. Homer's κνέφας ἱερόν. (*Il.*, xi, 194.)

228 186. **Anadems:** garlands (Greek ἀνάδημα).

228 203, 204. See *Luke*, viii, 33.

229 213. **Riddle of the painful earth:** Cf. "Two Voices," 170; "Miller's Daughter," 19, 20.

229 219, 220. See *Acts*, xii, 21–23.

229 223. Cf. Arthur Hallam, *Theodicæa Novissima* (*Remains*, p. 359): — "[Redemption] indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality"; Richter's "abysmal Ich"; and *Hebrews*, iv, 13.

229 227. **Wrote, 'Mene, mene,'** etc.: Cf. *Daniel*, v, 25.

230 241. Cf. Beckford, *Vathek:* "Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven, in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames."

230 242. **Fretted:** worm-eaten. Cf. "A Dirge," 10; "Supposed Confessions," 185.

230 255. **Circumstance:** "old phrase for the surrounding sphere of the heavens." (Palgrave.)

231 275. **Dully:** almost unique use as an adjective.

231 281–283. Cf. *Wisdom of Solomon*, xvii, 19 ff.

232 295. The conclusion points to the hope of a nobler art devoted to the service of humanity.

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM (Page 232)

Written in August 1889, and published in the *Demeter* volume of the same year. Tennyson said, "In the story of 'Merlin and Nimue' I have read that Nimue means the Gleam — which signifies in my poem the higher poetic imagination." (*Mem.*, II, 366.) It is, indeed, a sort of poetical biography, and the reader will have little difficulty in discovering the allusions in each strophe. (See *Mem.*, I, xii–xv; *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 337.) Cf. "The Voyage," 57–72; "Freedom," 13; "Ulysses," 31.

The metre is an unrhymed irregular verse of two stresses, arranged in strophes of from ten to twenty-five lines. It gives somewhat the

same effect as the Old and Middle English alliterative poetry, but the alliteration, which is freely used, does not conform to the early rules. "The Battle of Brunanburh" is a closer imitation.

232 14. **Learn'd**: taught; formerly in good usage, but now obsolete. Cf. *Richard II*, iv, 1, 120.

232 15. **The Master**: Bleys is Merlin's teacher in Arthurian story ("Coming of Arthur," 154), but a greater Master is meant here.

234 54. After this, in 1889, an extra line, "Horses and oxen," which was not very poetic.

234 66. **Arthur the king**: The composition of an Arthurian epic was contemplated before the death of Hallam. Consequently the *Idylls* are alluded to before *In Memoriam*, though published later.

234 70. **Bicker'd**: See on "The Song of the Brook," 4.

235 86, 87. **The valley Named of the shadow**: *Psalm* xxiii, 4.

236 111. **Can**: used absolutely, as in *Hamlet*, v, 3, 331, "I can no more."

236 120–122. Cf. Wordsworth, "Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle":—

> "The light that never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

'FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE' (Page 237)

Written during a visit to Italy in the summer of 1880 (*Mem.*, II, 247); contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, March 1883, and reprinted in *Tiresias*, etc. (1885). Tennyson has expressed his admiration for Catullus (B.C. 87–54) in *Mem.*, I, 266, II, 239, and "Poets and their Bibliographies," 8, and has imitated his metres in "Boädicéa" and "Hendecasyllabics."

The metre is eight-stress trochaic, all the lines rhyming together.

237 1. **Desenzano**: a small town at the south-western angle of the Lago di Garda. A little to the east projects the narrow neck of Sirmione (Latin Sirmio) now planted with olives, at the end of which was Catullus's villa.

237 2. **'O venusta Sirmio'**: quoted from Catullus, xxxi, 12. **Venusta**: lovely.

237 5. **'Ave atque Vale'**: Hail and farewell!—the formula of address to the dead. Quoted from ci, where Catullus takes everlasting leave of his brother.

237 8. **Lydian laughter:** Cf. xxxi, 13: "O Lydiae lacus undae, Ridete." The Etruscans, who were believed to be of Lydian origin, settled near Lake Benacus (Garda).

237 9. **All-but-island:** Cf. xxxi, 1: "Paene insularum, Sirmio," etc.

TO VIRGIL (PAGE 237)

Contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*, September 1882, and republished with *Tiresias* in 1885. The nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death fell on Sept. 21, 1882. Tennyson was attracted to the subject, for he resembles the Latin poet so closely in the careful perfection of his style that he has been often called "England's Virgil." His estimate, therefore, is sympathetic, valuable, and erring, if at all, on the side of enthusiasm.

The poem shows Tennyson's mature manner at its best; compact, yet clear, and full of phrases which are at once significant and musical (e.g., ll. 4, 6, 10). It is written in rhymed trochaic couplets, with nine stresses to the line, and the light syllable of the last bar omitted ("catalectic"). But in reading, it falls naturally into quatrains of alternating four- and five-stress lines, with alternate rhyme.

237 1, 2. Refer to the chief incidents of the *Aeneid*.

237 3. **He that sang the Works and Days:** Hesiod.

238 5. **Wheat** and **tilth** refer to the first book of the *Georgics*, **woodland** and **vineyard** to the second, **horse** and **herd** to the third, and **hive** to the fourth.

238 6. **Lonely word:** Tennyson quoted as an example "cunctantem" in *Aen.*, vi, 211. (*Mem.*, II, 385.)

238 7. Refers to *Eclogue* i (1, 2).

238 8. Refers to *Eclogue* vi (13–26).

238 9, 10. Refers to *Eclogue* iv (especially 5–9, 24, 28–29, 38), called the "Pollio" after C. Asinius Pollio, a patron of Virgil.

238 11. Cf. *Aen.*, vi, 726, 727:—

> "totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."

238 12. Cf. *Aen.*, i, 462: "Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

238 14. **Golden branch amid the shadows:** Cf. *Aen.*, vi, 208.

239 18. Cf. *Ecl.* i, 67: "Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."

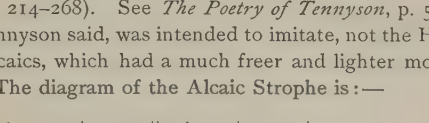
239 19. **Mantovano:** Virgil was born at Andes in the Mantuan country. Note the complimentary use of the Italian adjective.

MILTON

Alcaics (Page 239)

Written in the summer of 1863 (*Mem.*, I, 493), published in the *Cornhill* in December, as one of several "Attempts at classical Metres in Quantity," and included in *Enoch Arden*, etc. (1864). Tennyson here lays his laurel at the feet of the great English master of the grand style, as Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, and Landor had done before him. His admiration for Milton was intense; he thought him superior to Virgil as a stylist, and said that there was nothing in English to equal the splendour of his finest passages. These lines present the contrast between the sublime description of the angelic combat in the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, and the beautiful description of Eden in the fourth book (ll. 131–165, 214–268). See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 53.

The metre, Tennyson said, was intended to imitate, not the Horatian, but the Greek Alcaics, which had a much freer and lighter movement. (*Mem.*, II, 11.) The diagram of the Alcaic Strophe is:—



Tennyson has conformed to this, both as regards accent and quantity, as far as the latter is possible in English. Thus the second syllable of "inventor" is long according to classical prosody, and is so used by Tennyson, but the *e* is short in pronunciation; and compare the varying quantity of "as" in ll. 7 and 12.

239 3. **Organ-voice**: De Quincey likens Milton's eloquence to the movement of an organ voluntary, in his essay on *Conversation*.

"OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS" (Page 240)

Written in 1833, and published, with two other poems of a similar character, in 1842. It was probably suggested by some popular demonstrations in connection with the rejection of the Reform Bill of 1832 by the House of Lords. (*Mem.*, I, 506.) The first two stanzas are an apotheosis of Freedom as an ideal so lofty that in the ancient world it was realized only in the most fragmentary way. (Cf. "Freedom," 1884.)

The last four stanzas refer to the history of Freedom in "her regal seat of England" (*In Mem.*, cix, 14), where the ideal has been gradually approached in the course of a thousand years. The poem is an avowal of that sane and moderate liberalism which was Tennyson's political creed.

It is written in iambic quatrains with interwoven rhyme; the first three lines have four bars, the last line is shortened to three.

240 5. **There in** was substituted in 1851 for *Within*.

240 15. **The triple forks**: not the trident of Neptune, but the thunderbolts of Jove; Latin "trisulcum fulmen" (Seneca, *Hippol.*, 189) or "trisulci ignes" (Ovid, *Met.*, ii, 848).

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782 (Page 241)

Written before Nov. 10, 1871 (*Mem.*, II, 110); published in *The New York Ledger*, Jan. 6, 1872, with a note from the author stating that the poem "is supposed to be written or spoken by a liberal Englishman at the time of our recognition of American Independence." The price paid was a thousand pounds, which is probably the largest sum ever given for twenty lines of poetry. Reprinted in the Cabinet Edition, 1874. The poem is sufficient to answer the false reports that Tennyson was prejudiced against America. Cf. "Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition," st. iii, "Hands all Round" (original version), st. iv and v.

The common-metre quatrain is here modified by the insertion of an additional line after the third to rhyme with it.

241 19. **Hampden** (1594–1643): one of the Parliamentary leaders at the beginning of the Civil War. His refusal to pay the "ship-money" in 1636 was upon precisely the same principle that animated the American revolutionists, viz., that taxation without representation is tyranny.

TO THE QUEEN (Page 242)

This dedication of the collected poems was Tennyson's first utterance as Laureate, and was included in the edition of 1851. Two manuscript copies are in existence, containing many stanzas suppressed in print. (See Luce, p. 68; *Mem.*, I, v; Jones, *Growth of the Idylls*, p. 152.) The poem reveals Tennyson's deep personal reverence for the noble-hearted Lady who honoured him with the Laureateship and her own friendship. (See their correspondence in *Mem.*, II, 433–457.)

The metre is that of *In Memoriam ;* which see.

242 1. In 1851 : *Revered Victoria, you that hold.*

242 5. In 1851 : *I thank you that your Royal grace.*

242 8. **Him :** Wordsworth, whom Tennyson succeeded as Poet Laureate on Nov. 19, 1850. Tennyson said, " He was a representative Poet Laureate, such a poet as kings should honour, and such an one as would do honour to kings ; -- making the period of a reign famous by the utterance of memorable words concerning that period." (*Mem.*, I, 338.)

242 13–16. Added in 1853.

242 20. **Kindness.** In 1851 : *sweetness.*

242 24. After this, in 1851, the following stanza, referring to the first Crystal Palace Exhibition (opened on May 1) : —

> She brought a vast design to pass,
> When Europe and the scatter'd ends
> Of our fierce world were mixt as friends
> And brethren in her halls of glass;

243 32. **Wider.** In 1851 : *broader.* The line probably refers to the extension of the franchise.

243 35. Cf. Shelley, " Ode to Liberty," st. v : —

> " Athens . . . on the will
> Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set."

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(Page 243)

This is the most important of the poems in which Tennyson speaks as Poet Laureate, and probably the noblest poem ever produced in connection with that office. It was written in the " Green Room " at Chapel House, Twickenham, and published, as a pamphlet of sixteen pages, on the day of the Duke's funeral, Nov. 18, 1852. As his death had occurred on September 14, the remarks made by several critics on the hasty writing of the Ode are misleading. A new edition, with many emendations, was published in 1853, and the poem was again revised before it was included in the *Maud* volume of 1855. It was a favourite with Tennyson for reading aloud, and his interpretation brought out the richness and beauty of its rhymes and its varied and majestic metrification. I heard him read it in August 1892, and have preserved some of my impressions in these notes. In the first two

strophes the movement begins with a solemn prelude and the confused sound of a mighty throng assembling. The third strophe is the Dead March, with its long, slow, monotonous, throbbing time, expressed by a single rhyme recurring at the end of each line. The fourth strophe is an interlude; the poet, watching the procession, remembers the great Duke as he used to walk through the London streets, and recalls the simplicity and strength of his appearance and character. In the fifth strophe the music is controlled by the repeated tolling of the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, and then by the volleying guns, as the body is carried into the church. The strophe closes with a broad, open movement which prepares the way, like an "avenue of song," for the anthem of strophes vi, vii, and viii. It begins with a solo of three lines, in a different measure, representing Nelson waking in his tomb and asking who it is that comes to rest beside him. The answer follows with the full music of organ and choir, celebrating first the glory of Wellington's achievements as warrior, the value of his counsel and his conduct as statesman, and then the unselfish integrity of his character as a man, closing with a burst of harmony in which the repetition of the word "honour" produces the effect of a splendid fugue. A great silence follows, and the ninth strophe begins with a single quiet voice (Tennyson said, "Here I thought I heard a sweet voice, like the voice of a woman") singing of peace and love and immortality. The movement is at first tender and sorrowful, then aspiring and hopeful, then solemn and sad as the dust falls on the coffin, and at last calm and trustful in the victory of faith.

Cf. Rossetti's fine poem, "Wellington's Funeral."

243 1. 1852, 1853: *Let us bury*, etc.

243 5, 6. 1852:—

> When laurel-garlanded leaders fall,
> And warriors, etc.

British generals acted as pall-bearers.

243 9. In 1852, not present; in 1853, two lines:—

> He died on Walmer's lonely shore,
> But here, etc.

Walmer is on the coast, a little north-east of Dover.

244 20. 1852: *Our sorrow draws but on the golden Past.*

244 21, 22. Added in 1853. Tennyson said: "It was a dark morning, and I was walking across the park with a friend. A tall man on

horseback passed us and gave us a military salute. With my short-sighted eyes I could not tell who it was, and, when I asked my friend, he said, 'That is the Duke of Wellington.' It was the only time I ever saw him."

244 26. **Whole in himself:** Cf. Horace, *Sat.* ii, 7, 78, "in se ipso totus."

244 27. **Amplest** replaced in 1853 *largest.*

244 28. **Clearest of** replaced in 1853 *freëst from.*

244 35. Cf. Claudian, *De Bel. Goth.*, 459, "Stilichonis apex et cognita fulsit Canities." This was quoted by Disraeli Nov. 15, 1852, in his speech moving a vote of thanks to the Queen, who had decreed a public funeral for the Duke. The speech became notorious through a charge of plagiarism. (See *American Journal of Philology*, XXIII, 317.)

244 38. **That tower of strength:** "His name was a tower of strength abroad," wrote Lord Palmerston to his brother, Sept. 17, 1852. (E. Ashley, *Palmerston*, II, 250.)

244 39. **Four-square:** Cf. *Princess*, v, 222. It is the Greek τετράγωνος, as used by Simonides (5th frag.) and Aristotle (*Rhet.*, iii, 11, 2).

244 42. **World-victor:** Napoleon, who had aimed at the conquest of the world.

245 49–52. Wellington is buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, which is surmounted by a golden cross. Here lie also Admiral Horatio Nelson (the "mighty seaman" of l. 83), Lord Collingwood, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, J. M. W. Turner, etc.

245 50. To show the minute care which Tennyson gave to details, he was questioning in 1892 whether "upon" would not be better than "over" in this line.

245 56. **Its.** 1852–1855: *his.* The bier was covered with "a black velvet pall adorned with escocheons" and borne upon "a funeral car drawn by twelve horses decorated with trophies and heraldic atchievements." (*Programme of the Duke of Wellington's Funeral:* published by F. Reynolds, 1 Savoy Street, Strand.) The names of Wellington's victories were inscribed in gold letters on the car.

245 59. **A deeper knell,** etc. Added in 1853. *And* was inserted in 1855.

245 64. **Many a clime:** Holland, India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium.

246 79. **Ever-echoing.** 1852–1855: *ever-ringing.*

246 80. This address of Nelson, says Mr. Frederic Harrison, is "one of the grandest conceptions in modern poetry." (*Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill*, p. 32.)

246, 247 91–113. In 1852 the reading is: —

> His martial wisdom kept us free;
> O warrior-seaman, this is he,
> This is England's greatest son,
> Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
> And worthy to be laid by thee;
> He that gain'd a hundred fights,
> And never lost an English gun;
> He that in his earlier day
> Against the myriads of Assaye
> Clash'd with his fiery few and won:
> And underneath another sun
> Made the soldier, led him on,
> And ever great and greater grew,
> Beating from the wasted vines
> All their marshals' bandit swarms
> Back to France with countless blows;
> Till their host of eagles flew
> Past the Pyrenean pines, etc.

The revision of 1853 adopted the present reading, except l. 101 *a nearer* for *another;* and l. 113 *Past* (retained in 1855) for *Beyond.*

246 97. Cf. Disraeli's speech, mentioned above on l. 35: "During that period that can be said of him which can be said of no other captain — that he captured 3,000 cannon from the enemy, and never *lost a single gun.*" (Stocqueler's *Life of Wellington*, II, 360.)

246 99. **Assaye** (or Assye): a city in the extreme north of British India, where the Duke of Wellington, then General Wellesley, defeated 40,000 Mahrattas with 5,000 Englishmen, Sept. 23, 1803.

246 101. In 1809–1810 Wellington constructed the lines of Torres Vedras fortifying an area of 500 square miles around Lisbon. In 1813 he drove the French out of the Peninsula and invaded their own country.

247 118. This line was followed in 1852–1853 by — *He withdrew to brief repose.*

247 121. **Barking:** Tennyson said, "Did you ever hear an eagle bark?" The word exactly describes the sound the bird makes when angry.

247 122. **Duty's iron crown**: an allusion to the Iron Crown of Lombardy, which was said to be made from a nail of the Cross, and was regarded as the symbol of the Holy Roman Empire.

247 123. **That loud sabbath**: Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815.

247 129. **A sudden jubilant ray**: Cf. Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles*, ch. xv, "As [the British and German regiments] joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies."

247 133. **World-earthquake.** Before 1875: *world's earthquake.*

248 146. Cf. "The Dying Swan," 31–35.

248 151. Cf. *The Princess*, "Conclusion," 51–57.

248 154, 155. Added in 1853, except that in 1853 and 1855 *Saxon* stood for *Briton.*

248 157. 1852: *Of most unbounded reverence and regret.*
1853: *Of boundless reverence and regret.*

248 159. Added in 1853.

248 160, 161. **The eye . . . Of Europe**: a classical expression, as Justin (v, 8, 4) of Athens and Sparta, "ex duobus Graeciae oculis." Cf. *Paradise Regained*, iv, 240.

248 166. **Help to.** Added in 1853.

248 168. 1852: *And help the march of human mind.*

248 169. **At length.** Added in 1855.

249 170. In 1852 these lines followed:—

> Perchance our greatness will increase;
> Perchance a darkening future yields
> Some reverse from worse to worse,
> The blood of men in quiet fields,
> And sprinkled on the sheaves of peace.

249 171. 1852: *And O remember*, etc.

249 172. 1852: *Respect his sacred warning; guard your coasts:*
1853: *Revere his warning; guard your coasts:*

For a full account of Wellington's insistence, in 1844–1845, upon the repair of the coast defences, and the increase of the naval and military establishments, see C. S. Parker, *Sir Robert Peel*, III, 197–219, 396–412.

249 173. Added in 1853.

249 181, 182. Added in 1855.

249 183, 184. Added in 1853.

249 185. Added in 1855.

249 186. **Whose** replaced in 1853 *His*.

249 188. **Truth-teller . . . Alfred:** Cf. Asser, *De Rebus Gestis Ælfredi* (in *Mon. Hist. Brit.*, p. 471 c), "quod a domino meo Ælfredo Angulsaxonum rege veridico, etiam sæpe mihi referente audivi." So also, where his death is recorded in the Annals of St. Neot (miscalled Annals of Asser) under the year 900, "Ælfredus veridicus," etc. (*Mon. Hist. Brit.*, p. 498).

249 194. Military representatives of all the great powers of Europe, with the exception of Austria, were there to do him honour.

249 196. **All her stars:** Besides being successively baron, viscount, earl, marquis, and duke, Wellington was a knight of twenty-six orders and a marshal of eight nations.

250 215. **Crags of Duty:** Cf. Simonides (fragment 41, ed. Hiller): —

ἐστί τις λόγος
τὰν Ἀρετὰν ναίειν δυσεμβάτοις ἐπὶ πέτραις.

And see also the motto to Scott's *Woodstock*, ch. iv.

250 217. Cf. *Rev.*, xxi, 23.

250 218–226. 1852: —

> He has not fail'd: he hath prevail'd:
> So let the men whose hearths he saved from shame
> Thro' many and many an age proclaim, etc.

251 241. Added in 1853.

251 251–255. 1852: —

> For solemn, too, this day are we.
> O friends, we doubt not that for one so true, etc.

The edition of 1853 has the present reading, except l. 254: *Lifted up in heart are we.*

251 259–261. Added in 1853. Cf. *In Mem.*, cxxiii.

251 262. **World on world.** 1852–1855: *worlds on worlds.*

252 266–270. Added in 1853, which edition has the present reading except *sounds* for *wails* in l. 267. The Dead March is from Handel's *Saul*.

252 271. **He.** 1852: *The man.*

252 278. 1852–1855: *But speak*, etc.

THE VISION OF SIN (Page 253)

Published in 1842. It is an allegory of sensual pleasure, slowly deadened by satiety, and changing into cruel cynicism, black-hearted malice, insane scorn. When the soul is brought to that Death which is the wages of Sin, the poet leaves the question of ultimate hope enveloped in mystery. Cf. *In Mem.*, liv, "Wages."

Almost as noteworthy as the moral significance of the poem is its versification. Parts I and V are in the heroic couplet. Part III is also in five-stress iambic, but the rhyme-order is varied. Part II opens with the quicker trochaic measure, momentarily retarded in ll. 26–28, by a return to iambic, only to plunge forward (l. 29) into wild dance-music. Cf. Shelley's "Triumph of Life," 138–150. The end of this "nerve-dissolving melody" is marked by a long iambic line (43). The "death-song of the Ghoul," in Part IV, is in four-stress trochaic quatrains, with final truncation and interwoven rhyme, like the last rollicking tune of "The Jolly Beggars." This grotesque framework intensifies its bitterness. There are ten approximate rhymes.

253 3. **A horse with wings:** the aspiring soul. Cf. Plato, *Phaedrus*, 246, A–E.

256 91. Cf. *Gal.*, ii, 16.

256 97, 98. **Moment.** 1842–1850: *minute*,—which perhaps seemed too mathematically precise.

257 128. **A** replaced *the* (the reading of 1842 and 1843).

258 141, 142. **The hue Of that cap:** referring to the blood-red Liberty-cap of the French revolutionists.

259 187. **God's likeness:** Cf. *Genesis*, i, 26.

259 190. Cf. *Genesis*, ii, 25.

260 208. **Once more uprose.** 1842–1846: *Again arose.*

260 211. **Shards:** fragments of any hard material, especially of pottery. Cf. *Hamlet*, v, 1, 254.

260 213. **Spake** replaced *said* (the reading of 1842).

260 214. After this line in the *Selection* of 1865 was the following couplet (not retained in the collected editions):—

> "Another answer'd 'But a crime of sense?'
> "Give him new nerves with old experience."

260 224. When Professor Tyndall asked Tennyson for some explanation of this line, he replied merely 'that the power of explaining such

concentrated expressions of the imagination was very different from that of writing them.' (*Mem.*, II, 475.) But from *Mem.*, I, 322, it would seem that the poet meant to imply that there was hope even for the man who 'bettered not with time.'

THE ANCIENT SAGE (Page 261)

First published with *Tiresias* in 1885. It was written after reading *Speculations on Metaphysics, etc., of 'The Old Philosopher,' Lao-Tsze*, by the Rev. John Chalmers (1868). See *Mem.*, II, 476. Lâo-Tsze was a contemporary of Confucius in the sixth century B.C., and the founder of Tâoism. It is said that after he had been for many years curator of the Royal Library, the decay of the dynasty impelled him to leave the capital of Châu, Lo-Yang, and he went away to the barrier-gate leading out of the kingdom to the north-east. There, at the request of the warden, Yin-Hsî, he stopped and wrote the *Tâo Teh Kĭng*, which sets forth his vague philosophy, and then passed out of the gate forever. (*Sacred Books of the East*, vol. xxxix, p. 35.) This story has evidently been adapted by Tennyson, though the philosophy of the "Ancient Sage" is generally far from being that of Lâo-Tsze.

The poem is indeed intensely personal, especially the passages about Faith (69–77) and the Passion of the Past (216–228). (See *Mem.*, II, 319.) Tennyson said to his niece Miss Weld, "It is just what I should have believed if I had lived 'a thousand summers ere the time of Christ,' but to get at my present belief you must add on Christianity." (*Glimpses of Tennyson*, p. 117.) His is one of the "two voices" of the poem, the other is a young poet's, who shares the creed of Omar Khayyám. The Sage takes the Kantian position that God and immortality are objects, not of Proof, but of Faith. This faith is with him dependent partly upon the voice of conscience, partly upon the memories of pre-existence, partly upon an ecstatic union with the divine. Knowledge is every way limited. Time, the sole grim deity of the materialist, is merely an illusion, a conditioning form of our superficial knowledge. The apparent miseries and imperfections of the world are due to imperfections of our human nature. The best cure for unbelief is in good works and practical morality.

The metrical contrast of lyrical and blank verse is suggestive of the yearning sadness and forced levity of agnosticism as set over against the calm assurance of faith. (See Luce, p. 391.) The song is in iambic verse, alternating four-stress and three-stress lines, with interwoven

rhyme. The blank verse has eight feminine endings, and some thirty-five run-on lines. Note the rhetorical balance in the two passages, 57–65, 70–77.

262 31. **The Nameless:** "These misuses of the word 'God' [by the Calvinist and the anthropomorphist] make me prefer another name. I prefer to say the Highest or the Supreme Being." (Tennyson to Wilfrid Ward, *The New Review*, XV, 89.) Cf. *Tâo Teh King*, i, 1, "The name which can be named is not the eternal name."

262 34. The Sage thinks of man's inner nature, while the young materialist recognizes only sensation. "God is unknowable as he is in Himself," said Tennyson to Wilfrid Ward, "but he touches us at one point. That point is the conscience. If the conscience could be further developed, we might in some sense see God."

262 39 ff. Cf. *Tâo Teh King*, xiv, 1, xxi, xxxiv, 1, 2.

262 42. See *Mem.*, I, 319 (footnote), and the article by Ward above referred to, p. 87. Tennyson disliked the atomic theory, and held that the infinite divisibility of matter (as illustrated by a grain of sand) made materialism unthinkable. Cf. "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 210–212.

262 50–52. Cf. *Tâo Teh King*, xxxix, 1, 2. See also *Mem.*, I, 319, and Miss Weld's *Glimpses of Tennyson*, p. 119, where Tennyson states this idea in prose.

263 76. Cf. "Aylmer's Field," 102:—

> The music of the moon
> Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

263 82–90. Cf. "Passing of Arthur," 13–17. Tennyson inclined somewhat to the theory of a Demiurge as 'the nearest explanation of the facts of the world which we can get.' (Knowles in *Nineteenth Century*, January 1893.

264 103, 104. Cf. "The Mystic," 5, 6, 17–24; "The 'How' and the 'Why,'" 5–7; *The Princess*, iii, 307–313. "To God all is present," said Tennyson. "He sees present, past, and future as one." (*Mem.*, I, 322.) Cf. Cowley, *Davideis*, i:—

> "Nothing is there To come, and nothing Past,
> But an *Eternal Now* does always last."

Cowley says in his note that this is a translation of "Nunc stans," the name given to Eternity by Thomas Aquinas and the Schoolmen.

265 146. **The poet**: e.g., Swift.

266 180–182. Cf. "Passing of Arthur," 18–21; "The Sisters," 224–226:—

> I think this gross hard-seeming world
> Is our misshaping vision of the Powers
> Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains.

See also *Mem.*, II, 68.

267 191–194. "One loses in 'The Ancient Sage' that keen insistence of the earlier poems [e.g., *In Mem.*, xlvii] on a separate consciousness continued after death." (Gwynn, p. 93.)

267 204. Cf. "Why should we weep for those who die" in *Poems by Two Brothers*, and *Mem.*, II, 18.

268 216–228. Cf. Tennyson's First Sonnet, "The Two Voices," 355–384, "Far — Far — Away," "Tears, idle tears," "No More," *In Mem.*, xliv; Henry Vaughan's "The Retreat," and, of course, Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," and his *Essay upon Epitaphs*, given in his notes to *The Excursion* (Globe Edition, p. 810). Neither Wordsworth nor Tennyson uses this shadowy Platonic doctrine of a prenatal state as an argument, but simply as "an element in our instincts of immortality."

268 229–239. This trance experience, which the Neo-Platonists called "union with the Divine," and modern psychologists term "Dissociation," is described also in *In Mem.*, xcv, 33–48. Cf. "The Mystic," 36–40; "Sir Galahad," 69–72; *The Princess*, i, 14–18; "The Holy Grail," 906–915. Tennyson wrote: "A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me thro' repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life." (*Mem.*, I, 320. Cf. II, 473.) Ecstasies like this have been told of by many another mystic and genius — Plotinus, Porphyry, St. Theresa, Sir Thomas Browne, Wordsworth, Shelley, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Goethe, etc. The method employed by Tennyson to throw himself into the trance is said to have been familiar to the mediæval Arabs. (*Notices et*

Extraits des MSS. de la Bibliothèque Impériale, I, xix, pp. 643–645, cited by Lang.)

269 253 ff. Lâo-Tsze's doctrine of *laissez-faire* (v, 1; lvii, 3) is in striking contrast to this praise of active benevolence, but in lii, 1, 3, he commends moderation in conduct and dress.

269 254. The figure seems suggested by *The Merchant of Venice*, ii, 7, 63.

"FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL" (Page 270)

Written at Wegner's Wells, on Hindhead, near Aldworth, probably in 1869; first published in *The Holy Grail* volume of that year. (*Mem.*, II, 209.) According, however, to an unpublished memoir by the daughter of Sir John Simeon, the lines were made at Farringford. (V. C. S. O'Connor, in *The Century*, December 1897.) The idea of the unity in all Nature has often been expressed. Tennyson seeks the underlying meaning of that unity. Cf. Wordsworth's "The Primrose of the Rock," and Dowden's note on the poem (Athenæum Press edition of Wordsworth, p. 478).

The metre is rough and irregular, perhaps anapæstic rather than anything else. The first two bars in l. 5 are anapæstic. (See *Mem.*, II, 94.)

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM (Page 270)

Written in 1867 (*Mem.*, II, 48), read at the first meeting of the Metaphysical Society, June 2, 1869, and printed with *The Holy Grail* in December. Tennyson as a philosopher was an "objective idealist," i.e., he believed that all reality is spiritual, and that the material world exists only as a form of activity, a "shadow," of the mind of God. (See *Mem.*, II, 68, 69, 90, 424; Wilfrid Ward in *The New Review*, XV, 94; "The Sisters," 224–226; "De Profundis," 30, 31; "The Ancient Sage," 50–52, 108, 178–181; "God and the Universe," 6; "Akbar's Dream," 115–117; Sneath, *The Mind of Tennyson*, pp. 64 ff.) The doctrine of this poem is that God lives in the world; that we live and move and have our being in Him; and that the human spirit is distinct from the Divine Spirit by conscious personality. This is not pantheism in the common sense of the word. It is a higher truth; for while it teaches that God is in the Visible All, it denies that the Visible All expresses the whole of God. The manifestation of God in the world is dark,

broken, distorted, because we ourselves are imperfect. (See ll. 7, 10, 16.) Cf. Wordsworth, "Tintern Abbey": —

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," etc.;

and Shelley, "Hellas" (Globe Edition, p. 446): —

> "This Whole
> Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers, . . .
> Is but a vision; . . .
> Nought is but that which feels itself to be."

The poem is written in a six-stress verse of general dactylic rhythm; the lines rhyming in couplets; the final light syllable, or syllables, cut away. Anacrusis occurs in six lines; in l. 17 it is two-syllabled. The obscure, paradoxical style is parodied by Swinburne in *The Heptalogia*.

270 2. Cf. *Romans*, i, 20.

270 5. **This weight of body and limb**, etc.: Cf. *In Mem.*, xlv.

270 8. **That which has** replaced *thou, that hast*, the reading of 1869.

271 11, 12. Cf. *Psalm* lxv, 2; *Romans*, viii, 16; *Acts*, xvii, 27. This is the truth of Prayer.

271 14. **The thunder is yet His voice**: Cf. *Psalm* lxxvii, 18. This is the truth of Providence.

271 15. **No God at all, says the fool**: *Psalm* xiv, 1.

271 17. Cf. 1 *Cor.*, ii, 9 (Rev. Version).

WILL (Page 271)

First published in *Maud, and Other Poems*, 1855; a characteristic utterance of Tennyson's cardinal doctrine of Free Will.

The metre is iambic; the lines vary from four to five stresses. The onomatopœia in ll. 7–9, 16, is admirable, as is the paronomasia in l. 13.

271 6–9. For the simile, cf. *Iliad*, xv, 618–621; *Aeneid*, vii, 586–590; x, 693–696; and Marcus Aurelius, iv, 49: "Thou must be like a promontory of the sea, against which the waves bear continually, yet it both stands itself, and about it are those swelling waves stilled and quieted."

272 19. **A wrinkle of the monstrous hill**: Cf. *Princess*, iv, 4, "wrinkled precipices."

272 20. Seen through dry, desert air, distant objects are greatly dwarfed.

WAGES (Page 272)

Written in 1867 (*Mem.*, II, 49); published in February 1868, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and in 1869 in *The Holy Grail*. It was one of Tennyson's chosen poems. J. A. Symonds quotes him as saying, "I cannot but think moral good is the crown of man. But what is it without immortality? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. If I knew that the world were coming to an end in six hours, would I give my money to a starving beggar?" (*The Century*, May 1893.) Cf. "A Voice Spake Out of the Skies"; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 65, 66, 71, 72; *In Mem.*, lxxxii, 9–12"; "The Silent Voices"; "The Death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale."

The metre is dactylic six-stress verse, with variations and the last bar incomplete. The verses are arranged in five-line stanzas, and the fifth line of the second stanza echoes the fifth line of the first.

272 6. **The wages of sin is death**: Cf. *Romans*, vi, 23.

THE DESERTED HOUSE (Page 273)

Published in *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, but not reprinted until 1848. For the scriptural allusions in this allegory of the body deserted by the soul, see 2 *Cor.*, v, 1; 1 *Cor.*, xv, 52; *Ecclesiastes*, xii, 3, 4.

The measure is mixed trochaic and iambic; the lines vary in length in the first and last strophes; elsewhere they have four stresses. The rhyme-order in the quatrains is not fixed. It is the unexpected prolongation of the concluding stanza, with its iambic swell, that gives impressiveness to the versification.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK" (Page 274)

This poem was "made in a Lincolnshire lane at 5 o'clock in the morning between blossoming hedges" (*Mem.*, I, 190), but the poet's thoughts were far away at Clevedon, where the dead body of Arthur Hallam was lying by the sea. First published in 1842. See R. H. Hutton, *Literary Essays*, p. 372.

The metre is irregular in rhythm and in structure. The prevailing accent is anapæstic. Ll. 6 and 8 may be regarded as normal; each of them contains three bars, with two light syllables and one accented syllable in each bar. In l. 1 the light syllables are omitted, but the

time is preserved by the three long pauses. In l. 2, instead of three syllables, two light and one heavy, we have two accented syllables in each of the last two bars. The other variations are similar. All the quatrains have alternate rhyme; but the first two are written throughout in three-stress verse, while the last two change to a sort of "poulter's measure" by adding a fourth bar to the third line. The effect of these delicate variations is exquisite.

274 11. Cf. *In Mem.*, vii, 5, "A hand that can be clasp'd no more"; and xiii, 6, 7: —

> And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
> Silence, till I be silent too.

And contrast cxix, 12, "I take the pressure of thine hand."

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ (Page 274)

In the summer of 1830, Tennyson and Hallam went to the Pyrenees with money for Torrijos, the leader of the revolt against Ferdinand VII. In August 1861 Tennyson returned to the beautiful valley, and wrote this lyric "after hearing the voice of the torrent seemingly sound deeper as the night grew." (*Mem.*, I, 474.) A. H. Clough was at Cauteretz at the same time, and his letters give a pleasant account of his meeting with Tennyson. (*Remains*, I, 264-269.) First published in *Enoch Arden, etc.*, 1864.

The poem is in an irregular six-stress verse with mixed trochaic and iambic movement. The first "voice" in l. 10 seems equivalent in length to two syllables.

274 4. **Two and thirty years ago**: Tennyson was provoked at this inaccuracy, and as late as 1892 thought of substituting *one and thirty*. (*Mem.*, I, 475.)

274 10. Contrast "Break, break, break," 11, 12.

SELECTIONS FROM IN MEMORIAM A. H. H. (Page 275)

The death of Arthur Henry Hallam was the occasion of this, the greatest elegy of the nineteenth century, the longest and most important of Tennyson's poems on the problems of doubt and faith, the poem in which he made the strongest and widest impression on contemporary thought. Arthur Hallam was the son of Henry Hallam, the historian,

and was born in London, Feb. 1, 1811. He was at Eton from 1822 to 1827 and met Gladstone there. During a residence of eight months in Italy he acquired a passionate admiration for Italian poetry. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1828, where he became acquainted with Tennyson and was a leading member of "The Apostles." He won several prizes for essays and orations, but was defeated by his friend in the "Timbuctoo" competition for the Chancellor's Medal. He took his degree in January 1832. He and Tennyson made summer trips together, to the Pyrenees in 1830, and down the Rhine in 1832. He became engaged to Tennyson's sister, Emilia. After graduation he resided in London with his father, and began the study of law. He accompanied his father to the Continent in August 1833, and died suddenly in Vienna on September 15. His body was conveyed by sailing vessel to England, and was buried on Jan. 3, 1834, in the chancel of Clevedon Church in Somersetshire. His essays and occasional verse were collected and published in a volume of *Remains* (1834). His character was so pure and so noble that he seemed to those who knew him well like a being from another world. His friends looked forward to a most brilliant future for him. Said Gladstone: — "It would be easy to show what, in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, 'This he never could have done.'" (*Gleanings of Past Years*, II, 137.)

In Memoriam was begun very soon after Hallam's death, and was published in 1850. We have comparatively little evidence about the time of the writing of particular sections. Their order of arrangement is by no means indicative of their order of composition. "The general way of its being written," said Tennyson, "was so queer that if there were a blank space I would put in a poem." The Prologue is dated 1849. Among the sections first written were ix, xxxi, lxxxv, xxviii. (*Mem.*, I, 109.) Section civ refers to the new home of the Tennysons at High Beech, Epping Forest, where they lived 1837–1840. Section lxxxvi was written at Barmouth, which the poet visited in 1839. (*Mem.*, I, 173, 313.) From the Prologue, 42, and the Epilogue, 21 f, we gain the impression that most of the poems were written considerably before 1849, and even before 1842. The testimony of Edmund Lushington (*Mem.*, I, 202, 203) is to the same effect. The sections about Evolution are reported to have "been read by his friends some years before the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation* in 1844." (*Mem.*, I, 223.) It is not stated just which parts are meant, but liv, lv, cxviii, and cxx seem

included. If l. 20 of xxi refers to the astronomical discoveries of 1846–1848, its date must be about that time. Sections xc, 22, and cxix, 8, doubtfully imply a late date. That is about all one can say in regard to the parts here printed. (See Bradley, 12–18.) Tennyson mentions among the many localities where the poems were written Lincolnshire, London, Essex, Gloucestershire, Wales.

The following may be quoted from the poet's comments on his work: — "It must be remembered that this is a poem, *not* an actual biography. . . . It was meant to be a kind of *Divina Commedia*, ending with happiness. . . . The different moods of sorrow as in a drama are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only thro' Faith in a God of Love. 'I' is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking thro' him." (*Mem.*, I, 304.)

Though the poem was some sixteen years in composition, the internal action covers less than three years; i.e., it begins in the fall of Hallam's death (1833), and extends into the spring of 1836. This is indicated by the three Christmas sections (xxviii, lxxviii, civ), which Tennyson says mark the divisions of the poem. (*Mem.*, I, 305.) To Mr. Knowles (*The Nineteenth Century*, XXXIII, 182) he gave a nine-fold division: i–viii, ix–xx, xx–xxvii, xxviii xlix, l–lviii, lix–lxxi, lxxii–xcviii, xcix–ciii, civ–cxxxi; this analysis is elaborated in *The Poetry of Tennyson*, pp. 131–151. The point where the prevailing tone changes from sorrow to joy may be placed at lxxxv. Enough of the poem has been retained here perhaps to indicate the trends of thought. In the form he chose — a series of short poems, making up a more or less unified elegy — Tennyson may have been influenced by Petrarch's Sonnets and Canzoni *To Laura in Death*.

Tennyson believed himself the originator of the metre of *In Memoriam*. In this he was mistaken. The "close" iambic quatrain, with eight syllables to the line, was used by several French poets of the sixteenth century (e.g., by Clément Marot in his *chanson*, "Je suis aymé de la plus belle," 1524). In English the following instances may be noticed before the publication of *In Memoriam*: — Sir Philip Sidney (d. 1586), "Psalm xxxvii" (with double rhyme in ll. 2 and 3); Ben Jonson, Chorus in Act ii of *Catiline* (1611), and *Underwoods*, xxxix (1641); Francis Davison (d. 1619), "Paraphrase of Psalm cxxv"; George Sandys, *Paraphrase upon the Psalmes* xiv, xxx, lxxiv, cxl, etc.; Christopher Harvey, "The Epiphany" in *The Synagogue* (1640); Lord Herbert of Cherbury (d. 1648), "Ditty" (*Poems*, p. 41) and "An Ode

upon a Question moved whether Love should continue forever"; William Somerville, "Fable viii" (1727); Charles Jennens, Daniel's song about the writing on the wall, in the *Oratorio of Belshazzar* (1745); John Langhorne (d. 1779), "An Ode to the Genius of Westmoreland"; W. S. Landor, in Forster's *Life*, p. 27, — "'T was evening calm, when village maids" (1794); P. L. Courtier, "I wonder if her heart be still," in *The Lyre of Love* (1806); Robert Anderson, "The Poor Prude" (*Poems*, Carlisle, 1820); A. H. Clough, "Peschiera" (1849); D. G. Rossetti, "My Sister's Sleep" (1850). It may be that Tennyson had read one of these poems, or some other poem in the same metre, and retained a sub-conscious memory of its rhythm. It is as likely that he worked it out for himself, and "rediscovered" its adaptiveness as an elegiac quatrain. He had already used it in three poems written in 1833 and published in 1842: — "You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease," "Love thou thy land," and "The Blackbird." It is a pensive form of verse, giving the impression of slow and recurrent thought, typified by the postponement of the rhyme to the end of the quatrain. The metre of *In Memoriam* is free at once from the rigidity of the sonnet, the monotony of the couplet, the familiarity of the interwoven or alternate quatrain. It is a clear harp from which the master-player can draw divers tones. The pauses can be varied with almost the subtlety of effect that is possible to blank verse. The sense may be allowed to overflow from line to line, and from quatrain to quatrain. (See, e.g., lxxxvi.) Tennyson's favourite devices of alliteration (open and veiled), vowel melody, and verbal repetition will be found here in innumerable instances. An occasional irregularity strikes a discord that is part of the general harmony (e.g., vii, 12; l, 2). In the 41 sections here printed, there are 418 rhymes, of which 40 are approximate (or about 1 in 10). See Corson, *Primer of English Verse*, pp. 71 ff.

PROLOGUE (PAGE 275)

This introduction, "the noblest English Christian poem which several centuries have seen" (Charles Kingsley), was written shortly before the publication of *In Memoriam*. It sums up the issue of its long inner struggle, and presents in brief the poet's creed. In a prayer to the personal Christ, he expresses his absolute and intuitive faith in Him as Love Incarnate; he sees in Him the source of Life, the conqueror of Death, the assurance of Immortality, and, as the Supreme Man, the object and end of our free action. Although he trusts that Knowledge

is given to us by this Divine Love, yet Knowledge is insufficient and partial. Let it grow, therefore, but with more humility and accompanied by Faith. He begs forgiveness for the imperfections of his life and song, and for his grief over one who still lives in Christ and Love.

275 1. **Love**: used as by St. John (1 *John*, iv), said Tennyson. (*Mem.*, I, 312.) Collins compares George Herbert, "Love": —

> "Immortal Love, author of this great frame,
> Sprung from that beauty which can never fade;
> How hath man parcell'd out thy glorious name,
> And thrown it on the dust which thou hast made."

275 2, 3. Cf. 1 *Peter*, i, 8.

275 4. Among many parallels, cf. "The Ancient Sage," 57–67.

275 5. **These orbs**: the planets, partly turned toward the sun, and partly in shadow. There is reference also to the darkness of Death. Cf. "The Death of the Duke of Clarence," 12: —

> The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
> His shadow darkens earth.

275 11, 12. Here Tennyson bases his belief in immortality on the justice of God who has created man with the longing for immortality. Mr. Knowles quotes him as saying, "If there be a God that has made the earth and put this hope and passion into us, it must foreshow the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend, created us." (*The Nineteenth Century*, XXXIII, 169. Cf. *Mem.*, II, 105, 457.) Cf. Herbert, "The Discharge," "My God hath promised; he is just."

275 15. Cf. "De Profundis," 55, 56. Free-will, like God and immortality, is not a knowable but a practical reality.

275 19. **Broken lights**: refracted by the density of our medium. Cf. "Higher Pantheism," 10, 16.

276 28. **As before**: i.e., before the modern movement of science and scepticism separated them.

276 32. **Thy light**: the light of knowledge (cf. "beam," 24), over which, when it is divorced from faith, we grow vain and proud.

276 33, 34. Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix, "His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!" and Wordsworth, "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland" (1803), iii: —

> "The best of what we do and are,
> Just God, forgive!"

276 35, 36. Cf. *Psalm* xvi, 2, 3, and cxliii, 2.
276 37. Cf. lxxxv, 61, 62.
276 41. **Wild and wandering,** as in *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 1, 105.
276 42. **Wasted:** rendered desolate, as in "Oriana," 1.

I (Page 276)

Before his sorrow came, the poet believed that every experience may be the means to higher attainment. But now he cannot foresee how his loss is to be transmuted into gain. Grief and love seem to him interwoven, and if, when grief fades, love fades too, far better is it to keep the excess of grief than reach a calmer state with shriveled affections.

276 1. **Him:** Goethe, whom Tennyson placed "foremost among the moderns as a lyrical poet" because he is "consummate in so many different styles," and among whose last words were — "Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen." (*Mem.*, II, 391.) The figure in 3, 4 may have been suggested by the famous sentence attributed to St. Augustine (*Sermones Suppositiii*, clxxvi): — "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus"; but it is confused by the change from a ladder to *stepping-stones*. Cf. also Longfellow, "The Ladder of St. Augustine"; and Lowell, "On the Death of a Friend's Child."

276 8. **Interest of tears:** Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonnet* xxxi, 5–7.

277 10. Cf. "Comus," 251, "The raven down Of darkness." (Bradley.)

277 12. **To dance with death:** There may be an allusion to the ancient custom of dancing at funerals (Gatty), or to the favourite mediæval allegory of the Dance of Death (as in Holbein's picture). For **beat the ground** cf. Horace, *Odes*, i, 37, 2, "Pulsanda tellus."

277 13. **The victor Hours:** Cf. the poem by this name in *Mem.*, I, 307, originally No. cxxvii, omitted because it was thought redundant.

277 15. **Loved and lost:** Cf. xxvii, 15; lxxxv, 3.

VII (Page 277)

The poet revisits the house of his dead friend. His grief is brought home to him by the contrast with the days that are no more, and his mood finds reflection in the gloom of nature.

277 2. **Street:** Wimpole Street, in London, where, at No. 67, Hallam lived while studying law.

277 7. **Like a guilty thing:** So of the ghost in *Hamlet*, i, 1, 148.

IX (Page 277)

The poet's good wishes hover about the vessel which is bearing homeward the body of the friend to whom he had given a love passing the love of women. Collins compares Horace, *Odes*, i, 3, and Theocritus, vii, 53 ff.

277 1. **The Italian shore**: The remains were embarked at Trieste, which belongs to Austria but has the air of an Italian city.

277 2. **Placid ocean-plains**: Cf. "campos liquentis" (*Aeneid*, vi, 724) and "placida aequora" (x, 103).

278 10. **Phosphor**: Lucifer, the morning star.

278 13. Cf. "Eleänore," 91, and "Enoch Arden," 593, "the great stars that globed themselves in heaven."

278 18. Repeated in xvii, 20.

278 20. Taken up and made the theme of lxxix.

XI (Page 278)

A lyric on the calm of an autumnal morning. Here Nature illustrates the emotion, and calls back to memory the figure on the ship in grim serenity of death. Observe the delicacy of observation, the skill of selection, the force of repetition, and the metrical imitation of the heaving sea. The scene, Tennyson told Gatty, was "some Lincolnshire wold, from which the whole range from marsh to the sea was visible." (Cf. "Ode to Memory," 97–101.)

278 11. **Lessening**: in perspective, as the plain nears the sea.

278 12. **Bounding**: limiting.

XIX (Page 279)

Hallam's body was disembarked at Dover, and thence conveyed to St. Andrew's Church, which stands on a lonely hill, half a mile south of Clevedon, overlooking the Severn where it flows into the Bristol Channel. The waves can be heard lapping on the crags not a hundred yards away. The central idea of the poem is based upon an analogy. The Wye enters the Severn a little above Clevedon. For about half its course it is tidal. When the tide rises, its movement seaward is checked, its rapids are filled, and its purling murmur silenced. The babbling noise becomes audible again when the tide ebbs. So when the poet's heart is full of grief he cannot sing; but with the reflux of passionate sorrow comes the possibility of words. This section, like "Tears, idle tears," is said by Bradley to have been written in Tintern Abbey.

XXI (PAGE 280)

The poet answers those who criticise his notes of sorrow. One accuses him of sentimentalism, another of vanity, a third of selfish isolation in a time of public danger and scientific marvels. He justifies himself by the greatness of the man for whom he mourns, and the spontaneity of the song to his memory. See Fitzgerald's letter to Donne, Jan. 29, 1845: — "A. T. has near a volume of poems — elegiac — in memory of Arthur Hallam. Don't you think the world wants other notes than elegiac now?"

It is at least a plausible conjecture that this section is of late date, perhaps 1848. In that year the Chartist movement, after a lull of six years, broke out again with renewed vigour (15, 16). Ll. 18–20 may well refer to the great discoveries by Lassell and others in 1846–1848: — Neptune (Sept. 23, 1846), its satellite (Oct. 10, 1846), the eighth satellite of Saturn (Sept. 19, 1848).

280 1. **That rests below:** As Tennyson did not see Clevedon until after the publication of *In Memoriam* (*Mem.*, I, 305), he may have imagined that the body was buried in the churchyard. In reality it lies beneath the manor aisle within the building.

280 4. **Pipes:** When an intensely modern poet adopts the Virgilian "pastoral reed," he seems artificial. Cf. "A Small Sweet Idyl," 27.

280 20. **Moon:** satellite, or, perhaps, planet or star, though of the word in this last sense I have not found an instance in Tennyson. Bradley compares xcvii, 22, and *Mem.*, II, 336.

280 23, 24. Cf. Lamartine, "Le Poète Mourant," — "Je chantais ... Comme l'oiseau gémit"; and Goethe, *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, II, xi, — "Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt," — which Carlyle translated in 1824, "I sing but as the linnet sings."

281 25. **One is glad** replaced *unto one*, the reading of 1850, 1851.

281 27. **One is sad** replaced *unto one*, the reading of 1850, 1851.

XXIII (PAGE 281)

The poet puts himself at the threshold of Death, and from there looks back upon the pathway which he walked once not alone, but with a friend. He thinks of their communion with Nature and poetry, of their intimate sympathy in thought and imagination, and of that divine time when for them all life was suffused with the joy of Spring.

281 4. **The Shadow**: repeated from xxii, 12, 20. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ii, 669.

281 5. Death will resolve the mysteries about which in life we form various beliefs without knowledge. Cf. xxvi, 15.

281 12. **Pan**: god of flocks and shepherds, and symbol of universal Nature.

281 15, 16. Cf. Pope, "Eloisa to Abelard," 95: — "Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part."

282 22, 24. **Argive**: Greek. So, **many a flute of Arcady** stands for Greek poetry, or perhaps for idyllic poetry in general. His father says of Arthur (*Remains*, xxiv): "He had not read nearly so much of the Greek and Latin Historians, as of the Philosophers and Poets." Plato especially was the philosopher he admired, and, among the poets, **Aeschylus, Sophocles, Sappho, and Bion.**

XXVII (PAGE 282)

The experience of love, says the poet, though it bring in its train the experience of sorrow, is far better than that dull content which is made possible by a defect in sensibility. Goethe expresses part of the idea in *Faust*, ii, 1659–1660: —

> "Doch im Erstarren such' ich nicht mein Heil,
> Das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bestes Theil."

282 2. **Noble rage**: a phrase of Gray's ("Elegy," 51).

282 5–8. See *Mem.*, I, 170.

282 6. **The field of time**: "as having no future life." (Palgrave.)

282 15, 16. Repeated in lxxxv, 3, 4. Cf. A. H. Clough's "Peschiera" (1849): —

> "What voice did on my spirit fall,
> Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
> 'Tis better to have fought and lost,
> Than never to have fought at all.'"

It seems likely that Clough had seen some of *In Memoriam* in manuscript; section lxxxv was written in 1833. Two trivial parallels to the turn of expression have been found: Congreve, *The Way of the World*, ii, 1, "'T is better to be left, than never to have been loved," and Campbell, "The Jilted Nymph": —

> "Better be courted and jilted
> Than never be courted at all."

XXVIII (PAGE 282)

As the first Christmas approaches after Arthur's death, the poet hears the church bells of the neighbouring villages. They bring to him the sorrow of contrast, but they bring too the song of the angels proclaiming joy at the birth of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

283 5. **Four hamlets:** From Rawnsley, p. 12, it seems likely that these were Tetford, Hagg, Langton, and Ormsby, though so many churches near Somersby have peals that it is impossible to be certain. It is the custom in Lincolnshire to ring for a month or six weeks before Christmas.

283 9–12. Apparently each church has four bells, the sounds of which are represented in the four phrases of ll. 11, 12. See *Luke*, ii, 14.

283 13. **This year:** 1833, as is made certain by XXX, 16.

283 18. **When a boy:** Cf. "Far — Far — Away," 4–8. So Faust when about to quaff his cup of poison is deterred by the ringing of the Easter bells, which recalls to him the memories of early days. (*Faust*, pt. i, 762–784.)

XXXI (PAGE 283)

The poet now begins to think less of the past and more of the present. Recalling the beautiful story of Lazarus he wonders into what state he went, whether he retained there his sympathy with the living, and why so much was left unrevealed. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 258. Browning's poem, "An Epistle of Karshish," treats the miracle from another point of view, — the effect of the experience of death upon Lazarus in his later life.

283 5–8. Contrast Sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, i, 21, "I can read . . . that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul waited." (Quoted by Bradley.)

284 16. **That Evangelist:** St. John. See *John*, xi.

XXXII (PAGE 284)

Continuing to meditate upon Lazarus and Mary, the poet praises as the most blessed life that in which human love is merged in Love Divine, and in which all curiosity about the future beyond the grave is forgotten in simplicity of adoration. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 259.

284 8. **The Life indeed:** Cf. *John*, xi, 25.

284 9–12. See *John*, xii, 3. **All subtle thought:** such as that in xxxi, 5. Says Emerson (*The Over-Soul*): "Men ask of the immortality of the soul, and the employments of heaven, and the state of the sinner, and so forth. . . . In the flowing of love, in the adoration of humility, there is no question of continuance."

284 14. Cf. Prologue, 39, 40; cxxx, 11, 12.

XXXIII (Page 285)

The Mary-spirit of simple faith in the revealed truths of Christianity must be reverenced by the man whose religion is a rational one, obedient to the inner law of conscience and free from any outward law of authority. Her faith is as pure as his, and in it she is happier, more active in good works, and less likely to fall before temptation.

285 1. **After toil and storm:** like Hallam, as described in xcvi, 13–16, except that Hallam emerged stronger in his Christianity.

285 3. The expression is purposely vague; possibly it conveys a hint of pantheism; more likely it is merely a contrast with l. 4, to show that his faith is not concentrated in any formal dogma.

285 4. **Form:** Tennyson always refused to formulate his creed, and disliked definitions of spiritual truths, because he believed the truths transcendently greater than human expression. (See *Mem.*, I, 309–311.) But he should not be identified with the man addressed in this section, for he himself has often "linked a truth divine" to the revelation of God in Christ. His emphasis on the world's necessity of forms is mentioned in *Mem.*, II, 420, and "Akbar's Dream," 119–143.

285 5. **Thy sister:** The brother is, of course, not to be identified with Lazarus.

285 6. **Her early Heaven:** her life on earth which her faith has made heavenly.

285 11. **The flesh and blood:** the Incarnation.

285 14. **The law within:** The same phrase occurs in *The Princess*, v, 181.

285 16. **Type:** refers to "the flesh and blood" (l. 11).

XXXVI (Page 285)

The great spiritual truths (such as God, Freedom, Immortality) are perhaps intuitive, but the inner disclosure about them is so obscure that we owe every blessing to Christ who made them clear enough

in His earthly life for him who runs to read. When questions were written to Tennyson about Christ he would instruct his son 'to answer for him that he had given his belief in *In Memoriam*,' pointing to this section. (*Mem.*, I, 325.)

285 1, 2. Cf. "The Two Voices," 304–309.

285 5–8. An idea which Macaulay had dwelt upon with gorgeous rhetoric in his *Essay on Milton*, ¶ 38. Cf. "Akbar's Dream," 131–133. **Closest words**: words which state the doctrines of theology accurately. **A tale**: the Parables; or perhaps the Gospel narrative itself.

286 9. **The Word**: the Λόγος, as used by St. John (i, 14), "the Revelation of the Eternal Thought of the Universe." (*Mem.*, I, 312.)

286 13–16. Collins compares Cranmer's *Preface to the Bible*: "For the Holy Ghost has so ordered and attempered the Scriptures that in them as well publicans, fishers, shepherds may find their edifications as great doctors their erudition."

286 15. **Those wild eyes**: the eyes of the savage islanders of the Pacific.

XLV (PAGE 286)

Perhaps, the poet thinks, the object of the soul's experience in the body is to develop the sense of individuality, with memory, which may be carried over into the new life beyond death. The description of the growth of self-consciousness (1–12) has not been impaired by modern psychological investigations.

286 9. **Rounds**: "becomes an orb, detached from the surrounding nebula." (Bradley.)

286 11. **Binds**: Cf. Epilogue, 124:—

> A soul shall draw from out the vast
> And strike his being into bounds.

Tennyson seems to believe in pre-existence, but to consider the pre-existent state as impersonal, "merged in the general soul." See "De Profundis."

XLVII (PAGE 287)

The contrary belief, that individuality is ultimately lost and the soul at death absorbed in Universal God, is vague and repellent to Love, which demands to know its personal object forever. Even if there were a final loss of self in light (to which Tennyson does not commit himself), Love would crave at least a moment of farewell before

its resumption into the Great Being. See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 271.

287 2, 3. **Move his rounds**: go through life. There is probably no reference to the use of "rounds" in xlv, 9. **Fusing all The skirts of self**: melting the limits or bounds of separate existence. The phrase is vague and mixed.

287 13. **The last . . . height**: the last of the many states of individual existence. Cf. lxxxii, 6–8; "The Ring," 38–43. As Bradley observes, "landing-place" is not quite appropriate to the figure.

287 14. **Fade away**: "into the Universal Spirit — but at least one last parting! and always would want it again — of course." (Tennyson's note to Knowles.) See what he says relative to this general subject in *Mem.*, I, 319.

287 16. **Light**: Davidson notes that Nirvâna, on the other hand, means "the blowing out, the extinction of light." (Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, I, 276.) Cf. George Eliot's description of the death of Jubal, in "The Legend of Jubal": —

> "Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
> The All-creating Presence for his grave."

"In answer to my father's profession of belief in 'individual immortality,'" says the *Memoir* (II, 380), "Tyndall remarked, 'We may all be absorbed into the Godhead.' My father said, 'Suppose that He is the real person, and we are only relatively personal.'"

L (Page 287)

The poet longs for the presence of his friend's Spirit, to comfort him in hours of physical weakness and pain, when trust in God and human nature fails, and at last to guide him from Life into Eternity.

287 2, 3. Cf. Shelley, *The Cenci*, iv, 1: —

> "My blood is running up and down my veins;
> A fearful pleasure makes it prick and tingle."

287 7. **Dust**: the dust to which man returns. Some (e.g., Tainsh) think the reference is to the sand of the hour-glass, which Time purposelessly scatters. Others (e.g., Robinson and Dowden) consider it a bold antithesis to a "wise building up of solid structures."

287 8. **A Fury slinging flame**: The Furies are represented as carrying torches.

288 10. **Flies:** Cf. *Samson Agonistes*, 676; "Vastness," 4, 35; and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 202.

LIV (PAGE 288)

The poet expresses his trust that every life, however marred by disease, sin, doubt, and heredity, however low in the order of nature, has a purpose and will come to ultimate good. This hope proceeds, not from knowledge, but from a craving of the heart, as instinctive as a child's cry for light. Compare Wordsworth's assured tone in "The Old Cumberland Beggar," ll. 73 ff.; but Wordsworth is thinking less of the future life than Tennyson. Cf. "The Vision of Sin."

288 3. **Pangs of nature:** Cf. I, 6.

288 4. **Taints of blood:** Cf. iii, 15.

289 18. **An infant crying:** Cf. cxxiv, 19, 20.

LV (PAGE 289)

This hope in universal immortality seems supported by the fact that it springs from our most Godlike traits, Love and Mercy. But it is so shaken by Nature's apparent disregard of the individual that the poet's failing faith falls back upon the cry of the heart to the Lord of all. See *Mem.*, I, 313 ff., 170; and contrast "Faith," which speaks with a ringing note of confidence.

289 7, 8. Tennyson here observes the phenomena of natural selection, for which Darwin in *The Origin of Species* (1859) was to offer an explanation. As Romanes says (*Darwin and After Darwin*, I, 265), this is "a striking republication by Science of a general truth previously stated by Poetry."

289 15. **The great world's altar-stairs:** "Altar" perhaps implies that this is another figure for prayer, like the "gold chain" of "Morte d'Arthur," 255. Cf. "The Princess," vii, 246, and "Timbuctoo," 194 ff.: —

> That mighty stair
> Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
> Of glory of heaven.

289 20. **The larger hope:** Tennyson means by this, his son says (*Mem.*, I, 321), "that the whole human race would through, perhaps, ages of suffering, be at length purified and saved, even those who now 'better not with time.'" See *The Poetry of Tennyson*, p. 272.

LXX (Page 290)

When, in the dark, the poet seeks to fix the face of Arthur on his inner vision, it is all but lost in a phantasmagoria of grotesque shapes. Then, as the will grows quiescent, suddenly the features flash before him, and soothe his troubled soul.

290 2. Cf. Hallam's Sonnet in *Remains*, p. 84: —

> "Still am I free to close my happy eyes,
> And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form."

290 4. **Hollow masks**: false images.

290 8. Cf. Sophocles, *Oed. Tyr.*, 67, πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις.

290 9–12. Perhaps Tennyson has in mind here De Quincey's account of the "tyranny of the human face" and the "horror of the crocodile," in *The Confessions of an Opium-Eater* (Temple Classics Edition, 293–296).

LXXIV (Page 290)

As a resemblance to a relative is sometimes first noticed in a man when he is dead, so the poet realizes now, when imaging the face of his lost friend, his kinship with the great men of the world. But he cannot see all the similarity, nor will he tell what he does see, content in the thought that Arthur has added beauty to the darkness of Death.

290 1–4. Sir Thomas Browne in his *Letter to a Friend* says, "Before our end, by sick and languishing alterations, we put on new visages: and in our retreat to earth, may fall upon such looks which from community of seminal originals were before latent in us." He cites as an example of this "odd mortal symptom" a dying man who "maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like his uncle."

290 7. **Below**: on earth. Others (e.g., Beeching), "who are dead."

291 11, 12. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3, 85 ff., and Petrarch, *Sonnets to Laura in Death*, lxxxi: —

> "Non può far morte il dolce viso amaro;
> Ma 'l dolce viso dolce può far morte."

LXXVIII (Page 291)

This section marks the second Christmas. Cf. xxviii. Without, all is silence and peace. Within, the poet's household enjoy the holiday

games as though grief had faded away. But there is still a sense of loss, and regret has not really passed, but only become diffused in all the depths of being.

291 3, 4. Compare the stormy winds and stormy feelings of xxx.

291 5. **Clog**: log (dialect).

291 11, 12. *Tableaux vivants* and blindman's buff. For "hoodman-blind," cf. *Hamlet*, iii, 4, 77. Tennyson has a fondness for such paraphrases of commonplace things. Cf. xcviii, 30–32.

291 14. **Mark.** In 1850, 1851: *type*, which was less concrete.

291 17. Cf. "Early Sonnets," ix, 8, and Epilogue, 17, 18.

291 18. **Mystic frame**: repeated from xxxvi, 2. Here "mystic" is used "perhaps as able to combine strangely conflicting emotions." (King.)

LXXXII (PAGE 292)

The true bitterness of death lies not in the corruption of the body — for the body only clothes a stage in the spirit's growth; nor in the loss of noble influence — for this survives elsewhere; but in the interruption of personal intercourse.

292 6. **From state to state**: Cf. "Two Voices," 351.

292 7. **These**: refers to "changes," l. 2. **Shatter'd stalks**: the husks, or outward covering, from which the fruit has been removed.

292 8. **Or.** 1850: *And*.

292 10. **The use of virtue**: Aristotle's χρῆσις τῆς ἀρετῆς. (*Pol.*, vii, 8, 1328 a, 38, etc.)

292 14. **Garners**: stores itself up. This is the only example cited by the *New English Dictionary* of its use intransitively.

LXXXIII (PAGE 292)

The poet's heart, still bound in sorrow, looks forward to the approach of joy. His mood, as Genung says, answers to the promise of the Spring, "and goes forth congenially to meet it."

292 1. **The northern shore**: England, as distinguished from southern lands of early spring.

292 2. **New-year**: Spring, as in "The Throstle," 5.

292 5. **The clouded noons**: which now overhang the land.

293 9–12. **Foxglove**: Cf. "Two Voices," 72. **Speedwell**: *Veronica Chamædrys*, abundant in Lincolnshire. **Laburnums**: Rawnsley (p. 18) notes an unusual growth of laburnum trees near Somersby. Cf. "To

Mary Boyle," 11, 12, and Cowper's *Task*, vi, 149. **Dropping-wells**: "wells formed by dropping water from above" (*New English Dictionary*), or wells which overflow in cascades.

LXXXV (PAGE 293)

The lines which contain the central thought of *In Memoriam* are repeated at the beginning of this section (cf. xxvii, 14–16), but the change of tense from "feel" to "felt" announces that the turning point has come, and that joy is henceforth to be the regnant mood. The poet takes up three questions which have been put to him: (1) What sort of life he now leads? At first, he answers, grief benumbed him, but he was roused to activity by the sense of responsibility and the continuance of Arthur's influence. (2) Whether sorrow has weakened or strengthened his faith? He believes that Arthur has entered into the bliss and the immediate knowledge of the angelic spirits, and, less confidently, that he preserves a sympathy for his friend, and sees the final triumph of good. (3) Whether the loss of this first affection has incapacitated the poet for further friendships with living men? Nay, the old love itself urges him to a new one, and a true friendship he now proffers to the questioner, though confessing that it can never have all the warmth of the first.

293 5. **O true in word,** etc.: Addressed to Edmund Law Lushington (1811–1893), an "Apostle," Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, and one of the most scholarly men of his time. His marriage in 1842 with Tennyson's youngest sister, Cecilia, is celebrated in the Epithalamium at the end of *In Memoriam*.

294 21. **Intelligences**: angels, rulers and guiders of the heavens. The term goes back at least to Thomas Aquinas (*Sum. Theol.*, pt. I, q. 79, art. 10). Cf. Dante, *Convito*, ii, 5, and *Paradise Lost*, viii, 181.

294 28. **The cycled times**: the successive periods of human progress (cf. "Locksley Hall," 138, 184) as contrasted with the immediate ("fresh") knowledge gained in heaven.

294 33–36. A parenthetical apostrophe to Hallam as he was and is. "Yet" of 37 refers back to 29–32.

294 38–40. The consciousness of free agency creates the sense of responsibility, which gives us courage to face life or death.

295 45–48. Another parenthesis.

295 53. **The imaginative woe**: the grief that led to speculations on the great spiritual problems of immortality, evil, etc.; not 'imaginary."

295 55. Cf. lxxviii, 18.

295 60. **The mighty hopes:** Quoted by Tennyson (*Mem.*, I, 321) as though referring to hopes of immortality, but surely the context implies "hopes in the progress of the race" — "the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that will be."

295 63, 64. Cf. "Gardener's Daughter," 4, 5.

295 67. **All-assuming:** all-devouring.

296 83, 84. Cf. lxxxii, 15, 16.

296 85. **Nature:** human nature. The poet asks whether it is possible for the happy spirits of heaven to feel the pain which is implied in sympathy, or whether theirs is a sympathy without pain; and the answer of Arthur seems to suggest that all sorrow for earthly misery is lost in the realization of ultimate good. (Cf. liv, 2.)

297 101. **If not so fresh** belongs after "true."

297 105. **Apart:** preëminently.

297 113. **Widow'd:** Cf. ix, 18.

297 119. Perhaps Œnothera (evening primrose), or better "the feeble or imperfect flowers sometimes put forth by the common primrose in autumn and early winter." (Bradley.)

LXXXVI (PAGE 297)

The poet calls upon the West Wind to fill his being with the new life of Spring, that Death and Doubt may give way to Peace. It is said that this section 'gives preëminently Tennyson's sense of the joyous peace in Nature,' and that he would quote it in this context along with his Spring and Bird songs. It was written at Barmouth, as the poet noted in his own hand. (*Mem.*, I, 313.) Cf. "The Lover's Tale," iii, 3–8, and the song, "O diviner Air" in "The Sisters." Corson says (p. 77), "There is no other section of *In Memoriam* in which the artistic motive of the stanza is so evident."

297 1. **Ambrosial air:** So Matthew Green, *The Spleen* (Ward's *English Poets*, III, 202):—

> "Where odorous plants in evening fair
> Breathe all around ambrosial air."

297 2. **Gorgeous gloom:** Cf. Leigh Hunt, *The Story of Rimini* (1816), iii, "gorgeous glooms Of wall-flowers."

297, 298 4, 5. **Breathing bare The round of space:** clearing the horizon, or the sky-arch, of clouds.

298 6. **Dewy-tassell'd wood**: Cf. *Princess*, i, 93, "dewy-tassell'd trees," upon which Hallam Tennyson comments, "Hung with catkins as in the hazel-wood." (See Wallace's edition of *The Princess*.). Cf. cii, 12.

298 7. **Horned**: winding. Cf. "Dying Swan," 39, and Virgil, *Aen.*, viii, 77, "Corniger fluvius."

298 8, 9. **Fan my brows and blow The fever**: Note the chiastic alliteration.

298 12. **The fancy**: "Imagination — *the* fancy — no particular fancy." (Tennyson to Knowles.)

298 13–16. "The west wind rolling to the Eastern seas till it meets the evening star." (Tennyson to Knowles.)

LXXXVIII (PAGE 298)

As in the nightingale's song, joy is mingled with sorrow, so, when the poet would sing of grief, the sense of universal harmony turns the tone to gladness.

298 2. **Quicks**: hawthorn-hedges. Cf. cxv, 2.

298 5. **Fierce extremes**: Milton's phrase, *Paradise Lost*, vii, 272. Cf. "Gardener's Daughter," 248–251, and "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," 72–74.

XC (PAGE 299)

No man who had felt the height and fulness of love could have started the common heresy that, if the dead should return to earth, their presence would be unwelcome to their nearest and dearest. The poet, without one disloyal thought, longs for his lost friend's return.

299 13, 14. Illustrated, as Collins points out, by "The Soul in Purgatory" in Bulwer-Lytton's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, ch. viii, and, in a sense, by "Enoch Arden" and Balzac's *Colonel Chabert*.

299 19. **Confusion worse than death**: as in "The Lotos-Eaters," 128.

XCVI (PAGE 300)

The poet warns the woman of simple faith against a misjudgment which she, in turn, is liable to commit. (Cf. xxxiii.) Doubt is not in itself evil, as she thinks, but the honest, courageous struggle with doubt may lead to a stronger faith.

300 5. **One:** undoubtedly Hallam. Cf. xcv, 29, 30; cix, 5, 6; Hallam's *Remains*, Sonnet on p. 75, and the letter quoted in the Preface, p. xxxi: "He was subject to occasional fits of mental depression, which gradually grew fewer and fainter, and had at length, I thought, disappeared, or merged in a peaceful Christian faith."

300 11, 12. Because so much belief is traditional, inherited, accepted blindly and without testing, and therefore partakes of superstition; whereas "honest doubt" is a reverent search for the truth. For Tennyson's varying attitude on the function of doubt, cf. "Supposed Confessions," 142–150, 172–179; "The Sisters," 139; "Prefatory Sonnet to the 'Nineteenth Century,'" 14; "The Ancient Sage," 68; "Despair," 90.

300 21–24. Cf. *Exodus*, xix, 16–19, and xxxii.

CIV (Page 301)

The third Christmas-tide. In contrast with xxviii, only one peal of bells is heard, and the sound is like the voice of a stranger, for the poet is on unfamiliar ground, not endeared to him by memory or hallowed by association with the dead.

301 3. Waltham Abbey, lying in a hollow about two miles and a half from Beech Hill House, to which the Tennysons moved in 1837. The old Norman church is famous for its bells, on which celebrated peals have been rung for centuries.

301 12. **Unhallow'd:** Cf. xcix, 8.

CVI (Page 301)

As the church bells proclaim the passing of the old year, the poet jubilantly calls upon them to ring out the old epoch of enervating grief, of strife, disease, and sin, and to ring in the new cycle of truth, benevolence, peace, and a Christlike humanity.

301 3. Cf. "The Death of the Old Year."

301 8. Cf. the inscription on the Thor Glocke at Strasburg, given in Haweis's *Music and Morals*, p. 369:—

> "Das Bös hinaus das Gut hinein
> Zu läuten soll igr arbeit seyn."

302 28. See *Rev.*, xx, 2.

302 32. **The Christ that is to be:** One of the things that Tennyson meant by this was — "when Christianity without bigotry will triumph" and "when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished." (Cf. "Akbar's Dream," 92–97.) *Mem.*, I, 326.

CXI (PAGE 302)

The man, in whatever social rank, whose heart is full of baser instincts, cannot play the part of gentleman without showing, sooner or later, his real character. But Arthur's gentleness was natural, and his noble manners only the outward expression of a noble soul.

302 1–4. Cf. "Gareth and Lynette," 418, 419:—

> But Mark hath tarnish'd the great name of king,
> As Mark would sully the low state of churl.

302 3. **Him who grasps.** In 1850, 1851: *who may grasp.*

303 7. **Coltish:** Cf. Cowper, "Progress of Error," 360, "Man's coltish disposition asks the thong."

303 13. **Best seem'd the thing he was.** In 1850, 1851: *So wore his outward best.* The change is noteworthy. The first reading had a faintly ridiculous suggestion, whereas the present one expresses the thought with Tennysonian subtlety.

303 15, 16. Cf. "Guinevere," 333, 334.

303 18. **Villain:** not "villainous," but "low-bred."

CXV (PAGE 303)

As Spring revives in Nature, regret revives in the poet's heart.

303 2. **Burgeons:** buds. Cf. *Princess*, vii, 255.

303 3. **Flowering squares:** Cf. "Gardener's Daughter," 75.

304 7, 8. Cf. Shelley, "To a Skylark"; Wordsworth, "To the Cuckoo"; Goethe, "An die Entfernte":—

> "Wenn, in dem blauen Raum verborgen,
> Hoch über ihn die Lerche singt."

And *Faust*, pt. I, 1094, 1095.

304 15. **Change their sky:** a translation of Horace's "Coelum . . . mutant" (*Ep.*, i, 11, 27).

CXVIII (PAGE 304)

The evolution of Nature suggests to the poet that the present life of man cannot be the last stage of development, but that he may rise into a higher race here on earth and move into a higher life beyond. But this can be accomplished for the race, only if the individual exemplifies the process of evolution within himself, by using life's discipline to subdue his lower nature.

304 1. **Contem'plate:** so accented in lxxxiv, 1, and "Marriage of Geraint," 533, but on the first syllable in "Palace of Art," 212. **Time, The giant:** alluding, perhaps, to the Titan Chronos.

304 4. I.e., "as perishing like the body." Cf. "Two Voices," 326.

304 6. **Ampler day:** Cf. Virgil's "Largior . . . aether" (*Aen.*, vi, 640).

304, 305 8–12. An allusion to the nebular hypothesis which Laplace set forth early in the nineteenth century. Cf. *Princess*, ii, 101–108; "Supposed Confessions," 146–150. The repetition of "seeming" indicates Tennyson's belief that these changes, disintegrations, and recombinations were not fortuitous.

305 14. **A higher race:** Some (e.g., Robinson) interpret this to mean a race, other than man, which shall replace him (cf. *Maud*, I, iv, st. vi), but it is better to take it, as in the introductory note, for a higher stage of man's own development. Cf. ciii, 35, Epilogue, 128, and *Princess*, vii, 279, and, on the whole passage, Browning, *Paracelsus*, v, 680 ff.

305 18. **Or.** In 1850: *And.* This little change has made the passage perplexing. The "or" seems to introduce a distinction between 16, 17 and 18 ff. If this is so, the former passage describes the process of human development as chiefly passive, from the general standpoint of the evolutionary theory; the latter describes it more as a moral discipline, conscious, and voluntarily accepted and used by man. Tennyson inclines to this latter view which makes free will a factor. (See ll. 25–28.)

305 26. **Sensual feast:** Shakespeare's phrase. (*Sonnet* cxli, 8.)

305 27. **The beast:** Tennyson thought that man's body may have been evolved from the lower animals, while his spiritual nature is "heaven-descended." Here "beast" may indicate merely man's baser passions. Cf. "Passing of Arthur," 26; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 148; "The Ancient Sage," 276; "By an Evolutionist"; "The Dawn," 18; "The Making of Man," 2.

CXIX (PAGE 305)

The poet visits once more in the early morning the London house of his lost friend. Cf. vii. The bitterness of regret has passed away, and even the great unlovely city is touched with the breath of spring.

305 4. Carts coming in from the country with hay and clover and spring flowers.

306 12. **Thine hand:** — which 'could be clasp'd no more' (vii, 5).

CXX (PAGE 306)

The poet, looking back upon his work, trusts he has come out victorious in his conflict with the idea that death ends all. If science should prove the creed of materialism, life would not be worth living. But for himself his native instinct proclaims this creed false.

306 3. **Magnetic**: refers to the "electric force" of life (cxxv, 15). **Mockeries,** "because we imagine ourselves to be something more and higher than on that supposition we really are." (King.)

306 4. See 1 *Cor.*, xv, 32.

306 9–12. Gatty says: "This is spoken ironically, and is a strong protest against materialism, but [quoting Tennyson] 'not against evolution.'" The "greater ape" does not refer to the descent of man, but to the correspondence between man and beast on the materialistic basis. **Born**: italicised since 1875.

CXXIII (PAGE 306)

Though all the universe seems changing, the poet clings to his belief that the soul abides, and we shall meet again. This section illustrates Tennyson's interest in modern geology. Cf. "Wellington Ode," 259–265, and Shakespeare, *Sonnet* lxiv.

306 2. **Hast thou**: So in 1850, 1851. In 1860: *thou hast.* Present reading restored in 1871.

CXXIV (PAGE 307)

God is to be found, not through Nature or through Reason, but through the imperative need of the human heart.

307 5, 6. The poet rejects the old form of the teleological argument, which used the order and harmony of the heavenly bodies and the mechanism of the eye and wing as evidences of design. See, e.g., the *Bridgewater Treatises* by Whewell, Roget, and Kirby. Cf. *Mem.*, I, 44, 102, 314, and *In Mem.*, lv, lvi, and contrast "Passing of Arthur," 9–11.

307 11, 12. Refer to the geological changes of the preceding section.

308 17–20. See Professor Henry Sidgwick's comments in *Mem.*, I, 303.

308 19, 20. Cf. liv, 18–20.

308 21. **What I am.** Until 1860: *what I seem.* The alteration is important if it indicates a change on the poet's part from the belief that personality is phenomenal to the belief that it is essential.

308 24. **Thro' nature:** When once the poet has apprehended God by the feelings, then he can realize that God works through nature. But nature itself does not lead him to God.

CXXVI (PAGE 308)

Love is the poet's king, and though he must for a time remain in the court on earth, Love keeps protecting watch of him, sends him sweet messages from his friend in the court above, and assures him that "God 's in his heaven — all 's right with the world."

308 10–12. In 1850, 1851: —

> That moves about from place to place,
> And whispers to the vast of space
> Among the worlds, that all is well.

CXXX (PAGE 308)

The friend is felt as a spiritual presence in universal nature. This is not the pantheistic idea of Shelley's "Adonais," xlii, xliii, for Arthur remains the object of a personal affection, which ever increases and will last beyond death.

308 3. Possibly reminiscent of *Rev.*, xix, 17.

308 4. Cf. Wordsworth, "Tintern Abbey," 97, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

CXXXI (PAGE 309)

The poet calls upon the immortal Free-Will of man to purify our deeds, that so we may pray to the Divine Will which hears and helps, and may reach a faith in those great spiritual truths of which knowledge is not possible till death.

309 1. **Will:** Tennyson explained this "as that which we know as Free-Will, the higher and enduring part of man. He held that there was an intimate connexion between the human and the divine, and that each individual will had a spiritual and eternal significance with relation . . . to the Supreme and Eternal Will." (Cf. l. 8.) *Mem.*, I, 319.

309 2. **All that seems:** the phenomenal universe. Cf. first reading of CXXIV, 21.

309 3. **The spiritual rock:** Cf. 1 *Cor.*, x, 4. Christ is the rock from which springs the fountain of the will. Cf. "Will," 11, "heaven-descended will."

309 5. **Of.** In 1850: *the.*

309 7. **Conquer'd years:** the "victor Hours" (i, 13) overcome by Love and Immortality.

309 8. **One that with us works:** Cf. 1 *Cor.*, iii, 9; *Phil.*, ii, 13.

309 9. This line, the "deeds" of 4, and many other passages show the close connection in the poet's mind between practical morality and faith.

PREFATORY POEM TO MY BROTHER'S SONNETS (Page 310)

Charles Tennyson was born July 4, 1808. In 1835 he was appointed curate of Tealby, and after about two years became vicar of Grasby, in charge of which parish he spent most of his life. Meantime he had taken the name of Turner in memory of a great-uncle whose estate he inherited. He died April 25, 1879. His first poetry was published in conjunction with his brother Alfred in *Poems by Two Brothers*, 1827. His subsequent volumes were *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*, 1830; *Sonnets*, 1864; *Small Tableaux*, 1868; *Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations*, 1873. In 1880, a volume of *Collected Sonnets, Old and New*, was published with this poem as a prelude. The sympathy between Alfred and Charles Tennyson was always of the closest and deepest nature. It is expressed in *In Memoriam*, lxxix, and in *Mem.*, II, 239.

This poem was evidently written at Farringford. The "breakers" (l. 2) are referred to in "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice," 24, and the "park" in *Mem.*, I, 412. The summer of 1879 was famous for its inclemency.

The verse is iambic in movement, and the metre is in lines of alternately four and three stresses, arranged in quatrains with interwoven rhyme.

310 15, 16. These lines are cut upon the memorial tablet in Grasby Church.

VASTNESS (Page 311)

Published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, November 1885, and in *Demeter*, etc., 1889. Tennyson's MS. note phrases the theme of this great chant of life and death: "What matters anything in this world without full faith in the Immortality of the Soul and of Love?" (*Mem.*, II, 343.) All life is but a series of reversions and contradictions, without a trace of meaning or importance, unless the hopes and affections which are

raised here are to be realized hereafter. Cf. *In Mem.*, xxxiv. See W. E. Henley, *Views and Reviews*, I, 156.

The long reverberating roll of rhythm should be compared with "Wages" and "To Virgil." The metre is eight-stress dactylic, truncated, with the lines rhymed in couplets. As in the case of "Locksley Hall," it is hard to arrange the lines as quatrains, though here the pause always comes at the end, or in the middle, of the fourth bar. The crowded, almost turgid style at times passes the boundary line between poetry and rhetoric, and shows the slight weakness that overtook Tennyson at the end of life.

311 4. Cf. *Psalm* viii, 3, 4; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"; and Tennyson's remarks to Miss Weld (*The Contemporary Review*, March 1893).

312 9. **Innocence seethed in her mother's milk:** Cf. *Exodus* xxiii, 19; xxxiv, 26.

312 12. **All-heal:** a number of plants (including Mistletoe and the Great Valerian) are so called, from supposed medicinal properties.

312 13–16. These two couplets are not in the magazine edition.

312 19, 20. In 1885:—

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; Flattery gilding the rift of a throne;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;

313 22. Cf. "The Dead Prophet."

313 24. Wilfrid Ward (*New Review*, July 1896) says that this was originally:—

Debtless competence, comely children, happy household, sober and clean.

But when Tennyson read it aloud to Ward and others, they smiled, and so he changed it. **Golden mean:** Horace's "aurea mediocritas" (*Odes*, ii, 10, 5).

313 28. **He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross:** Cf. *Gal.*, v, 24.

314 36. This line, according to Ward, was originally assigned to a separate speaker. Love and the instinct of immortality, says this new voice (or the old one in revulsion of feeling), are the assurances of immortality, for God, if he is God, could not allow them without fulfilling their promise. Cf. *In Mem.*, Prologue, 11, 12; *Mem.*, I, 321, II, 105, 457.

CROSSING THE BAR (PAGE 314)

This, the crowning lyric of Tennyson's life, came to him in a moment, in the October of his eighty-first year, as he was crossing the Solent to the Isle of Wight. (*Mem.*, II, 366. But see Rawnsley, p. 112.) He requested that it should be put at the end of all editions of his poems. Published in *Demeter, etc.*, 1889. The interpretation has been much discussed, but presents no real difficulty. The "bar" is, of course, death; the "sea" is the great deep of eternity from which the soul comes and to which it goes ("De Profundis," 26–34, "The Coming of Arthur," 410); the "Pilot" is "That Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us." The soul embarks at evening, but as soon as the bar is crossed, the light of dawning breaks and reveals the Pilot. See W. Clark Russell's *A Sea Queen* (1883), ed. 1889, p. 50, for a curious anticipation of the allegory.

The metre is iambic, and the rhymes are interwoven, but the number of stresses to the line varies from five to two, and this gives the poet the freedom which he desires. The short concluding line of the quatrain, coming after a long full third line, enforces the rhyme; the "turn" in l. 8 is especially beautiful. The third quatrain echoes the cadence of the first.

314 3. Cf. Charles Kingsley's "The Three Fishers":—

> "And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
> And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

314 15. **Face to face:** Cf. 1 *Cor.*, xiii, 12.

A TENTATIVE CLASSIFICATION OF THE METRES OF TENNYSON

(Based upon the arrangement of the lines.)

I. Line by Line (i.e., lines unrhymed and without stanzaic grouping).

(1) Five-stress iambic; BLANK VERSE: introduction to *The Sea-Fairies; Œnone; To——. With the following poem; The Epic, Morte d'Arthur; The Gardener's Daughter; Dora; Audley Court; Walking to the Mail; Edwin Morris; St. Simeon Stylites; Love and Duty; The Golden Year; Ulysses; Tithonus; Godiva; Enoch Arden; The Brook; Aylmer's Field; Sea Dreams; Lucretius; The Princess; A Dedication* ("Dear, near and true"); *Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad; Idylls of the King; The Lover's Tale; The Sisters* (2); *Dedicatory Poem to the Princess Alice; Sir John Oldcastle; Columbus; De Profundis; Achilles over the Trench; Tiresias; The Ancient Sage; To the Duke of Argyll; To H. R. H. Princess Beatrice; Queen Mary; Harold; Becket; The Cup; The Falcon; The Promise of May; Demeter and Persephone; The Ring; Romney's Remorse; The Foresters; The Death of Œnone; St. Telemachus; Akbar's Dream; The Death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale;* introduction to *The Hesperides; The Ante-Chamber.* [51 poems.]

(2) Four- and five-stress trochaic: *On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.*

(3) Two-stress, prevailingly dactylic, imitation of early English alliterative measures: *Battle of Brunanburh; Merlin and The Gleam.*

(4) Two-, four-, and eight-stress dactylic: *Kapiolani.*

(5) Five feet, quantitative, imitation of Catullus's Hendecasyllabics: *Hendecasyllabics.*

(6) Eight feet, quantitative, imitation of Catullus's *Atys: Boädicéa.*

II. Groups of Two Lines (*Couplets*).

(1) Three-stress iambic: *A Voice spake out of the Skies.*

(2) Five-stress iambic; HEROIC: *The Vision of Sin*, i, v; satire in *Sea Dreams; On One who affected an Effeminate Manner; To One who ran down the English.*

(3) Five-stress iambic, unrhymed: "Serenade," in *The Princess*, vii, stanzas 2, 3, 4.

(4) Seven-stress iambic (with many six-stress lines): *The May Queen; The Flight.*

(5) Six-stress anapæstic (Tennyson's favourite ballad measure): *The Grandmother; Northern Farmer. Old Style; Northern Farmer. New Style; The First Quarrel; Rizpah; The Northern Cobbler; The Village Wife; In the Children's Hospital; The Voyage of Maeldune; The Wreck; Despair; Tomorrow; The Spinster's Sweet-Arts; Owd Roä; The Bandit's Death; The Church-Warden and the Curate; Charity.* [17 poems.]

(6) Four-stress trochaic: *Helen's Tower;* Fairies' Song, in *The Foresters*, ii, 2.

(7) Six-stress trochaic (?): *In the Valley of Cauteretz.*

(8) Eight-stress trochaic: *Locksley Hall; Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.*

(9) Nine-stress trochaic: *To Virgil.*

(10) Three-stress dactylic: *Leonine Elegiacs.*

(11) Six-stress dactylic: *The Higher Pantheism; Parnassus*, i, ii.

(12) Eight-stress dactylic: *Vastness.*

(13) Five and six feet, quantitative, unrhymed (Elegiac Distich): *On Translations of Homer.*

III. Groups of Three Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Four-stress iambic triplets: *The Two Voices; The Eagle.*

(2) Five-stress iambic triplets: Merlin's "Triplets of Old Time," in *The Coming of Arthur.*

(3) Five-stress iambic couplets (Heroic) with full-length refrain line: Knights' Song, in *The Coming of Arthur;* Lynette's Song, in *Gareth and Lynette;* Enid's Song, in *The Marriage of Geraint;* Vivien's Song, in *Merlin and Vivien;* Elaine's Song, in *Lancelot and Elaine;* Novice's Song, in *Guinevere.*

(4) Five-stress iambic, unrhymed: "The Swallow's Message," in *The Princess*, iv.

(5) Nine-stress trochaic triplets: *God and the Universe.*

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Five-stress iambic couplets (Heroic) with short refrain line: *Far—far—away* (three-stress refrain); "To sleep, to sleep," in *The Foresters*, i, 3 (two-stress refrain).

IV. Groups of Four Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Four-stress iambic quatrains, interwoven: *Song*, ("The winds, as at their hour of birth"); *To J. S.;* "Move eastward, happy earth" (second stanza); *The Sailor Boy; Literary Squabbles;* Dedication to E. Fitzgerald and Epilogue of *Tiresias* (without division into quatrains); *The Wanderer.* In the following, two such quatrains are grouped in an eight-line stanza: *The Miller's Daughter; The Day-Dream* (except the "Prologue," "L'Envoi," and "Epilogue," where the lines are printed continuously); *The Voyage; The Letters;* "The Battle," in *The Princess.* [12 poems.]

(2) Four-stress iambic, alternate: *Edward Gray; Lady Clare* (with irregularities).

(3) Four-stress iambic, close: *To the Queen; The Blackbird;* "You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease"; "Love thou thy land"; *To ——, after reading a Life and Letters; To E. L., on his Travels in Greece; In Memoriam A. H. H.; To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava; To Ulysses; The Statesman.* [10 poems.]

(4) Four-stress iambic, interrupted, extra syllables in last two lines: *The Daisy; To the Rev. F. D. Maurice; To Professor Jebb.*

(5) Five-stress iambic, interwoven; Heroic or Elegiac Quatrain: *Epitaphs on Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, General Gordon*, and *Caxton; The Play.*

(6) Five-stress iambic triplet with refrain line: Vivien's Song, in *Balin and Balan.*

(7) Five-stress iambic, unrhymed: "Serenade," in *The Princess*, vii (stanzas 1 and 5).

(8) Seven-stress iambic, interwoven: *Happy.*

(9) Three-stress anapæstic (?), interwoven: Eleanor's Song, in *Becket*, Prologue.

(10) Three-stress anapæstic, alternate: "Break, break, break." (The last two quatrains have an extra bar in the third line.)

(11) Six-stress anapæstic, interwoven: *Maud*, I, i.

(12) Three-stress trochaic, interwoven: *The Flower*.

(13) Three-stress trochaic, alternate: *Maud*, I, xvii (without division into quatrains).

(14) Four-stress trochaic, interwoven: *The Lord of Burleigh*; *The Vision of Sin*, iv; "Sweet my child, I live for thee," in *The Princess*, vi.

(15) Eight-stress trochaic, interwoven: *Parnassus*, iii.

(16) Eight-stress trochaic, interrupted (catalectic except in third line): Hymn, in *Akbar's Dream*; *The Making of Man*; *Faith*.

(17) Two-stress dactylic, alternate: *Child-Songs*, ii, "Minnie and Winnie"; Margery's Song, in *Becket*, iii, 1.

(18) Six-stress dactylic, interwoven: *Beautiful City*.

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, interwoven, 5 2 5 2: *To Mary Boyle*.

(2) Iambic, interwoven, 5 3 5 2: *The Poet*.

(3) Iambic, Common Metre, 4 3 4 3. (i) Interwoven: *The Goose*; *The Talking Oak*; *Amphion* (two quatrains grouped in one stanza); *St. Agnes' Eve* (three quatrains grouped in one stanza); *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue* (two quatrains in one stanza); *A Farewell*; The Song of the Brook, in *The Brook*; Song, in *The Ancient Sage*; "Prologue" and "Epilogue" of *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade* (without division into quatrains); *Prefatory Poem to my Brother's Sonnets*; *Mechanophilus*; *The Little Maid*. (ii) Alternate: *Politics* (without division into quatrains); Kate's Song, in *The Foresters*, i, 1; "I, loving Freedom for herself." [15 poems.]

(4) Iambic, interwoven, 4 4 4 3: "Of old sat Freedom on the heights"; *Freedom*.

(5) Iambic, interwoven, 5 3 5 3: *Sir John Franklin*.

(6) Iambic, interwoven, 5 4 5 3: *The Palace of Art*.

(7) Iambic, interwoven, 5 5 5 3: *A Dream of Fair Women*.

(8) Iambic, quantitative, Alcaics: *Milton*.

(9) Mixed iambic and dactylic, interrupted, 4 4 2 4: *To the Master of Balliol*.

(10) Anapæstic (?), alternate, 3 3 2 3: quatrains in *The Dreamer*.

(11) Anapæstic, interwoven, 6 2 6 2: *To the Princess Frederica of Hanover on her Marriage*.

(12) Anapæstic, interwoven, 4 3 4 3: *The Dead Prophet* (short first line in first two stanzas).

(13) Anapæstic, alternate, 4 3 4 3; *The Spiteful Letter* (internal rhyme in first and third lines).

(14) Trochaic, alternate, 3 2 3 2: Miriam's Song, in *The Ring*.

(15) Trochaic, alternate, 2 3 4 3: *The Window*, "When."

(16) Trochaic, interwoven, 4 3 4 3: *The Captain*.

(17) Seven-stress trochaic triplet with three-stress refrain line: Queen's Song, in *Queen Mary*, v, 2.

(18) Four-stress dactylic (?) triplet with one-stress refrain line: Mother-Song, in *Romney's Remorse*.

(19) Dactylic (?), alternate, 2 3 3 3: *Havelock*.

(20) Dactylic, interwoven or alternate, 4 3 4 3: *The Throstle*.

(21) Dactylic, alternate, 3 3 4 3: *The Window*, "Marriage Morning." (Two quatrains are grouped in one eight-line stanza. The third line of the second quatrain has but three stresses, except in stanza ii.)

(22) Dactylic, interwoven, 6 7 6 7: Hymn, in *The Cup*, ii.

C. *Where the Lines vary in Length in the Different Stanzas.*

Requiescat (iambic, interwoven); *The Voice and the Peak* (anapæstic, alternate); *Maud*, I, vii, xii (alternate); *By an Evolutionist* (interwoven); *Crossing the Bar* (iambic, interwoven).

V. Groups of Five Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Four-stress iambic, a b a b b: "My life is full of weary days" (with variation in first stanza); *On a Mourner*.

(2) Five-stress iambic, a b a b b: Song, in *Pelleas and Ettarre* (with variation in second stanza).

(3) Five-stress iambic, unrhymed: "Tears, idle tears," in *The Princess*, iv; "Our enemies have fall'n," in *The Princess*, vi.

(4) Two-stress trochaic, a b c d b: *The Oak*.

(5) Six-stress dactylic, a b a b b: *Wages*.

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Five-stress iambic close quatrain with two-stress refrain line: "Ask me no more," in *The Princess*, vii.

(2) Common metre, alternate, with extra line introduced after the third to rhyme with it, $\overset{a\,b\,c\,c\,b}{4\,3\,4\,4\,3}$: "The Little Grave," in *The Princess*, ii; *England and America in 1782.*

(3) Iambic, $\overset{a\,b\,a\,b\,x}{5\,5\,5\,3\,3}$ (the quatrain of *A Dream of Fair Women*, with refrain line): *The Fleet.*

(4) Six-stress anapæstic close quatrain preceded by short refrain line, $\overset{x\,a\,b\,b\,a}{2\,6\,6\,6\,6}$: *The Dawn* (with variation in first and third stanzas).

(5) Anapæstic, $\overset{a\,b\,c\,c\,b}{3\,3\,4\,4\,3}$: Marian's Song, in *The Foresters*, i. 1.

(6) Anapæstic, $\overset{a\,b\,a\,b\,x}{3\,5\,5\,5\,3}$: *The Window*, "On the Hill."

(7) Trochaic, $\overset{x\,a\,y\,b\,a}{6\,7\,7\,7\,5}$: *Child-Songs*, i, "The City Child."

(8) Dactylic, $\overset{a\,b\,c\,b\,b}{3\,3\,3\,3\,6}$: *In the Garden at Swainston.*

VI. Groups of Six Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Four-stress iambic, a b c b c a: *A Character.*

(2) Five-stress iambic, a b a b a b: *In Memoriam — W. G. Ward.*

(3) Five-stress iambic (?), a b b b b a: Count's Song, in *The Falcon.*

(4) Four-stress anapæstic, a b a b x x: *The Window*, "No Answer" (1).

(5) Six-stress anapæstic, a b c a b c: *Maud*, I, iv.

(6) Four-stress dactylic (?), a b a c b b: Edith's Song, in *Harold*, i, 2 (internal rhyme in fourth line).

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, $\overset{a\,b\,c\,b\,c\,b}{3\,2\,3\,2\,3\,2}$: *Early Spring.*

(2) Iambic, $\overset{a\,b\,c\,b\,d\,d}{3\,4\,3\,3\,4\,4}$: Song, "It is the miller's daughter," in *The Miller's Daughter.*

(3) Iambic (with anapæstic bars in refrain), $\overset{a\,a\,x\,b\,b\,x}{4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,3}$: *The Sisters* (1).

(4) Iambic, $\frac{abcbxx}{444456}$: The Bugle Song, in *The Princess*, iv (internal rhymes in the first and third lines).

(5) Iambic, $\frac{ababcc}{554556}$: *The Third of February, 1852.*

(6) Anapæstic, $\frac{ababxy}{3555_{13}}$: *The Window*, "Ay."

(7) Trochaic (with some dactylic bars), $\frac{abaaab}{424442}$: Edith's Song, in *Harold*, iii, 2 (first stanza).

(8) Trochaic, $\frac{aaaaab}{444442}$: Song, "Love that hath us in the net," in *The Miller's Daughter.*

(9) Trochaic, $\frac{abcbxy}{434343}$: *Forlorn.*

(10) Trochaic, $\frac{abaabx}{434433}$: *The Tourney* (internal rhyme in first line, and variations in second stanza).

C. *Where the Lines vary in Length in the Different Stanzas.*

(1) Iambic, a b a b c c: "Come not, when I am dead."

VII. Groups of Seven Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Three-stress iambic, a b a b x y x: *Maud*, I, xi.

(2) Four-stress iambic, a b a c c x x: *Song—the Owl* (1).

(3) Four-stress iambic, a a a a b b b: *Fatima.*

(4) Five-stress iambic, a b a b a b a: Tristram's Song, "Free love—free field," in *The Last Tournament.*

(5) Five-stress iambic, a a b b b c c: *To Dante.*

(6) Four-stress trochaic, a b a b b c c (rhyme-order of the Rhyme Royal): *Song—the Owl* (2).

(7) Three-stress dactylic: a b a b a b b: Camma's Song, in *The Cup*, i, 2.

(8) Four-stress dactylic: a b a b x x x: *Riflemen Form!*

(9) Five-stress dactylic: a a a a a a a: *To Alfred Tennyson, my Grandson.*

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, $\frac{abcbxxb}{6666336}$: *Jack Tar.*

(2) Anapæstic, $\frac{aabbxxa}{3333_{213}}$: Marian's Song, in *The Foresters*, iv, 1.

(3) Anapæstic, $\frac{abcacxx}{4444443}$: Dora's Song, in *The Promise of May*, i internal rhyme in second line).

(4) Trochaic, $\frac{abcbddb}{3342225}$: Milkmaid's Song, in *Queen Mary*, iii, 5.

(5) Trochaic, $\frac{abbxaxx}{4442442'}$ tail-rhyme stanza: *A Dirge.*

(6) Trochaic, $\frac{aabbccc}{4444442}$: *The Window*, "At the Window."

VIII. Groups of Eight Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Three-stress iambic, a a b a a a b x: Scarlet's Song, in *The Foresters*, iii, 1. (The second stanza has but seven lines.)

(2) Four-stress iambic, x a b a c d e d, with internal rhyme in fifth line: *Lady Clara Vere de Vere.*

(3) Four-stress iambic, a b a b c b d b, with internal rhyme in fifth line: *The Beggar Maid.*

(4) Four-stress iambic, a b a b b c c b: "Move eastward, happy earth" (first stanza).

(5) Four-stress iambic, a b a b a b a b: "Life of the Life within my Blood."

(6) Five-stress iambic, a b a b c a c b: Tristram's Song, "Ay, ay, O ay," in *The Last Tournament.*

(7) Five-stress iambic, a b a b c b c b: *The Roses on the Terrace.*

(8) Four-stress trochaic, a a b b c d d c: *Poets and Critics.*

(9) Four-stress trochaic, a a b a c c c a: Cradle-Song, in *Sea Dreams.*

(10) Two-stress dactylic, a b c a a c b a: Rosamund's Song, in *Becket*, iii, 1.

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, $\frac{abababab}{43434343}$: Dora's Song, in *The Promise of May*, iii.

(2) Anapæstic, $\frac{aabbbaax}{4444422}$: Harvest Song, in *The Promise of May*, ii.

(3) Trochaic, $\frac{ababaabx}{43434435}$: "Sweet and low," in *The Princess*, iii (internal rhyme in third line).

(4) Dactylic, $\frac{\text{ababcbcb}}{44424444}$: *The Window*, "The Letter." (The fourth line in the second stanza has but one stress.)

C. *Where the Lines vary in Length in the Different Stanzas.*

(1) Iambic, abcbdbeb: *The Poet's Song.*

IX. Groups of Nine Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Eight-stress trochaic, aaaaaaaaa: '*Frater Ave atque Vale.*'

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, $\frac{\text{axaxaaxax}}{424244242}$: *The Ballad of Oriana.*

(2) Iambic, $\frac{\text{abaabcddc}}{444433443}$: *The Death of the Old Year.*

(3) Iambic, with trochaic variations, $\frac{\text{aaaabcccb}}{444444443}$, tail-rhyme stanza: *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.* In *The Lady of Shalott* the *b* lines form a refrain.

(4) Iambic, SPENSERIAN STANZA, $\frac{\text{ababbcbcc}}{555555556}$: *The Lotos-Eaters.*

(5) Anapæstic, $\frac{\text{xxaabccxx}}{442244444}$: Dan Smith's Song, in *The Promise of May*, ii (internal rhyme in fifth line).

C. *Where the Lines vary in Length in the Different Stanzas.*

(1) Trochaic, aabaabbba: Song, "O diviner Air," in *The Sisters* (2). (The second stanza has only eight lines.)

X. Groups of Ten Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Three-stress trochaic, xyabaccdxy: *The Snowdrop.*

(2) Four-stress trochaic, aabccbdddb: *The Window*, "No Answer" (2).

(3) Six-stress dactylic, abbacaaccc; Duet, in *Becket*, ii, 1.

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Two five-stress iambic close quatrains connected by refrain lines, $\overset{a\,b\,b\,a\,x\,c\,d\,d\,c\,x}{5\,5\,5\,5^{2}\,5\,5\,5\,5\,3}$: *A Welcome to Her Royal Highness Marie Alexandrovna.* (Cf. "Ask me no more.")

(2) Trochaic, $\overset{a\,a\,b\,b\,c\,c\,d\,d\,e\,e}{4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,3}$, the last line a refrain: *Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition.*

XI. Groups of Eleven Lines.

A. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza, and the Rhyme-Order varies from Stanza to Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3: *Recollections of the Arabian Nights.*

XII. Groups of Twelve Lines.

A. *Where the Lines are all of the same Length.*

(1) Four-stress iambic, a b a b c d d c x y x y: *Mariana in the South.* (Cf. *Mariana.*)

B. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, $\overset{x\,a\,b\,a\,x\,a\,c\,a\,d\,y\,e\,y}{3\,3\,4\,3\,3\,3\,4\,3\,3\,3\,3\,3}$: Foresters' Song, in *The Foresters*, ii, 1.

(2) Iambic, $\overset{a\,b\,a\,b\,c\,d\,d\,c\,x\,y\,x\,y}{4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,3\,4\,3}$: *Mariana.*

(3) Iambic, $\overset{a\,b\,a\,b\,c\,d\,c\,d\,x\,x\,y\,x}{4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4\,4^{2}\,4\,5\,5}$: *Hands All Round.*

(4) Iambic, $\overset{a\,b\,a\,b\,c\,d\,c\,d\,e\,f\,g\,f}{4\,3\,4\,3\,4\,4\,4\,3\,4\,4\,4}$: *Sir Galahad* (internal rhyme in eleventh line).

(5) Anapæstic, $\overset{a\,a\,b\,c\,c\,b\,b\,a\,x\,y\,z\,y}{4\,4\,2\,4\,4^{1}\,4\,2\,4\,4\,4}$: *Song* ("A spirit haunts the year's last hours").

XIII. Groups of Thirteen Lines.

A. *Where the Lines vary in Length within the Stanza.*

(1) Iambic, $\overset{a\,b\,a\,b\,c\,d\,c\,d\,e\,f\,e\,f\,f}{5\,5\,5\,5\,5\,5\,5\,5\,4\,5\,5\,5\,3}$: *The Progress of Spring.* (In some stanzas the ninth line has but three stresses.)

XIV. Groups of Fourteen Lines (Sonnets).

A. *Petrarchan.*

(1) abbaabbacdecde: *Alexander; Poland; The Bridesmaid; Prefatory to the 'Nineteenth Century'; To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield; Montenegro; To Victor Hugo; Poets and their Bibliographies; Show-Day at Battle Abbey, 1876.*

(2) abbaabbacdedce: "The form, the form alone is eloquent"; *To W. C. Macready.*

(3) abbaabbacdcdcd: *Doubt and Prayer.* [12 poems.]

B. *Irregular.*

(1) abbacddcefgefg: *To* —— ("As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood").

(2) abbacaacdededd: *To J. M. K.*

(3) abbaacacdefdef: "Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free."

(4) abbabaabcdecde: *Buonaparte.*

(5) ababbabacdecde: "Caress'd or chidden by the slender hand."

(6) abababacdecde: "Wan Sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast."

(7) abbacdcdacdcda: "If I were loved, as I desire to be." [7 poems.]

XV. Lines of equal Length arranged without Stanzaic Form or fixed Rhyme-Order.

(1) Four-stress iambic: *Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind; To* —— ("Clear-headed friend, whose joyful scorn"); *To* —— ("Thou may'st remember what I said").

(2) Five-stress iambic: *The Kraken; Love and Death; Circumstance; The Vision of Sin*, iii.

(3) Five-stress anapæstic: *Maud*, **III.**

(4) Six-stress anapæstic: *Maud*, **I, ii.**

(5) Two-stress trochaic: Drinking Song, in *The Foresters*, i, 2.

(6) Four-stress trochaic: *The Silent Voices.* (The last line has but three stresses.)

(7) Four-stress dactylic: *A Welcome to Alexandra* (with refrain).

(8) Six-stress dactylic: *Maud*, I, iii; *The Defence of Lucknow* (with some seven-stress lines and a refrain).

XVI. Free Lyrical Forms (Odes, etc.) with Irregular Strophes.

Claribel; Nothing will Die; All Things will Die; Lilian; Isabel; Madeline; Ode to Memory; The Poet's Mind; The Sea-Fairies; The Deserted House; The Dying Swan; The Merman; The Mermaid; Adeline; Margaret; Rosalind; Eleänore; Choric Song, in *The Lotos-Eaters; The Vision of Sin*, ii; *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington; The Charge of the Light Brigade; Ode sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition; Will; The Islet; The Victim;* "Flower in the crannied wall"; *The Window*, "Gone," "Winter," "Spring," "The Answer"; *Maud*, I, v, vi, viii, ix, x, xiii, xiv, xv, xvi, xviii, xix, xx, xxi, xxii; II, i, ii, iii, iv, v; *The Revenge; The Human Cry; The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava;* Edith's Song, in *Harold*, iii, 2 (second strophe); Titania's Song, in *The Foresters*, ii, 2; *June Bracken and Heather; The Dreamer;* Song of the Three Sisters, in *The Hesperides.* [57 poems.]

D. L. C.

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